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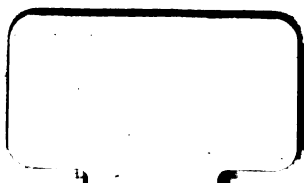
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[NEW SERIES]

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NEW YORK  
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 BP302.2 1898, Feb. 17 - Feb. 6.  
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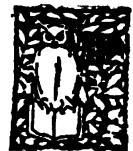
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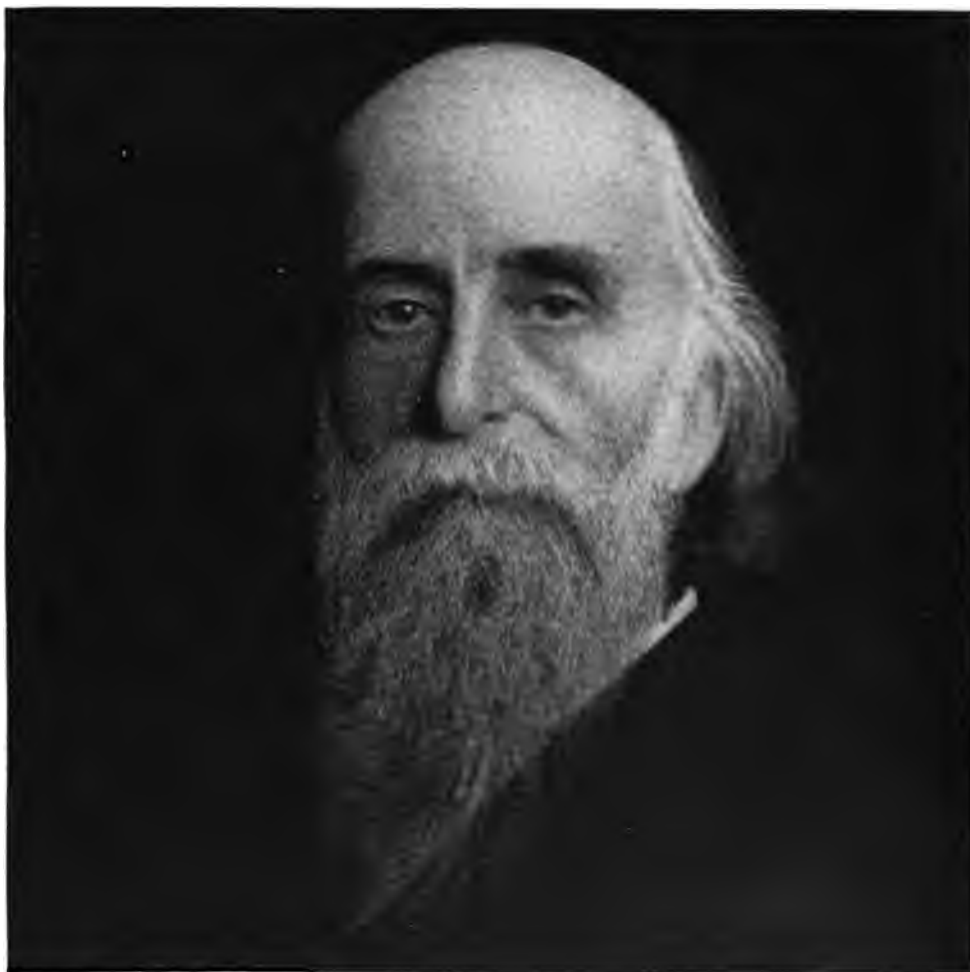
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VOL. XVI

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1896

No. 1

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## CHAMBERLAIN'S WAGNER

IT was Alexander Wheelock Thayer, an American, who gave to the world the greatest biography which it has of Ludwig van Beethoven; it is Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an Englishman, who has written the most striking biographical study yet produced of Richard Wagner. Two of the finest literary monuments which exist have thus been raised to German artists in Germany by foreigners. The spectacle is one calculated to invite reflection, even if it stay for a brief space the study which is the business of this writing. Both works were brought forward in the German language. Thayer wrote in English, and his manuscript was translated by Dr. Deiters, a man of special attainments and experience in the field of musical biography; Chamberlain wrote in German, and permitted a fellow countryman to translate his book out of the original tongue into that which was native to him. Thayer's manuscript is still awaiting publication. After nearly fifty year of work upon it he died, leaving his *magnum opus* unfinished. Chamberlain's

book appears in English, and with all the sumptuous adornment which marked the original, within less than two years after the appearance of the German edition. It is a gorgeous picture-book (but a great deal more than that), and in manner, matter, and spirit is as far from Thayer's book as the north is from the south. Thayer spent decades travelling about Europe, full of the inquisitiveness of an American newspaper reporter (he served an apprenticeship on the staff of the New York *Tribune* forty years ago), interviewing the friends and acquaintances of Beethoven, delving in the musty records of courts political and courts legal, studying the memorabilia of the master, gathering, sifting, and weighing evidence touching the circumstances of Beethoven's life. Chamberlain sat in his study, paid court at Wahnfried, and evolved a book on the *Meister*, out of his inner consciousness, the "Gesammelte Schriften" and Glase-napp. So far as Thayer went, he presented the essential facts of Beethoven's life in a manner that defies question. His biography is the last word concerning the man Beethoven; it extenuates nothing nor sets down aught in malice. Mr. Chamberlain

RICHARD WAGNER. A Biography by Houston Stewart Chamberlain. With Portraits and Scenes from the Operas. J. B. Lippincott Co., royal 8vo, \$7.50.

esteems the circumstances of his hero's physical life of less moment than his intellectual deeds, and would rather have us understand the processes of Wagner's mind than know the incidents of his career; a challenge rather than an apology in the popular sense concerning everything recorded of his subject, his book is yet a covert *apologia* for a thousand and one things with which the critical mind, in both its aspects of friendliness and unfriendliness, has busied itself. In presenting mental processes and physical incidents, he follows a deliberately conceived and frankly confessed purpose to make his reader see Wagner and the world through Wagner's eyes.

The plan is daring and ingenious, is carried out with tremendous skill and enthusiasm, and has much to commend it as a branch, or phase, of Wagner study; but the product is eulogy, not biography. It is more than anything else a commentary on Wagner's autobiography—not that of which the *dissecta membra* are scattered through the "Gesammelte Schriften," but the stupendous work laid up in Villa Wahnfried in manuscript, to be kept till the world has sufficiently ripened for it in appreciation—or worth. Wagner was never so eloquent as when writing about himself, and Mr. Chamberlain having learned instinctively to feel Wagner's feelings and think Wagner's thoughts (though he came into the field long after Wagner's death), and being filled with a boundless zeal for the Wagnerian cause as he conceives it, frequently writes as with a pen of fire, giving us luminous pictures of the great revolutionist. And so, though in its biographical details it is the merest skimming of Glasenapp's "Richard Wagner's Leben und Wirken," it is a book to be read. To two classes it will bring infinite refreshment and stimulation: to the blind devotees of the Wagnerian cult as it is now practised in Bay-

reuth, and to the fierce haters of Wagner and his art. The latter are likely to enjoy the book most, for in idolatrous worship of its hero and in subserviency to those who arrogate to themselves the privilege of speaking as the oracles of the dead poet-musician, the like of it the world has never seen.

It is an interesting proposition that a biographer should present his subject as he seemed to himself, and the axiom that speech is silvern and silence golden is a commendable principle even in biographical writing; but when Mr. Chamberlain's application of the rule is studied it is found that he is garrulous enough about some things which, in his eyes, make for the glory of his hero, and that his golden silence is reserved for those other things which a cruelly curious world is apt to think essential in the make-up of a human character. Other writers have extenuated the seduction by Wagner of his friend von Bülow's wife; it remained for Mr. Chamberlain to discover that that act, because of the undoubted help which association with the daughter of Liszt brought Wagner, is to be viewed with "reverence and admiration" as the work of "a higher power" and the fulfilment of "a holy duty." Here, we suspect, the apologist is not looking through the eyes of Wagner so much as he is through the eyes of Wagner's widow. So, too, it might be said once for all that in the chapters of the book in which Mr. Chamberlain comments for himself upon Wagner's dramas and the festivals at Bayreuth, he must be read with extreme caution and the knowledge always in mind that he is a special pleader retained by Wahnfried and its denizens at a time when thousands of the admirers of Wagner's art are deploring the departure from the great artist's principles and the sophistication of his works in the institution founded for their perpetuation.



RICHARD WAGNER

[From a drawing by Franz von Lenbach. Original in the possession of Frau Cosima Wagner.—A reproduction by Bruckmann of Munich from the frontispiece to Chamberlain's "Life."]

In his condemnation of criticism Mr. Chamberlain is following the illogical and inconsistent course of Wagner himself. That need not disturb any reader who knows that while it is extremely useful to know a man's opinion of himself in order to form one's own, that opinion is only evidence, not conclusive proof. If such opinions were conclusive all inquests *de lunatico* would have to end in findings of sanity. Yet by merging himself completely in the mind of Wagner, Mr. Chamberlain has given us the most comprehensive, forceful, and clear, yet succinct presentation of Wagner's views on politics, philosophy, and art that has yet been offered to the world in any language. His chapters on those subjects are really

luminous, and a perusal of them can save Wagner students months of difficult and tiresome reading. Here the real merit of the author's plan becomes apparent to all, and may be admired even when it is carried to the extremity of a defence of the wildest notions to which Wagner gave utterance. Mr. Chamberlain's idolatry carries him to the verge of championship of his master's theories of a regeneration of the world by means of vegetarianism and a migration of the nobler races living in higher climates into other parts of the world so that they, too, may be able to get along without animal food. There is no need to get vexed at that. Better to smile.

H. E. Krehbiel.

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THE death of the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson at Guildford, in England, removes a distinguished mathematician from the roll of English scholars. But for one admirer of his serious work, there are a hundred men, women, and children who will lament the death of "Lewis Carroll." "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" was published in 1865, and immediately leaped into a popularity only to be compared with that of "Pickwick." It is quite within bounds to say that, wherever the English language is spoken, "Alice" has made her unhesitating way. "Through the Looking Glass," a continuation of Alice's adventures, appeared in 1872, and was equally popular. "The Hunting of the Snark," which was the longest of the humorous poems by which "Lewis Carroll" won the blue ribbon from all such competitors as Edward Lear, was published in 1876. It has long been out of print, and a new edition is now in preparation, we believe, by the Macmillan Co. "Lewis Carroll's" other nonsense books, only less popular than the chronicles of "Alice," are called "Phantasmagoria," "Doublets," "Rhyme? and Reason?" "Sylvie and Bruno," and "Sylvie and Bruno Concluded." Some of these later books have furnished indications that still great wits are oft to madness close allied, for certain of the doings of "Sylvie and Bruno" are next to incomprehensible. But at his best, "Lewis Carroll's" work stands unmatched—save by that of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and his work is very different—for ingenuity and whimsicality—it is the flower of what Lady Angella (was it not?) in "Patience" called "precious nonsense."

There is a familiar anecdote of Mr. Dodgson which may bear repetition.

When "Alice" was making her first conquest of English readers, the book was brought to the attention of the Queen, who was highly entertained by it, and sent an expression of her approval to the author, with the request that he send her his next book when it should appear. Mr. Dodgson expressed his gratitude for this mark of royal favor, and in course of time sent to his Queen "his next book," which happened to be a treatise on quaternions. Whether his royal patron appreciated this whim of his humor we have never heard.

The new portrait of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, which Mr. Emil Pollak has drawn for frontispiece to this number of THE BOOK BUYER, will be recognized, we think, as by far the best portrait yet published. All of the familiar photographs are so retouched as to eliminate the modelling in Mr. Davis's face, and leave an inadequate idea of his strong features. Mr. Davis is now taking a holiday in London—quite content, as he says, after some pretty hard work running about the world, and a prolonged visit to Philadelphia—quite "content to sit in the window of my old room and watch the cabs running past, for a while." Meantime, Mr. John R. Spears, himself a reporter of the first class, has found some appreciative things to say about Mr. Davis's "Year from a Reporter's Note-Book," and they are printed elsewhere in this number.

It appears that the copyright law develops an occasional "reflex action." An English correspondent writes:

\* From the purely mechanical point of view, no feature of the past publishing season is so startling as the growing num-

ber here of books printed in America. For a time the publishers were content to minimize their profits by printing a book both in England and America ; but now they have thrown all scruples to the wind and import the American printed book wholesale. The copyright law, which has brought this about, is felt to be most unfair. What between the book printed in America and that printed in Holland, the English typesetter will have a bad time in the near future ; and Edinburgh, which turns out by far the most books, is bound to suffer. At present the subject is scarcely understood by the general public ; and, even if it were, it would scarcely rival the nauseous 'made-in-Germany' cry. When Germany equips itself with English-faced types the movement will reach a much more acute stage."

Arrangements have been completed for a reissue, in uniform volumes, of Mr. Quiller-Couch's tales, which have appeared hitherto under the imprints of various publishers. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will bring out the new edition during the spring, in six volumes.

A literary periodical has recently been proving by figures collected from various authentic sources, that poetry does not by any means lack readers in these acknowledged days of prose. The showing for poetry indeed was surprisingly good, and the readers who are gently clamorous for it may be encouraged by the following figures : Of the 543 manuscripts submitted to a Boston publishing house in 1897, the works of fiction, as might be expected, led in numbers. Of these productions, there were 212. It is a far cry to the next figure, but that figure represented the offering of verse, and it was 69. Then came 44 books for young people, and the remaining books comprised essays, histories, travel, biography, and religious

and other works. This is by no means to say that 69 books of verse were accepted and published, but merely to reassure the poetical reader who may imagine that the poetical writer is forgetting him.

The Boston Public Library has just published for the first time an "Annual List of New and Important Books," added to the library between January, 1896, and October, 1897. It is a pamphlet of 176 large pages, made up from twenty numbers of the Monthly Bulletin. Its chief object is to acquaint the many readers who live at a distance from the library building, and must receive their books through the branches and delivery stations, with the recent accessions most likely to interest them. It does not, therefore, undertake to give the title of every new book placed upon the shelves ; yet six thousand volumes are catalogued in it, and the book may be had at a price almost too small to be defined as nominal—five cents, yet it is expected to defray in part the cost of publication. The list is a good concrete illustration of the library's methods for making its possessions directly accessible.

The library's collection of photographs of buildings and paintings, of which mention has already been made in this place, is now arranged in cabinets open for use. The pictures may not be taken from the building, but a teacher who wishes to enlighten her pupils regarding Rossetti's or Burne-Jones's paintings—to cite an actual instance—may bring her class to a private room in the library, display copies of all the pictures that are reproduced, and talk to her heart's content.

The volume of short stories is evidently a host still to be reckoned with. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in hand

three such books that are of more than usual interest. "Tales of Trail and Town," by Bret Harte, is one of them. In view of his long sojourn abroad, "From the Other Side" might seem a more fitting title for his collection, but it belongs to Mr. Henry B. Fuller's forthcoming volume. The third is by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, and it is to be called "Tales of the Home-Folk in Peace and War."

The dramatic works of Bernard Shaw are soon to be published in this country by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co., in two volumes, under the title, "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant." Mr. Shaw has written a preface which, he says, "is mainly about myself." It is possible that some of the critics will take courage by this bad example and continue to pitch into Mr. Shaw instead of considering his work.

The late William J. Linton, who died at his home in New Haven at the end of last December, was born in London in 1812, and during his long life had many interests in the world. He was a leader among the Chartists, and an intimate friend of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Louis Blanc. He came to America in 1867, and afterward took no active part in European politics. His greatest fame, probably, was gained in the field of art, in which he wrote with authority, and he was the greatest of the wood-engravers of his time. He wrote several volumes of poetry and translations, and, with Mr. Richard



W. J. LINTON

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Henry Stoddard, edited an anthology of English poetry. About two years ago he published a volume of his "Reminiscences," in which appeared the fine portrait which we are glad to be able to reproduce.

Mr. J. N. Hilliard, in his sketch of Mr. George Gissing in this number of THE BOOK BUYER, refers to the happiness which the novelist found in Italy, several years ago, when he had a year free from the harassing environment of a London literary man. A paragraph in a recent

number of *Literature* informs us that Mr. Gissing is now in Rome, having spent much of the past year in southern Italy. Last autumn, at Siena, Mr. Gissing completed a small volume on Charles Dickens, which is shortly to appear in the "Victorian Era Series," published by the Messrs. Blackie.

"How to Play Golf," a manual by Mr. H. J. Whigham, the amateur champion, will be issued in February by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. It is to be illustrated with pictures made by the "long-film" or "chronomatographic" process, used here for the first time in the illustration of a handbook on athletics. The same publishers will bring out a new book by Mrs. John Sherwood and a novel by Miss Julia Magruder during the spring.

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, writing in a recent number of the *Dial*, has some interesting things to say about "Literary Values." Speaking of style, he says:

"Style is not single but complex. It is hard to catch it in the act, to fix this Cynthia of the minute in any one toilet. As far as prose is concerned, style seems to be a vivid realization of all that can be said on a subject and an apt selection of the most telling points. It certainly does not consist in hunting for fine words. . . . A greater master of expression than Flaubert, John Keats, says of poetry that if it did not come easily it had better not come at all."

Here is a suggestive generalization:

"It is curious, indeed, that wickedness and weakness force themselves to the front as the protagonists of almost every drama. Great literature is the biography of criminals and fools. Average morality and average intelligence are not the stuff out of which to create characters that will interest. Evil, indeed, seems to be the energetic force of the universe, and is the cause of the obstacles and collisions from which events spring. Every great creative poet is a Manichæan. In spite of himself, Milton was forced to make the devil his hero; and Richardson was shocked to discover that his Lovelace was a most attractive monster. The populace are willing to pay for crime. Nothing

sells a newspaper like a murder. Even in the natural world, those lurid villains of nature's melodrama, the lightning and the storm, get infinitely more spectators than the milder and beneficent agencies of sunlight and dew. Goethe said that he had learned from Polygnotus that our business on this earth was to enact hell. Except Poe and Hawthorne, no American writer has ever had any suspicion of this fact. Ever since that adventure in Boston Harbor, there has been a flavor of tea in all New England literature."

Under the title of "The Revolutionary Pictures" a collection has been made of the original paintings and drawings illustrating Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution" now appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. This collection of pictures forms an interesting gallery of "Revolutionary Art," worth many thousands of dollars. They are now being exhibited in various cities throughout the country under the auspices of the local patriotic societies. Oddly enough, this is the first time all the modern forces and resources of illustrative art have been brought to bear upon this subject, and the score of artists who undertook the work discovered a comparatively untouched field. The pictures represent the talent of many celebrated artists, including Carleton T. Chapman, Ernest Peixotto, F. C. Yohn, H. C. Christy, B. W. Clinedinst, T. De Thulstrup, F. Luis Mora, and H. W. Ditzler. The collection will be exhibited in New York at the Avery Gallery during the week of February 7-12, under the auspices of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

A very interesting exhibition was recently held at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street, London, where art in every shape is always to be found. It consisted of a collection of autograph letters and literary manuscripts of writers, extending over four hundred years. Autograph collecting has, of course, long been more or less a favored craze. It has, how-

ever, in these latter days extended its range. There are several connoisseurs in London who collect manuscripts of various authors, binding them in the most gorgeous style. Thus, Mr. Stanley Weyman's manuscript, which is usually written on paper of the same size, makes a handsome volume, and the same may be said of Mr. Lang's "copy." Probably the modern method of typewriting stories will make an author's manuscript all the rarer in the future.

"Eastern Journeys" is the title given to the late Mr. Dana's book of travel through Russia and the Caucasus, which is in the Appletons' press.

Dr. Richard Burton, whose entertain-

ing sketch of his friend William Gillette appears in this number of THE BOOK BUYER, is now delivering a course of lectures on English Literature at Johns Hopkins University. The accompanying portrait is made from his latest photograph, and, if the comment be not profane, we should like to say it looks as though it might have been taken for reproduction—like Mr. Warner's picture and Mr. Mabie's—in connection with the Library of the World's Best Literature, upon which great work Dr. Burton spent several of the winter months.

A thoroughly practical manual for music lovers is "What is Good Music?" by Mr. W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York Times, which the Scribners are soon to publish. A popular book on this subject by so sane and careful a writer as Mr. Henderson is sure of a hearty welcome. It is interesting to notice, by the way, how many kinds of things Mr. Henderson is interested in, and how well he does them all. An informed and discerning musical critic, he also is a thorough-going yachtsman, and a member of the Naval Reserve, and his sea stories for boys are as popular with his young readers as his musical criticism and occasional brilliant verse are with his mature audience. In the current number of *Scribner's Magazine* Mr. Henderson writes entertainingly of "The Business of a Theatre," with pictures sketched in the lobbies and in the green-room.

New pamphlets announced by the Putnams in the entertaining Half Moon Series are "Slavery in Old New York," by Edwin V. Morgan, and a paper on



RICHARD BURTON



"Tammany Hall," by Dr. Talcott Williams. A series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen," by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, is opened with Washington, to be followed by Franklin, Hamilton, Adams, Hancock, and so on. Another book of interest to antiquarians and others, which the Putnams have in press, is called "Old Family Names," by Mr. Berthold Fernow, who has just edited the Dutch records of the city of New Amsterdam for the city.



A new volume by Herbert Spencer, entitled "Various Fragments," is announced by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Also, "H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," which is said to be a discreet biography.



A new book of "Southern Soldier Stories" by Dr. George Cary Eggleston, illustrated by Mr. Zogbaum, is announced by the Macmillan Co., and another volume of tales which ought to prove interesting, from the same house, is "Where the Trade Wind Blows," a connected series of stories by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. The author is said to have written from intimate knowledge of the life on the West Indian plantations, and to be somewhat startling in her realism.



"For the Love of Country" is the title of a novel of adventure by land and sea in the days of the American Revolution, which is in the Scribners' press. It is the first essay in story writing of the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who is a good representative of Charles Kingsley's kind of Christianity, and who began at the Naval Academy, and has landed in the office of Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. The two interesting portraits reproduced herewith show him at the beginning of his career and as he appears now.

The archdeacon comes of a long line of



THE ARCHDEACON—

fighters—three of his forebears were officers in the Revolutionary War—the younger, at the battle of Germantown, fought over the body of his father until he himself was wounded. Another ancestor was a major-general under General Scott, and Captain Sam Brady, of border warfare, is still remembered in western Pennsylvania. Other relatives of this loyal Scotch-Irish stock laid down their lives during our Civil War. Growing up in an atmosphere of belligerency, so to speak, it is natural that he should take to the service, and after two competitive examinations, in which he stood first each time, he was appointed, at the age of seventeen, to a cadetship in the United States Naval Academy. Of his life there he says, "I am sorry to say I devoted more time to the ladies and to fiction and history than I should have done." For infractions of discipline and mutiny in New York harbor while a cadet, he got a year





THE NAVAL CADET

of guardship duty, but he learned the sea and naval tactics thoroughly, then and afterward :

“ Soldier an’ sailor too,” tho’  
 “ ‘E isn’t one o’ the reg’lar line,  
 Nor ‘e isn’t one of the crew.”

The call to become a Christian soldier came, however, and he enlisted, and as Archdeacon of Kansas hunted and fished and fought for men, “rode bucking broncos, swam rivers to keep missionary appointments, fraternized with genial cowboys, was caught in blizzards”—indeed went through the usual vicissitudes of a missionary of the West, and yet, he declares, “My life has been rather uneventful, though full of hustling, poverty—and fun.” About three years ago he was appointed Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. The novel, “For Love of Country,” has grown out of his varied life and experience on sea and land. He is a devoted student of history, loves men, knows the sea; and as a Virginian and Pennsylvanian,

knows intimately the Revolutionary fighting ground upon which the story of his novel moves.

An important work is announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., in “Industrial Democracy,” by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, who in a former volume traced the origin and growth of trades unions. The attempt of the present work has been to give a scientific analysis of trades-unionism in the United Kingdom, based upon six years’ investigation. The former book treated the movement as a whole, while in the present volume “the interior phenomena are studied, and an attempt is made to give a scientific generalization as to purposes and effects.”

“The Honorable Peter Stirling” is now in its sixteenth edition, and “The Prisoner of Zenda” in its forty-third. That Mr. Paul Liecester Ford and Anthony Hope are correspondingly gratified is a very obvious inference. Another remarkable story, which Messrs Henry Holt & Co. had the discrimination to publish in the face of many questions, is “The Gadfly,” which is now in its fourth edition, just started, apparently, upon its successful course. We are told that the author—“E. Voynich”—is a woman, and that she has gone to Austria to get material for another story.

Among the fiction in preparation for publication during the spring, the Scribners announce a novel called “The Dull Miss Archinard,” the first work of Miss Sedgwick, an American girl who has lived in Paris for the last few years, and whose book deals with literary and artistic figures in that city, and a collection of short sketches, called “Stories of the City Room,” by Miss Elizabeth Jordan, of the New York *World*, in which the woman reporter, that interesting figure in modern

journalism, is exploited, and some of her "tendencies" noted.



Among the novels just issuing from the Harpers' press we note a Turkish tale by Maurus Jokai, "The Liar of Janina"; "The Red Bridge Neighborhood," by Maria Louise Pool; "The Fight for the Crown," by W. E. Norris; and "The Vintage," a story of the Greek war by E. F. Benson. A book which is bound to be of equal interest and value, and which will come in April, is Mr. Charles F. Lummis's "The Awakening of a Nation: Mexico of To-day," in which he writes of the great progress made in that leisurely land during the past few years under the stimulation of President Diaz.



We are glad to see a new and handsome edition of "The Tinted Venus," with the Harpers' imprint. There be many who think that this story and "Vice Versa" are the only really clever stories Mr. Anstey ever wrote.



Among the newest publications of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., one of the most important is "The Psychology of Suggestion: A Research into the Subconscious Nature of Man and Society," by Dr. Boris Sidis, with an introduction by Professor William James. Besides this substantial contribution to the literature of a highly interesting subject, the same house has in press "Studies of Good and Evil," by Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, and a volume on "Astronomy" by Agnes M. Clerke, A. Fowler, and J. Ellard Gove.



The Frederick A. Stokes Co. announce, for early publication, another book by Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, similar to "Wolfville" in matter and manner, which will also be illustrated by Mr. Remington. The same publishers will soon issue a vol-

ume of "Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854-1870," which is said to form an important contribution to the history of the pre-Raphaelite group. The editor, Dr. Garnett, says these are the most interesting letters yet published.



A very curious article was published a few weeks ago in a technical journal lately founded in England—the *Architectural Review*. It deals with "Architecture in Poetry and Fiction." In connection with Anthony Hope's recent visit to us, it is interesting to note that the author of the article, Mr. Howard Ince, goes the length of drawing a plan of the Castle of Zenda, along with an elaborate front elevation. "It is," he says, "an elaborate and complicated piece of design. Even Mr. Hope gets a little confused." Here are Mr. Ince's words:

He tells us that, as "the play actor" stood in the shadow of the gateway watching the fight between the Duke and Rupert Hentzau in Madame de Mauban's apartments, he heard a stir down to the "right," in the direction of the King's cell and Jacob's Ladder. Now a reference to the plan will show that as these were nearly opposite the Duke's apartments on the other side of the drawbridge, and Rassendyll would naturally stand with his back to the gateway of the old castle to look across to the château, the King's cell was on his left hand. This position, too, would leave his sword-arm free for the swift and deadly stroke which slew de Gautet. One would have thought, too, that Hentzau would have noticed this corpse lying in the gateway when he climbed up after his plunge into the moat and defied the Duke's retainers from the reinstated drawbridge, but there was little light so early in the morning and Rupert was "drunk with blood." The author may well be proud of this splendidly constructed piece of architecture. He must have studied it long and carefully.

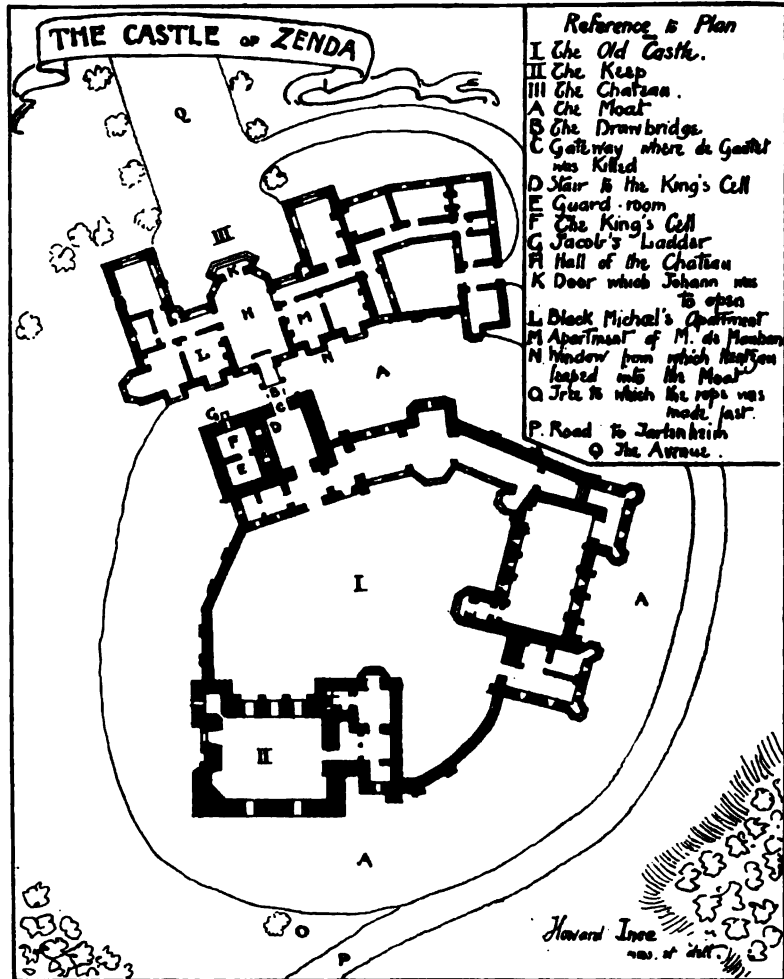
Mr. Ince devotes special attention to Beaconsfield and Scott, but he skims Mr. Thomas Hardy, apparently ignorant of the fact that the author of "Tess" was trained as an architect, and has never

made a mistake in the elaborate descriptions of buildings which he likes to give.

The title of Mr. Anthony Hope's forthcoming romance is "Born in the Purple," and will be published, we believe, by the Appletons. We take much pleasure in reproducing, on another page, a striking portrait made of Mr. Hope just before he returned to England, by Miss Ben-Yusuf, the distinguished amateur photographer, whose distinctly brilliant work has won for her so much praise and so many medals.

May we suggest to persons who are fond of compiling bibliographies a new field for their labors? Surely no one has yet made a complete list of all the novels of recent years cast in the form of memoirs of real or fictitious personages, and surely a moment's reflection will show that such a list would assume one quality of potent appeal to bibliographers—that of large

dimensions. This suggestion is prompted by the publication by Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. of a book by Mr. Hulbert Fuller, of Chicago, of which the full title is "Vivian of Virginia: Being the Memoirs of our First Rebellion; by John Vivian, Esq., of Middle Plantation, Virginia." The "Rebellion" is that which took place under Governor Berkeley, whose niece is the heroine of the tale. Another point for commentators upon title-pages, by the way, might be the consideration of titles in which the word "Be-



MR. INCE'S PLAN OF ZENDA  
[From the *Architectural Review*]

ing" has taken the place of the humdrum "Or" of earlier days.

For a very young firm, Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. show an excellent list of historical novels, all of which have appeared within two or three years. Besides "Vivian of Virginia," there are Mr. Stimson's "King Noanett," Professor Roberts's "Forge in the Forest," Mrs. Harrison's "Son of the Old Dominion," Gilbert Parker's "Pomp of the Lavillettes," Mr. W. E. Barton's "Hero in Homespun," and one or two of lesser importance. We trust that "Vivian" is as interesting as are all the others.

Mr. Lamson promises another book of Cuban war correspondence, called "Marching with Gomez," by Mr. Grover Flint, illustrated with many drawings by the author, and prefaced by an historical introduction by his father-in-law, Mr. John Fiske, who at present is devoting himself to the volume in his historical series which is to follow "Virginia and Her Neighbors."

Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., the young firm whose first work has been the fine collective edition of Walt Whitman, are preparing for spring publication, among other things, a book by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson. In the meantime the Whitman output goes steadily forward, and there is now on the press a selection of the prose and the verse of the "Good Gray Poet," made by his admirer, Professor Oscar L. Triggs of Chicago University. It is expected to supersede the two previous books of selections from Whitman, because neither of those volumes presented Whitman in all his aspects. This is what Professor Triggs has tried to do—and to do it in a way that shall escape all condemnation. To some readers the book will doubtless give as much as they want of Whitman; for others it will serve

as an introduction to a fuller knowledge of the poet.

Mr. John Jay Chapman's studies in literary criticism, which have attracted much attention among magazine readers during the past year, will soon be published in book form by the Scribners under the title "Emerson and Other Essays." Two recent publications of the same house, of more than usual interest, are Professor Warfield's "Significance of the Westminster Standard as a Creed"—a clear and definite presentation of Presbyterian standards—and "Horace Mann and the Common School Revival in the United States," by Dr. B. A. Hinsdale, of the University of Washington. A tract for the times is Dr. Huntington's "A National Church," in which the rector of Grace Church treats his subject with liberality and makes many suggestions for a plan of government.

"Northward" is the title of Mr. Peary's new book—though he is popularly brevetted "Lieutenant," we believe he writes himself merely "R. E. Peary, C.E."—which the Frederick A. Stokes Company will issue early in the spring. A sub-title adds that the book is "a narrative of life and work along the shores and upon the ice cap of northern Greenland, in the years 1886 and '91-'97." The work will be in two volumes, containing nearly 900 illustrations from photographs. The narrative is as fascinating as all such simple records of exploration must be, and the pictures are unusually informing.

Another Stokes book of similar interest, is called "Andrée's Balloon Expedition," and is written by MM. Lachambre and Machuron, of Paris, the ballooning experts who built his balloons and finally started him on his journey.

*The Rambler.*



ANTHONY HOPE

[From a copyrighted photograph by Miss Ben-Yusuf]



WILLIAM GILLETTE

## WILLIAM GILLETTE

THE youth of men destined to distinction may or may not be significant of their future careers. In the case of William Gillette, the actor-playwright, whose essentially American drama, *Secret Service*, represents the latest step in a remarkably successful professional life, there were early denotements indicative of what was to come. When he had attained the mature age of nine or ten he was astonishing the family and neighbors in Hartford with a miniature theatre fitted out with grooves, scenery, foot and border lights, the puppets for which were worked from above with black thread. A year or two later a better one was constructed, showing advanced methods as to *mise-en-scène* and wardrobe. The next step in this juvenile theatrical experimentalism was the organi-

zation in the Gillette attic—one of the old-fashioned roomy sort, in which I have played many a game with Gillette and other mates, and been (let me add) invariably beaten—the organization of a complete high-class stock company. When this had been tried “on a dog,” as it were, at the top of the house, it descended to the drawing-room, which became an extemporized temple of the drama, to the dubious edification of the Gillette household. The head of the house, the Hon. Francis Gillette, it may be here noted, was one of Connecticut’s representative men, prominent as an abolitionist and social reformer, a member of Congress at Washington, and a candidate for Governor of the State. William Gillette is related to Henry Ward Beecher and to Charles Dud-

ley Warner. His family connection is something one is never likely to hear about from himself.

But to return to the embryo dramatist. Another small-boy venture was the stripping of the walls of landscape paintings, which were then slid into a box and so managed that they became theatre scenery. The audience was then bidden in—witness deponeth not whether a price of admission was demanded—and Manager Gillette rang up on each picture as if it were a drop in a regular playhouse. So good was the show that the imminent parental thrashing was indefinitely postponed. Along with this bent towards his future occupation the young Gillette had a decided talent for mechanics. I remember a little dummy engine that ran on a real track in the big grounds—all of it constructed by William—and there were other signs of his craftsmanship. To this day he has an inventive genius, a gift coming out in some of his stage appliances, like the apparatus for imitating a horse gallop used in *Held by the Enemy*, in various other clever devices which only indifference or a too busy life prevent him from patenting, and in his deftness with tools, as where, in his North Carolina cabin, all the table utensils as well as other house fittings are carved out of the native woods by his own hands.

When I played as a boy with Gillette in Hartford he was just enough the elder to make patronage and bullying in order; but he never exercised these juvenile rights, and it was typical of him, lad and man. A better friend never lived. In school his tastes were for science, oratory, history. He was fond of spouting Webster's speeches—and he is still. He went to the Hartford High School, and when he came on the stage to deliver a graduating oration the applause (it is in my ears now) plainly bespoke his popularity. Next came the college question.

It would have been natural for his father's son to go to Yale, like all well-given Connecticut fellows; but William had views of his own, and at this juncture surprised his friends and family by disappearing from the scene and, in the West, placing his foot on the lowest rung of the stage ladder. Heads were shaken and pessimistic remarks dropped at this action, which, in the retrospect, looks canny indeed. This was in the early seventies. For about ten years he slaved it at small parts, doing anything and everything that came his way, getting rough knocks, no end, and acquiring an experience of the utmost value to an actor or playwright. It was like the man to begin in this way, instead of using influence he might easily have brought to bear to give him a start. At a recent gambol of the Lamb's Club in New York city Gillette told with much quiet humor of an early episode in a Canadian theatre where he was to do a sort of specialty act, and was glad to escape with his life after the first performance.

In this stern school he served his apprenticeship, learned his craft, asked favors of nobody, and won to the front by sheer energy, pluck, and intelligence, conjoined with a genuine vocation for the work. To this day, partly through this experience, partly too, I think, because of his belief in practice rather than theory, he looks askance at the literary and elocutionary training for the tyro, claiming that the school of life will take care of that.

Like Paracelsus, he was destined to emerge. In 1881 he got a part in *The Gilded Age*, the dramatized version of the story by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. And a little thereafter he began to work on *The Professor*, the piece which was first to bring him recognition. That charming idyllic comedy, with its lovable old professor so absent-minded and help-

less in his love affair, had, with the author in the title rôle, an individuality and sentiment which caught the popular taste, and he was launched. Another of my memories is of a certain night in Hartford when Gillette imperilled the performance of this play by allowing me, in conjunction with other presumably tuneful collegians, to sing college songs in the flies. *The Professor* went well that evening in the dramatist's home town. Had we appeared within view of the audience, it might have turned out another story. As invisible birds we were a success. There was nobody in sight to throw things at.

The piece ran over six months in 1882 at the Madison Square Garden, and its success made the next step—a dramatization for Mrs. Burnett of her *Esmeralda*—easy enough. A record of 350 nights showed how Americans liked that pleasing bit of romantic Southern life. Next followed *The Private Secretary*, one of the best known of his higher comedies and farces. Gillette's free adaptations from the German and French are sometimes spoken of as if they were merely clever pilferings from others' work. The fact is that they are practically new creations, a transatlantic hint being used to make something thoroughly American, for the native quality of all his work is one of its marked characteristics. He is never imitative in any strict sense. From the time of *The Private Secretary* the actor-playwright was made. The rest of his career is an ascending scale of all but unbroken successes. He played the title rôle in many of his productions, and often assumed the managerial function besides. As an actor, his distinct style, eccentric power, original methods, and insistence on naturalness gave him a place as a character comedian of note. Soon after came that striking war drama, *Held by the Enemy*, the father of the whole school of American war-plays, and the elder brother

of his greatest success and most artistic triumph, *Secret Service*, which has brought him international reputation. It was quite in the line of the genius of a man whose instinct for seizing on American situations and for shaping American native character was so strong, to choose that tremendous theme as the motive of his highest achievement. With their vivid realism, picturesqueness, intense dramatic quality, and the broad handling of subject matter so that sectionalism was never appealed to nor offended, the vogue of these two dramas is small wonder. One of the best comedies Gillette ever wrote succeeded *Held by the Enemy*. I refer to *A Legal Wreck*, which had but a moderate success (it held the stage for two seasons), but which to me always seemed peculiarly expressive of the author's comedy talent, and, I may add, it stood in his own mind for a good deal. The subtlety of characterization in the piece was perhaps against it. Gillette has from the first been daring in his treatment of character. He hates the conventional as the devil holy water, and sometimes puzzles his audience a bit by portraying a person who refuses to go into a category and be labelled *villain* or *hero*.

Certain comedies, with more or less of the farcical in them—light clever affairs like *All the Comforts of Home*, *Mr. Wilkinson's Widows*, and *Settled Out of Court*—did not call out the playwright's full powers. *Too Much Johnson*, his latest comedy, is a more distinctive piece of its kind, and has been a phenomenal "money-maker," still holding the boards and announced for a London appearance in the spring. It runs to farce complications, but is very skilfully constructed, and, in the person of the central character, *Billings*, has an enjoyable and easily recognized American type. To those, however, who know the dramatist best, such work seems unimportant. It is a piece of able



IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE. *SECRET SERVICE*, ACT III

stage work written to please that uncritical, good-natured monster, the public. Having done that, it fulfils its aim and satisfies its creator. Gillette frankly declares that to be his one object always. Lofty ideals, high art, and all that sort of thing he professes to care nothing about. These statements I, for one, insist on taking with a grain of salt. They represent the irritation of an exceptionally honest nature, a protest against cant and sham, with a sense of the fact—too often waived aside by the theorist—that a man's first duty is to succeed, and that dramatic writing, like any other writing, or any other form of human labor, is a business, not a sentiment.

Few men of success fail to meet a Waterloo—lucky are they if it be unique. William Gillette found his in the spectacular *Ninety Days*, produced in 1893, and withdrawn after a few nights. It was a disaster, swallowing up a fortune, and leaving him all but ruined financially. In a conversation just before it was put on

the stage he expressed himself to me as dubious of the result—in fact (and this is an example of his modesty), he regards each new play as a lottery, in which he will very likely draw a blank. Besides, he was but recently recovered of a severe, well-nigh fatal illness, complicated by family affliction. The essential strength and courage of the man came out in this crisis. With *Ninety Days* dead and unpleasantly suggestive of three months' notes, he turned out what was to be the crowning triumph of his career—*Secret Service*, first seen, on October 5, 1896, in New York City. The history of this fine war drama is familiar to all theatre-goers here and in England. After remarkable runs in New York and Boston, which carried it through its first season, the piece was taken to London last spring, and there made a hit such as has never before been made by a play from American hands and of American motive. And during the present season the tour of the country has been a sort of triumphal progress.

While in London Gillette's success was social as well as artistic. Those who know him can readily understand how his fresh, strong personality would be welcomed in conventional drawing-rooms. He cares nothing for society in the usual feeble sense, and always avoids functions that imply fuss and affectation. But for the sake of seeing how they do it over there, he went to routs, teas, and country houses, and made original remarks to amazed dowagers, in strictly American idiom, all of which helped to make him a lion.

The main characteristics of Mr. Gillette's art, as one surveys its entirety, is honest realism, contemporaneity, and directness and force, with the avoiding of talk for talk's sake and any attempt to be literary; masterly clearness in developing his personages, a sense of situation born of twenty years of study and practical knowledge, and an all-round familiarity with the mechanism of the craft. Were there more attention to the literary aspect of the drama in his work, it would be so much the better for its survival; he most easily lays himself open to criticism in this respect. But he is never vulgar, and a good deal of his comedy dialogue has a sparkle and an epigrammatic quality that are unusual. It is, however, in charac-

terization and construction that he is strongest—a good representative of the school of Sardou. In his best and most serious plays the *dramatis personæ* are eminently natural and real; they are also wholesome human types. The men are brave, manly, straight; the women essentially feminine and winning. They are expressed through a dialogue admirable for terse vigor and idiomatic freshness. Everything, either in action or dialogue, that is extraneous is relentlessly excised. The character of the hero in *Secret Service*, played with such fetching nonchalance by Gillette himself, confuses some because he seems a composite—now hero, now the reverse. Really, he is just a human being in a stress acting with the conflicting emotions and mixed motives that life itself calls out. *Captain Thorne* is the best example the playwright has given us of what I have spoken of before—the drawing of character and of life as it is, not as it is so often misrepresented as being.

William Gillette is a man in his prime, two or three years over forty. He is confessedly a leader in his profession in this country. It will be a surprise to many of us if his finest work be not ahead of him.

Richard Burton.

### TO A SLEEPER AT ROME

*For the unveiling, by Edmund Gosse, of the American memorial bust to the poet Keats, in Hampstead Parish Church, July 16th, 1894.*

THE gardens, bright with limbs of gods at play—  
Those bowers whose flowers are fruits, Hesperian sweets

That light with heaven the soul of him who  
cats,

And lend his veins Olympian blood of day—

Were only lent, and, since thou couldst not stay,

Better to die than wake in sorrow, Keats,

Where even the Siren's song no longer cheats—

Where Love's long "Street of Tombs" still  
lengthens grey.

Better to nestle there in arms of Flora,

Ere Youth—the king of Earth and Beauty's heir,

Drinking such breath in meadows of Aurora

As bards of morning drank, Ægean air—

Wake in old age's caverns of Ellora,

Carven with visions dead and sights that were !

—From "*The Coming of Love, and Other Poems*," by Theodore Watts-Dunton. By permission of Mr. John Lane.



THE INTERIOR

## THE WILLIAM MORRIS LABOUR CHURCH AT LEEK

**T**HERE seems no special reason why Leek should be the first town in England to raise a memorial to William Morris, the master craftsman and poet; but so it has happened. London, where he lived and died, has done nothing to perpetuate his name and genius, and it has been left to a small band of devoted socialists to set up the first lasting tribute to his memory, in the shape of a "William Morris Labour Church," which was opened about a year ago, and holds services every Sunday in the quaint Staffordshire market-town.

The Labour Church movement, as its name implies, claims to voice the religious ideals of "Labour." Some dozen "churches" give in their allegiance to its principles in different parts of England, and one in the United States, at Lynn, Mass. John Trevor, its founder and a man of striking and powerful personality, is a religious socialist, and it has hitherto been dominated by socialist in-

fluences, but there is nothing in its constitution to bind it to any special creed. It counteracts the materialism and atheism that many prominent socialists profess, and insists on the need of a moral, as well as an economic, revolution. The word "church," however, is rather misleading in this connection. Socialism, not religion in the ordinary sense, is the binding force, and in many places the "services" are little more than socialist meetings.

So much is necessary to explain what might otherwise seem rather an anomaly—a church consecrated to William Morris. The Leek church preaches the Morris gospel, the gospel of human service and brotherhood, and of return to Nature and to Art. The service consists of revolutionary hymns (Morris's own, often enough), a prayer, a democratic reading, and a lecture on some social question. The broadness of its platform may be judged from the fact that Lerner

Sugden, the chairman of the church committee, and a prominent Leek architect, is an avowed free-thinker, while John Prime, the treasurer, who keeps a little cobbler's shop and sells Socialist literature, is a Methodist lay-preacher.

The church is an unpretending stone building a couple of centuries old, standing in its own grounds surrounded by tall trees, where outdoor meetings are held in the pleasant summer-time. The interior is exceedingly quaint and beautiful, with its old-fashioned high-back pews and blue Morris hangings. As one enters the church at evening, the artistic effect is very striking. The three framed portraits of Morris, above the platform, are lit up by two massive silver candlesticks, and country flowers are arranged on either side, filling the atmosphere with their perfume. The ceiling and overhead beams are finished in pure white, while all the wood-work is painted a translu-

cent green.\* Walter Crane presented the church with a stencil design, which has been used with considerable effect to decorate the walls. Another gift, an exquisite book-cloth, lettered in "Kelm-scott" and embroidered on fine Morris silk, is used at all the services.

At the time of the opening of the William Morris Labour Church messages of encouragement were received from a large number of distinguished sympathizers—scientists, artists, and reformers—including Alfred Russel Wallace, Grant Allen, Edward Carpenter, Walter Crane, W. B. Richmond, R.A., Selwyn Image, W. M. Rossetti, Sidney Webb, Father Adderley, and a host of others.

Its platform has also been well filled up to the present time by prominent lecturers, and the church bids fair to be a con-

\* The decoration of the church, it may be mentioned, was done under the direction of Larner Sugden, who was a personal friend of William Morris.



PREPARATIONS FOR AN OUT-DOOR MEETING

siderable social influence in England. One cannot but feel that the church is a memorial in which William Morris would have rejoiced, for it is trying to lead the

people one step nearer the time of "rest and fellowship and happiness" of which the great poet dreamed, and for which he worked his life long.

*Leonard D. Abbott.*



THE DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH

### TO MILTON,—BLIND

He who said suddenly, "Let there be light!"  
To thee the dark deliberately gave;  
That those full eyes might undistracted be  
By this beguiling show of sky and field,  
This brilliance, that so lures us from the Truth.  
He gave thee back original night, His own  
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,  
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.  
O blinded with a special lightning, thou  
Hadst once again the virgin Dark! and when  
The pleasant flowery sight, which had deterred  
Thine eyes from seeing, when this recent world  
Was quite withdrawn; then burst upon thy view  
The elder glory; space again in pangs,

And Eden odorous in the early mist,  
That heaving watery plain that *was* the world,  
Then the burned earth, and Christ coming in  
clouds.

Or rather a special leave to thee was given  
By the high power, and thou with bandaged eyes  
Wast guided through the glimmering camp of  
God.

Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol  
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,  
Or pace the wide air everlastingly.  
Thou wast admitted to the presence, and deep  
Argument heardest, and the large design  
That brings this world out of the woe to bliss.

—From "Poems," by Stephen Phillips. By permission of Mr. John Lane.

## ALPHONSE DAUDET

ON a misty winter morning in the year 1857 a slender boy of seventeen, in coarse, country clothes, descended from a third-class carriage at the Gare du Lyon. On his feet were a pair of flapping galoches; in his pocket was his whole fortune, a two-franc piece. He was a stranger from the Midi; his name was Alphonse Daudet. Trembling with excitement, he slipped through the crowd into the streets to look at last upon the city of his dearest dreams. Paris welcomed silently, with no demonstration, this traveler, destined to be part of the glory and the crown of France. His only luggage was a small trunk studded with brass nails. It was innocent of wardrobe, but bursting with manuscripts that were poured out a few hours later on the attic floor of the little room which he occupied with his brother, Ernest Daudet.

There, under the shadow of St. Germain des Près, commenced a life of hardship and poverty. There he knew what hunger and cold and desolation meant; but they were to touch him in vain. By the light of half a candle he bent over his work, and from his impetuous pen poured the verses, the comedies, the romances, that were to make him great. "Why should I despair," he said, "I am so rich in hope?" and the ardent southern nature, combined with a golden, generous gift of the gods, made him adore life. It is this living, happy personality that shines through all he wrote, that made him a master of his fate, of his subject, and of all hearts. It is needless to give the annals of a life that is so freely written in the pages of "Trente Ans de Paris" and "Le Petit Chose." Alphonse Daudet tells the story of his own life with ineffable charm; and from what the world would hold to be a calendar of misery, a dreary

monotony of days, from a poor room and sordid privations, he has called forth pictures full of beauty and pathos.

The heart of Parisian life and letters, years of companionship with some of the greatest minds of the century and the highest *esprit* of France, broadened and strengthened him, made of the timid, sensitive Provençal a *mondain raffiné*. But the suns of the Midi, the suns of Languedoc, the country of his birth, had warmed in his blood; his feelings were deep and pure and good, and natures such as his know no change.

Of the brilliant group of men who have made contemporaneous French literature, of that coterie toward which the eyes of all the reading world have been turned with admiration and interest during the last half a century, Daudet was the greatest. He was the most universal, the most original, the most human. He resolved and discussed no psychological problems. His was not a shadowy, intangible mysticism. He saw life with no abnormal, distorted vision, but through the unclouded glass of a pure soul; and he wrote of it with charm and sweetness, with simplicity that is almost naïve, with the strength and vigor of a grand *maître*.

To speak of the works of Alphonse Daudet is to speak of a world. In the "Contes de Lundi" and "Lettres de mon Moulin" there are the pastures, the grain fields, the glowing vines of Avignon, and the cloisters of Cucugnan, the gleaming highways, the woods, midsummer harvests, and fine winter frosts; the turbulent Rhône, old towns mellow with age and sun, herds with tinkling bells, the odors of field and forest; a land of color and of delight, Provence, from town to town, glows before the eye as the gay, bewitching crowd passes laughing by, "in



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ALPHONSE DAUDET

[From a sketch by Carrière upon the fly-leaf of a book in the Goncourt Library.]

the days when the Popes were in Avignon." These sketches are as familiar to English readers as to the French; they are classics, perfect in style, full of delicacy; they fairly sing and vibrate with sweetness.

"Tartarin of Tarascon" has a world-wide reputation, and it is in this (as in the "Mule du Pape" and "Le Curé de Cucugnan") that Daudet's humor is sunniest and most delicious. Tartarin is the Don Quixote of France; he is a unique and captivating personage, whom we greet with delight and long to accompany on his mad way. This brilliant figure slips from time to time across the mind, and is welcomed with the cordiality which we extend to all who make us smile.

"Daudet has given us twenty masterpieces," said Emile Zola. "When I take up the pen of a critic regarding the works of my friend, it is to fill the pages with eulogies." "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" is a sombre drama, a study of *mœurs Parisiens*, powerful and realistic. It was crowned by the Academy, whose honors Daudet frankly scorned, whose membership he twice refused, and upon which his novel, "L'Immortelles," is a bitter satire. He wrote of everything, and it is all good. "Numa de Roumestan," "Le Nabab," "Le Petit Chose," "Femmes Artistes," "Rois en Exile," "L'Evangeliste," "Lettres à un Absent," "La Petite Paroisse," "Jacques," are his principal novels, and the dramas are "L'Arlésienne" (with which he made his début), "L'Obstacle," "L'Idole," and "Sapho," at present sung by Calvé in the opera written by Massenet, and in the dramatic rôle of Sapho Réjane opens her season at the Vaudeville this week.

. . . . .

"I remember a brilliant gathering at Charpentier's," writes Catulle Mendès. . . . "Alphonse Daudet is seated in a

great armchair. He is illustrious. Many books have given him fame greater than his contemporaries. The ideal of glory and fortune of which he dreamed, he has attained. Why does he not rise from his chair as he is saluted by poets, dramatists, beautiful women, young and old? He cannot rise without aid; his limbs are held as in a vise; he is a victim to the terrible disease of which Heinrich Heine died."

For ten years, indeed, Alphonse Daudet has been a martyr to sufferings which he has borne like a hero. Sitting patiently in his study, his fragile hands, beautiful and almost transparent, resting on the arms of his chair, he received, with infinite kindness and warm hospitality, the host of friends that constantly surrounded him. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and spoke as he wrote—with ease, vivacity, and great grace. "It seemed as if all of the pain and all of the resignation of the world were written upon that face," says Ernest Lajeunesse. "His eyes, sunken behind the brows arched with suffering, seemed to be of a depth impenetrable, but his face fairly gave forth light, and one saw behind the eyes and the delicate lips the soul of the poet that shone through pain."

On Thursday, December 19th, when the news of the sudden death of Alphonse Daudet was made known, a great wave of grief swept over Paris. There was a universal expression of love, admiration, and regret. For days the journals were full of personal reminiscences and tender tributes from the pens of Emile Zola, Jules Lemaitre, Pierre Loti, Maurice Baurès, Catulle Mendès, Octave Mirabeau, and others, who could not say farewell too lovingly or too regretfully to this man who was their friend as well as master. François Coppée was awakened at midnight by the message, "*Alphonse Daudet est mort.*" "They asked me for an arti-



cle." said the old poet, "but I could only write a line through tears."

Daudet was fifty-seven years of age, mentally strong, vigorous, productive; physically, a remnant, his body too frail and dissolving a dwelling for his soul.

From the *chapelle mortuaire*, in the courtyard of his home, 41 Rue de l'Université, where under masses of flowers the coffin was hidden, through the gray streets, past quiet, respectful crowds, to the church of St. Clotilde, and on to Père Lachaise, the friends and lovers of Alphonse Daudet followed his bier. In the cortège that walked on foot from the house to the church, among many others, were the following, whom all the world knows:

Rimbaud, Hanotaux, Sarah Bernhardt, Calvé, Réjane, Stéphané, Mallarmé, Rodin, Raffaelli, Claude Monet, Besnard, Carrière, Alfred Stevens, Rodenbach, Larroumet, Marcel Prévost, François Coppée, Sardou, Cherbuliez, André Theuriet, Comte de Montesquiou, etc., etc.

"We bring garlands and laurels, our hands are full of flowers, for him who was the crown of us all, the flower of his time," said Emile Zola, as he stood bareheaded beside the remains of Alphonse Daudet in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. Overhead the dying light of a winter's day changed the sky from blue to yellow—to gray. As far as one could see, pressed the people. To Madame Daudet, her daughter, her two sons, Ernest and

Léon, Zola turned from time to time, speaking in a voice veiled by tears. He spoke of the long, close friendship of his, and the nation's admiration for Daudet. "If I were asked to assign a definite place for Alphonse Daudet, I would give to him the first among his brothers. He was the bravest, the strongest; his work, sweet and charming as it was, was the loudest cry of pity, the strongest demand for justice. It is a part of a vast inquest that is being continued by this generation. It will remain a decisive witness, a permanent and logical result of the social documents which Stendhal and Balzac, Flaubert and the de Goncourts have left us." Zola, as he spoke, looked gray and old and desolate; he commanded his voice with difficulty. The close of his address was made directly to Léon Daudet, and at the last words, both the sons came forward, and Zola took them in his arms. Then he stepped back and leaned against the heavily draped speaker's desk which they had prepared for him. It was as though the life about him had become invisible, and he belonged to that world which is Death and the Past. "For the circle that was Flaubert, Guy de Maupassant, the two de Goncourts, and Daudet, is not broken—it is dissolved, and," said Zola, "only I remain—adieu, *chers amis!*"

M. L. Van Vorst.

PARIS, December 22, 1897.

### WOODBINE—A MADRIGAL

THE wild bee clings to it  
Most fond and long;  
The wild bird sings to it  
Its sweetest song;  
The wild breeze brings to it  
A life more strong.

So all things lend to thee  
Some charm, some grace.  
The world's a friend to thee,  
In love's embrace.  
All hearts do bend to thee,  
In thy queen's place.

—From "*Songs Ysane*," by Annie Fellows Johnston and Albion Fellows Bacon. By permission of L. C. Page & Co.

## GEORGE GISSING'S "WHIRLPOOL"

**M**R. GEORGE GISSING is a writer of whose work I have hitherto been entirely uninformed and so came to the reading of his latest book quite unprejudiced in judgment. My first impression was that Mr. Gissing studies realities and seeks to construct in the image of life. The story deals with people who not only might live, but probably do live, in England, on certain streets and in certain houses.

There is neither caricature nor affectation in his work. He has a serious outlook on life, it would appear, and respects the rights of his characters. So much appeared in the first fifty pages. The tone of the book, while not sombre, was low in key and unattractive in color. The method was that of a serious Englishman—diffuse and not always fresh in phrase.

As I read on, one of the most marked characteristics of this novel seemed to me to be the unfolding of the actual worry over daily bread which beset the men and women whose histories make up the book. No matter how fair and leisurely they seemed at first, there came a time when I was informed of their cares and trials. All were struggling to keep head above the waters of the whirlpool. Their little incomes concerned them prayerfully. They were forced to pinch and save; they agonized over investments.

This gave a note of reality which many English novels utterly lack. In their pursuit of the lover novelists are prone to ignore the working woman and the business man. "Income" with the people in "the whirlpool" is a daily and almost hourly subject for care-taking. Harvey Rolfe, a man of leisure, in a single even-

ing (at the club and on his way home) discusses incomes with three anxious friends, and makes a couple of loans. The Abbots and the Carnabys meet with disaster, and Cecil Morphew is obliged to borrow of Rolfe to start into shop-keeping.

This is but one of the many convincing methods of the book. The reader feels himself among real people, though they are not clearly individualized to American minds. The final revealing touch of characterization which would bring Rolfe and Alma very near to the reader, Mr. Gissing seems unable to give. I am not presuming to say what this final word should be, because it lies beyond the conscious self. It comes not by taking thought upon it, but by waiting for it. It rises like a bubble from the sub-conscious will, without toil or trouble. Mr. Gissing works for all he gets—works hard with infinite pains and much sound and manly thought. He has little of Kipling's sudden flashes of illuminating insight, and nothing of Howells' all-pervading humor, but he obtains respect and admiration from the start. There is some mighty vigorous language in the book.

"Domestic life is played out," says Rolfe. "There isn't a servant to be had unless you're a duke and breed them on your own estate. All ordinary housekeepers are at the mercy of the filth and insolence of a draggled-tailed novelette-reading feminine democracy."

"War is England's 'Banting.' It's the only thing that keeps England sound."

"Naturally children are a nuisance, especially if you live in a whirlpool."

"There's the whirlpool of the furiously busy. Round and round they go; brains humming till they melt or explode. . . . When there's no leisure, no meditation, no peace and quietness—when instead of conversing, people just nod or shout to each other as they spin round and round the gulf—men and women practically return to

the state of savages in all that concerns their offspring."

"The fewer children people have the better. It's bad to see the little squalling brats in the filth and smoke down yonder and worse still in this damned London. Great God! When there is so much of the world clean and sweet, here we pack and sweat together, a million to the square mile."

The effective figure of the whirlpool runs throughout the book, but the story is after all the story of a man and a woman, Harvey Rolfe and Alma Frothingham. The plan of the novel is not discoverable early—only when the final page is turned does it take on any definite form or purpose; even then it is questionable whether the author's purpose was clear to himself. It is a long book—they are accustomed to plodding through three-volume novels in England, it appears. It is too long. It could be put into very much less space, and make much easier reading.

The book ends because of the death of Alma—so it would seem that she and her experimental marriage with Rolfe formed the principal theme. Rolfe himself is a type not yet common in America, and the author's attitude toward him shows that the man who lives a quiet and thoughtful life, without earning a dollar of his income or benefiting the world by his studies, is regarded by other Englishmen as a valuable citizen in a most enviable position. It must be admitted that over against Morphew and Carnaby, and Dymes and Redgrave, Rolfe does seem a very pleasant gentleman. "The Whirlpool" does not teem with joyous and lovely characters.

Early in the book Bennett Frothingham, father of Alma, suicides, leaving an enormous wreck of business behind, and out of the disgrace and poverty which follow, Alma determines to push on with her violin playing (which has hitherto been but a vanity and a lure of men), and become a professional concert artist.

She is saved from the horrors of earning her living in this way by Rolfe, who offers her marriage on the most generous and manly terms. At this point the story might conceivably stop, but it does not. The Rolfes go to Wales, determined to live far from the whirlpool which had ruined so many of their friends. Rolfe's income provides a comfortable home without care, and for a few years all is peace with Alma. But at last both agree that Wales is just a little remote and unexciting, and they return to London, where Alma begins again to dream of a public appearance as a violinist. Motherhood and the affairs of a small home have proven insufficient to fill her life.

At this point the first false note of the book is struck. The inevitable seducer makes his appearance in the person of Mr. Cyrus Redgrave, who has thin hair, a melodious voice, and a huge fortune. It would not do to let the experimental free marriage succeed. The liberty allowed Alma by Rolfe must be somehow abused. Hence a seeming intrigue with Redgrave, which ends in sending Alma to morphine and Rolfe to the country, bitter and broken. All this does not seem to me to follow from the character of the woman up to that point. It appears to me to be a relapse into convention in order that the story should go on with growing intensity.

Just here is the difficulty which the historian of an experimental marriage must always face. If the marriage turns out to be happy, if nothing happens, then the story is uneventful. The great novel-reading public would yawn over Alma and Rolfe going happily and in decent-wise toward old age on a basis of equal rights in the marriage bond. The British matron and the young person also, must be able to say "I told you so. What a pity those advanced marriages always turn out ill."

Mr. Gissing seems a thinker of very considerable ability and should be above any such weakness. Given the two lovers, Alma and Rolfe, with their problem of adjusting themselves, under an ideal compact, to their small income and to "The Whirlpool," including the problem

of the artist nature and the mother nature, there is no need to introduce the cigarette-smoking seducer. The intrigue with Redgrave comes with special unreality into a story which is in most respects a serious and dignified study of modern English life.

*Hamlin Garland.*

## THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHIRLPOOL"

ONLY during the past year or two has the name of George Gissing become generally known on this side of the water, though he has been popular in England for nearly half a decade. It is a peculiar popularity. Interest in his work has grown in proportion as his work grows less delightful. He is an extreme pessimist. His novels are devoted to the sordidest of themes, yet his power is such that it has given him downright eminence in the field of tragic fiction.

Gissing has struggled for success. The public is not responsive at once to a spell that lays more pain than pleasure upon the imagination. His last books have been more pitiless even than his earlier ventures in fiction, but their austere power has left a lasting impression upon the public.

Gissing's life story is as dreary and merciless as some of the incidents in his stories. He is a Yorkshireman, having been born in Wakefield thirty-nine years ago. His father was a man of learning and sound business sense, and held many important county offices. He died in 1870, leaving young Gissing, but thirteen years old, alone in the world. He received the ordinary education of the middle-class English boy, stopping short of the university. He early evinced an aptitude for

the languages, mastering Greek, Latin, Spanish, German, and Italian; the last three he speaks and writes fluently. He spent a year among the peasants of Italy, and he smiles at the suggestion of Continental travelling being expensive. He is a student of early and modern Italian literature.

He commenced life as a teacher in a private school; but, being endowed with a plethora of nerves and a paucity of patience, he made but little success. He kept at it, however, for two years, when, in desperation, he gave up the struggle and "packed his grip" for London, with a few guineas in pocket. It was the old instance of the frying-pan and the fire over again. He aimed at some more hopeful career than teaching, and resolved to take up literature.

His life in London was a long, heart-grinding fight against poverty. For more than two years he did not know from what quarter the next meal was coming. He could not support himself by literature alone, and was compelled at times to act as a private tutor. He destroyed quantities of manuscript in the strenuous struggle for style. Disappointments were many; but he felt that he had the proper material in him, could he but give expression to it. Living in the cheapest

quarter of London, his outlook on life was one of gloom. His own life and that about him furnished endless themes for stories.

His first novel, "Workers in the Dawn," appeared in 1880, of course in the inevitable three volumes. It was a long and crude production, now unobtainable save at Mudie's. I do not think even he possesses a copy. Many publishers have offered to reprint it, a proposition to which he will not listen. It was reviewed favorably in the *Academy*, and was the means of making him valuable friends.

Mr. Gissing's second venture in the field of fiction was in 1884, when "The Unclassed" appeared, which has proved a success both in England and America. In 1886 began his connection with Smith, Elder and Co., and in the same year they published anonymously "Demos," which met with a flattering reception, though it netted the author little pecuniary reward. A paper-covered edition was issued in this country, but had a small sale, as it dealt mainly with English socialism. There are many persons in England to-day who know George Gissing solely as the author of this book. It was used even as a textbook among the milder socialistic societies of the Morris type. Subsequent editions bear his name. Contemporaneously with "Demos" was "Isabel Clarendon," which had no sale, and has never been reprinted. "Thyrza" was given to the world in 1887, and the following year saw "A Life's Morning," which ran serially through *Cornhill*. "The Nether World" was published in 1889, and met with considerable success. It deals with the lowest forms of London life, and Mr. Gissing considers it his best book. The money derived from its sale enabled him to give up tutoring, and devote all his time to "The Emancipated," which was published in 1890. Italy is the background of this story, which is a favorite

of the author, as, by his own confession, the only happy days of his life were spent under those sunny skies. That one year was enchantment.

In 1891, while at work on "New Grub Street," his finances became exhausted.



*Yours very sincerely,  
George Gissing*

He spurted, so to speak, and finished the book in six weeks, working ten hours a day, speaking to no one, and keeping himself alive by selling books off his shelves to second-hand dealers. "I sold the copyright for £150, and ate once more," he has since told me. The book was well received, and still enjoys a steady sale. There is no American edition. I have the author's own word that it is the unembellished story of his life as a struggling writer in London. "Born in Exile"

appeared in 1892. It deals with the conflict between religion and agnosticism, a subject in which he takes great interest. In this year he allied himself to the young publishing firm of Lawrence & Bullen, who have published "Denzil Quarrier," "The Odd Women," "In the Year of Jubilee," "Eve's Ransom," and "Sleeping Fires." All of these books have been highly successful, and have a good sale in this country. "The Paying Guest," Gissing's shortest novel, was published about a year ago in America, but it had no success. In the new book, "The Whirlpool," Mr. Gissing has made a study as deep and comprehensive as in "The Unclassed," and the work is likely to make a profound impression upon thoughtful readers.

London furnishes Mr. Gissing with material, but the novelist himself lives at Epsom, twelve miles from the metropolis whose heart he has probed so relentlessly. He lives in a small house, and his workshop is the tiniest room imaginable, plainly furnished, with few books. "It amuses me," he has said, "whenever I see illustrated in a magazine the studies of well-known authors—many of them my friends. Unto that I shall never attain. I shall die as I have lived—a Bohemian."

His life is one of seclusion. He has no part in ordinary social affairs. He does not desire it. In precarious health, he is a hard worker, and turns out a tremendous amount of "copy" each year. Once a week he goes to London, where he rambles about the lower districts in search of characters and incidents. His sole amusement is an occasional visit to the British Museum. At present he is hard at work on a new novel of London life, of life among the middle classes, the life he knows so well, which he portrays so graphically, but without the faintest touch of the poetic imagination, without which no book can live. He is also working on

some sketches for the magazines, and—he confesses it reluctantly—he is trying his hand at biography. Mr. Gissing ought to succeed in this form of literary work; for he has positive genius for marshalling facts and seizing the vital and essential. But he looks upon such work as mere recreation. His heart is in his novels and he strives seriously and with a purpose. He believes implicitly that his bitter, unpalatable message will bear sweet fruit in the regeneration of the lower classes of society. He does not preach reform, he suggests no remedy, but he paints in raw pigments a picture of pain and patience and a selfish, sordid, coward world that complains and cries and shirks its burdens. To his credit be it said that he never complained of his own task, self-imposed, nor questioned the reward, more concerned with his work that it be honest than with another man's estimate of it.

"I have only one rule to work by," he said one day, after a conversation on the methods of literary production. "It is simply to write of what I know best. This principle is vital, the life of literature. If my stories are pessimistic, it is only because my life is such. My environments were sordid, the people were sordid, and my work is but a reflection of it all. Sadness? My books are full of it. The world is full of it. Show me the masterpieces of art, literature, or music, and I shall show you creations palpitating with sadness. Ah, the toil for the 'weib und kind,' how it fashions men's lives! Mine has been but the common lot. No use saying much about it. I find my little happiness in the fields in summer, and am content when I think of the toiling millions, twelve miles away, who never see a blue sky, or feel the earth yield beneath their feet."

*John Northern Hilliard.*



From "An Artist's Letters from Japan."

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"THE ISLAND MOUNTAIN OF NIKKO-SAN"

## "AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN"

**T**HIS book, not very agreeable to look at or to handle, because printed on "cut paper"; heavily coated and, therefore, heavy; is, yet, a book for the holiday-maker as well as for the student, to enjoy. It should be in the possession of every one of

"... those readers judicious and wise  
Who read books with something behind the mere eyes,"

because it can afford the most refined and prolonged pleasure, and because it will do for the foundation, or even the larger superstructure, of the biggest edifice of study which one may choose to set his hand to. Are you interested in modern European art as a hopeful reader of the

signs of the times? Here is what will make you reflect very gravely about the short-comings of our commercial civilization in this matter of fine art, and will tend to modify your optimism. Are you an enthusiastic student of decoration? Here is what will give you a profounder sense of what decoration has been and might be than, perhaps, you have yet acquired. Are you interested in those works of Japanese art, and of that Chinese art which was its precursor; some of the best of which may be seen by those who will take the trouble, as by going to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and whose spirit may be partly grasped even by those who cannot take that journey;—are you interested in these? The book before us will tell you why they are of such general and permanent interest in spite of their

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN. By John La Farge.  
With many Illustrations by the Author. The Century Co.,  
8vo, \$4.00.



unfamiliar Oriental mask, and why the little decorative objects are so surprisingly great in their delicate minuteness: and how baseless is the assumption printed in the current book on William Morris and shared by that master and his disciples, that these paintings and carvings are of an art which cannot have "architectonics" because it is not based upon architecture. Such hasty generalizations as these, generalizations which stand upon three or four mistaken premises, supporting in their turn illogical conclusions, are not, indeed, argued with, or mentioned at all in the book whose title heads this article; but the ground is cut away from under them in a sweet and gentle way,



From "An Artist's Letters from Japan."—Copyright, 1897, by The Century Co.

"IN OLD JAPAN"

tain of Nikko, for the visits to other places were but short. During the stay at Nikko, nine of the chapters, or about half of the book, took shape. It was while residing in that remote, rural, most picturesque and most sacred centre of Japanese religious and poetical thought that the chapters describing the shrines of the old shoguns, Iyéyasū and Iyémitsū and their exquisite surroundings were written, and, also, the chapters of more general thought, entitled "Japanese Architecture"; "Bric à Brac"; "Sketching"; "Nirvana"; and "Tao: The Way." The man who writes is evidently a painter in this, that he sees the colored and the modelled exterior of everything; that he sees it clearly and

as if by the running of a summer brook. The reader is not told anything very explicitly, but he is inspired as he reads by the truest and profoundest thought upon art in its relation to life which any modern book contains.

The book is primarily an account of a brief residence in Japan, mainly in Tokio and in the holy moun-

cares for it greatly; and that he cannot express his thoughts about the new country and its strange contents without explaining first the effect of their external aspect upon him. He is, also, a man of profound insight, as is evident in the clear vision of what is below that colored and modelled surface, and of what that surface signifies. In this, then, we have such a description of Japan as was surely never given before. The exquisite refinement of Mr. Hearn's analysis should always be mentioned with respect by everyone who mentions Japan at all, but no man can be everything, and



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SKETCH OF STATUE OF IYÉ-YASU TOKUGAWA



Mr. Hearn has not the painter's eye nor the painter's thought. Moreover, it is the rarest event in book-making that an artist who is all artist can still think and write in the language of books. Unless, therefore, the reader of this criticism is determined that nothing shall pass the portals of his brain which may tend to make him dissatisfied with modern fine art and, in this way, with modern civilization—unless he is optimistic in the way which assumes that to be otherwise than optimistic is to be unholy and impure and an enemy to his kind,—it is for him to read La Farge's *Letters from Japan* and get from them new ideas of what a civ-

ilization may be which is wholly different from our own, and which is based in part on the arts of design and of decoration as ours has never been. Another volume should be printed containing all that, of which there is much, as appears in the dedication, which "has been withheld that might have been indiscreetly said." It is not to be inferred, rashly, that there is an undue amount of impropriety in what has been thus withheld; but it is



From "An Artist's Letters from Japan."—Copyright, 1897, by The Century Co.

"KUWAN-ON, THE COMPASSIONATE." A PAINTING BY OKIO

absolutely certain that much of the inner life of Japan would be found in it. To the ethnographical philosopher such a book would be even more valuable than to the student of fine art.

The illustrations are some forty wood-cuts made by the skilled engravers of the *Century Magazine*, from some of those admirable drawings in color and in monochrome which all New York and Boston should be familiar with—and a few process-prints, such as a half-tone from the artist's painting of the great statue at Kamakura, and from certain signatures of great Japanese artists in lacquer or in carving. Some of the pictures are of altogether unusual

value, as the great avenue of cryptomeria on page 39, and the Bed of the Dayagawa, Nikko, on page 161; the originals of both being sepia drawings and the difficult question of translating color into black and white being thus avoided. Among the illustrations might be counted the Japanese script in which Mr. H. Shugio has written Mr. La Farge's dedicatory letter to Mr. Okakura, of the Japanese Imperial Museum.

*Russell Sturgis.*

## THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE publishers are well pleased with their winter season, and start forward with high hopes of spring. Beyond Lord Tennyson's life, which is in its tenth thousand (a high figure for a thirty-six-shilling book), no one book has made a great hit; but there has been a level tone of excellence, and all the publishers who went in for children's books—one of the crazes of the hour—have come out well. After the dull days of Jubilee they wanted a spell of luck very badly. Meantime, the question of discount remains unsettled. The Society of Authors, still vigorously championed by Sir Walter Besant, has pronounced so strongly against the proposed publishers' ring, which was to regulate the retail price of books, that many people believe that the end of the dispute has been heard. That, however, may be doubted, in view of the fact that one of the chief leaders against the threepence-in-the-shilling discount has come into a large private fortune, and may be inclined to stand out for his own case, as he has done in the question of stamping review copies. I hear, moreover, that the Macmillans contemplate introducing the net system, which Mr. John Lane and Messrs. Dent have found so satisfactory.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, the author of "Christ in Hades," is the "minor poet"—if the phrase is not too stupid—who has made most progress in popularity lately. The son of one of the clergy of Peterborough Cathedral, he was educated at Oundle in Northamptonshire, and, like Mr. A. E. W. Mason, took to the stage—hence his skill in reading his own verses, which he often does to little audiences of his admirers. He was associated in a literary way with Mr. Laurence Binyon, whose best verse has found a hearing

through Mr. Elkin Mathews's Shilling Garland. It was in this series that "Christ in Hades" originally appeared, and was greeted by the *Spectator* as a work of genius. Mr. Lane, the erstwhile partner of Mr. Mathews, has reissued it in a selected volume of Mr. Phillips's verse. The Shilling Garland, I may note, has made a real hit by including Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Admirals All," a series of patriotic verses which are for the moment in great vogue. Mr. F. Wedmore's anthology of such verse, "Poems of the Love and Pride of England" (Ward, Lock & Co.), is a curious sign of the times. It is Mr. Kipling who has really set the fashion.

Mr. Kipling, who has gone to the Cape with his wife and children, will find there a congenial climate in more ways than one, for South Africa is the most Jingo spot in all Her Majesty's dominions. I recently noted how it had inspired several romance writers, notably Mr. A. E. W. Mason, whose story, "The Philanderers," vaguely pictured Mr. Cecil Rhodes. We may now expect a vivid picture from Mr. Kipling's pen in quite another style. Colonel Hay, who has been coming out as an admirer of Omar Kháyyám, has gone up the Nile.

Indeed, there is a boom in Omar Kháyyám. That is not in the least wonderful, in view of the delights of his philosophy for a literary generation which has ceased to be strenuous in the old-fashioned way which George Eliot represented so typically. The spread of Omarism is undoubtedly due in large measure to the efforts of the Omar Kháyyám Club, of London, of which Mr. Clement Shorter, who has actually realized the Persian's spirit in journalistic enterprise, is one of the most active members. Mr. Le Gal-

lienne's version, based on Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's prose translation, has been vigorously criticised and as vigorously defended by Mr. Grant Allen, whose nephew published it. A new translation from the original Persian is being done by Mr. John Payne, already well known for his spirited version of Villon, which the Villon Society has published. I understand that Messrs. Macmillan are to issue an illustrated edition of Fitzgerald's great book. The only recent illustrator, however, who, to my thinking, has caught the fantastic spirit of Omar is Mr. Gilbert

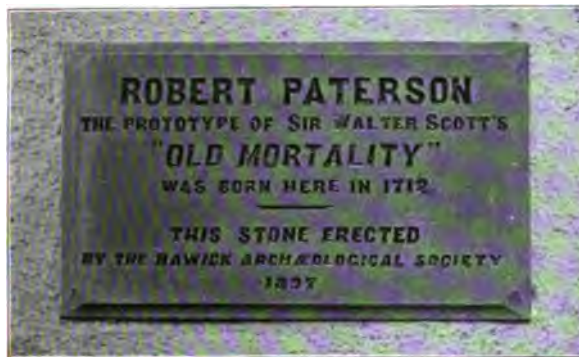
James, a young decorative artist of great individuality, who is now doing the "Idylls of the King" for the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Strange to say, he is, like Mr. Le Gallienne, a Liverpool man.

A very interesting literary memorial has been erected at Hawick, where a stone has been placed in the wall of the cottage at Haggiesha', where Robert Paterson, the original of Scott's "Old Mortality," was born in 1712. The old man was an itinerant cutter of gravestone inscriptions, and his work is to be found in many graveyards on the Borders. Scott met him once and immortalized him. A statue of him stands at Maxwellton (the home of Annie Laurie), and I believe Philadelphia also remembers him. He died in 1800. It was his granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Patterson (she spelled the name with the double t), who married Jerome Bonaparte. The Scott boom is of undying interest. At a recent meeting of

the Sir Walter Scott Club in Edinburgh Mr. A. J. Balfour made a remarkable speech about novel-reading which has been much discussed. He made one reference which must surely apply to the Kailyard. So hard up for subjects are the novelists, that they treat even the "quintessence of dulness, extracted from the dullest lives and the dullest localities."

Speaking of the Kailyard, I may notice

that "The Little Minister" continues to crowd the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Cyril Maude is Gavin—on the play bills; but he has no more idea of what an Auld Licht Minister was really



THE PATERSON TABLET

like than he has of Robert the Bruce. His wife, Miss Winifred Emery, startled the susceptible by playing the part of Babbie with bare legs! I understand that this has not been attempted in the American production. In the book itself Babbie's feet are bare; but realism has failed to reproduce this on the stage, for Miss Emery wears slippers.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is credited with the intention of issuing another collection of his unpublished little stories. One of the most remarkable of these is "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," which was written for a summer number of *The Graphic* years ago. It has been reprinted by more than one American publisher, but English readers do not know it in book form at all. The rumors of the transference of the dramatic version of "Tess" to the English stage have come to nothing at all, so that Mr. Hardy is not much in evidence for the moment.



BABBIE (MISS EMERY) AND GAVIN (MR. MAUDE) IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

I am not astonished at the fall in the prices given during Jubilee excitement for the eight-guinea edition of Mr. Richard Holmes's much-talked-about "Life of the Queen," which Boussod, Valadon & Co. issued. As much as £25 was being offered for a copy. The price has now gone down to £12. The fact is that there was nothing new in the letterpress, and, beyond two portraits of Her Majesty, the illustrations were all familiar to print collectors. No real life of Queen Victoria can be issued in her lifetime. Mr. Holmes's book has made that certain.

It is expected that the "Dictionary of

National Biography" will be completed early next year, although the supplementary volumes will not appear until 1900. These will include the distinguished people who have died since the dictionary was started thirteen years ago. An exhaustive index is also promised, and when the whole work is finished Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. will issue a succinct epitome of the series. Meantime, reference may be made to Chambers's "Biographical Dictionary," which Dr. Patrick and Mr. Francis Hindes Groome have edited with great skill.

The withdrawal of Mr. W. E. Henley





MR. CYRIL MAUDE

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. BARNIE

from the editorship of the *New Review* has caused much regret among those who still care to see journalism leavened with a certain literary quality which only a strong man can instil into it for any length of time. Mr. Henley has always been the great enemy of the sloppy. Not only can he write English prose himself, not only has he a point of view; but he can inspire others in a masterful way which none of his contemporaries, save Mr. Frederick Greenwood, has been able to do. Both men used to put themselves to enormous trouble to lick a young writer into shape. From the mere commercial point of view, they have not been suc-

cesses, perhaps, but their influence has been very beneficial. Mr. Henley has never been a strong man, and now his health is unequal to the task of looking after the monthly magazine. I may note that Mr. Henley's sister-in-law, Miss Helen Bertram (Mrs. E. J. Henley), an American lady, has joined the ranks of English actresses, having recently appeared in Offenbach's opera, "La Perichole," and later in a Christmas pantomime. Mr. E. J. Henley was the original Deacon Brodie of the play written by his brother and R. L. Stevenson.

*J. M. Bulloch.*

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE DUMAS CYCLE

To the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER :

Dear Sir,—Since we have all begun to learn French history at the feet of Dumas *père et tous les petits Dumas*, most of us have been plunged into unfathomable depths of perplexity over the identification of historic characters as they appear in the different works of fiction. If we find, say, Mr. Weyman writing about the Duc d'Enghien, and Mr. Yeats writing about the Great Condé, while Dumas major writes simply about M. le Prince, how on earth are we to know that they are all writing about the same man? Or, to take an opposite case, one writer brings into his story the Duke of Guise, and makes him an influential friend of Diana of Poitiers; another writer makes the Duke of Guise defend Metz against the Emperor Charles V; while a third brings on a Duke of Guise in the Wars of the League. How is anyone, trying to learn his French history without trouble, to know that these three dukes are not only different men but of different generations?

Of course, all this will be remedied as soon as Mr. Andrew Lang gets time to edit an edition (with foot notes) of Dumas and his successors, the whole to be arranged in the historical order of the stories. Meanwhile, however, perhaps those of us who like and enjoy these stories without the assistance of a professional commentator might be glad to clarify our ideas about the Guises and other personages necessary to a thorough understanding of the Dumas cycle. The Guises were the French branch of the princely House of Lorraine, and its members were intermarried with all the reigning houses of Europe. The first one likely to interest us is Claude of Lorraine, born 1496, married Antoinette of Bourbon, grand-aunt of Henry of Navarre. Claude assumed the title of Duke of Guise in 1527. He fought for Francis I at Marignano, was one of the regents of France after the capture of Francis at Pavia, and also did much good fighting in the territories of France against the Spanish, Germans, and English. He became so great a subject that Francis I was jealous of him. His brother John was the first Cardinal Lorraine. So ends the first generation of the Guises. The next generation is the great one. In 1550, Francis succeeded his father as Duke of Guise. Two years later he successfully held Metz and the surrounding country against all the power of the Emperor Charles V, the most powerful

sovereign that Europe ever saw. In 1557, he fought at Naples, and coming suddenly home immortalized himself by taking Calais from the English, who had held it over two hundred years. The religious civil wars in France were accidentally begun by him in 1562, and he was assassinated by a fanatic at Orleans the following year. This is the "great" Duke of Guise, and it will be carefully observed that he had nothing to do with the Wars of the League. He had two brothers, cardinals—one, Cardinal Lorraine, second, the great financier and politician; the other known as the first Cardinal Guise. Their sister was married to James V, of Scotland, and hence these brothers were uncles of Mary Queen of Scots, who was the Queen Consort of Francis II, of France, until his early death. So ends the second generation of the Guises. The next generation comprises the Guises of the League—Henry, successor to Francis in the dukedom, and Louis, second Cardinal Guise, who were both assassinated by Henry III in 1588, and the Duke of Mayenne, another brother, who led at Ivry against Henry of Navarre. Both the great Duke of Guise and his successor in the title were scarred in the face early in life, which caused each of them in turn to be known as "le balafré." The fact that both were thus called is another element of confusion.

The house next in importance in the Dumas cycle is that of Bourbon, which, coming down in direct male descent from the sixth son of St. Louis, took three hundred and forty years to reach the throne in the person of Henri Quatre. His mother, Jeanne d'Albret, was the sole heiress of the last King of Navarre, and his father belonged to a family which had furnished cardinals, a constable, and other men of prominence to the government of France. The best known branch of this family, other than that in the royal succession, began with Louis, the first Prince of Condé, who was an uncle of Henri Quatre. His great-grandson was the Great Condé, the victor at Rocroy and Lens. Dumas always speaks of him as "M. le Prince," and he seems to have had royal precedence, independent of his military renown. The Prince of Conti was a younger brother of the Great Condé. The Duke of Beaufort, who figures so prominently in "Twenty Years After," was a semi-royalty, so to speak, being a grandson of Henry IV and Gabrielle d'Estrées, and these le-

gitimized scions of royalty keep turning up in the novels of Dumas which deal with the Regency. The only point about such cases is that they are apt to confuse the reader by the precedence which they take of the ordinary nobility without any sign that a direct relationship with the reigning sovereign exists.

With the Guises, the Bourbons, and the semi-royalties accounted for, there is not much difficulty left for the average reader of the Dumas

cycle who only cares to know enough to make his ideas, gathered from reading different stories, dovetail. The fidelity with which Dumas sticks to the literal facts of French history is simply marvellous. No English writer—neither Scott nor Lytton—touches him in that respect, and if one had the Dumas cycle from Henry II to the Revolution at his fingers' ends he would necessarily know a great deal about the essential parts of that period of the history of France.

*E. H. Mullin.*

## NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

ONCE more a "unique" book turns out to be only what the fearless maker of catalogues is not ashamed to call "almost unique." Another copy of Poe's "Tamerlane" has been found. For many years the only copy known was in the British Museum. Some five years ago the first one to come under the hammer was sold in Boston at the George B. Ives sale, where it fetched \$1,800, the highest price ever realized for a book printed in this country. This copy was bought by a New York dealer in rare books, and subsequently sold to a young and enthusiastic collector for a sum approximating \$2,750. It was sent to Paris, where an elaborate and expensive binding was added by Lortic. Three years later it was resold at Libbie's in Boston at the sale of G. T. Maxwell's library, where it brought only \$1,450. It was then believed to be "unique." The happy buyer at the sale and present owner is T. J. McKee, who has so many treasures relating to Poe. He had been looking for it for years, and was the under bidder at the original sale. He had thus saved \$350 by waiting two years.

This winter a third copy has come to light, which is now safely ensconced in the library of a New York collector who is not likely ever to part with it. This copy is in the original paper wrappers as issued. Again, therefore, "unique" must be changed to "almost unique." And again has the adage come true that "all things come to him who waits."

A small number of books were sold in London in November last which brought a high average per lot. They were remarkably clever reproductions of historic bindings. Henry II, Francis I, Madame de Pompadour, Cardinal Mazarin, De Thou, Count Hoyrn, Grolier, Charles I, and many

other styles were represented. The highest price given was for a copy of Chirugra, 1554, with the coat of arms of Diana of Poitiers, which realized the handsome sum of £45. The 110 lots brought about £2,000.

Unquestionably England's most famous binder was Roger Payne. Besides establishing a style of his own he was a good workman—as the happy possessor of one of his bindings can testify. It may not be generally known that he cut his own tools, and this fact has enabled many imitations to be detected, for it is quite apparent to the knowing, that many books supposed to be bound by him, owned in this country, are spurious. One earmark can always be relied upon to detect the genuine from the imitation. Roger Payne could never make a respectable capital "R," the upper portion always being too short, with a squeezed-in appearance. This is said to be an infallible test of his binding, and may well be borne in mind by the collector.

We have had occasion to mention "Book Prices Current," edited by J. H. Slater, in these columns. Some three years ago, Mr. Temple Scott began the publication of a similar book, called "Book Sales." This at once was hailed with favor by the student of bibliography. It was observed that not only was it a record of the sales, but it contained also a careful comparison of prices and particulars concerning the condition of the books given. Formerly the record was compiled by years, so that it was frequently about February 1st before the record of the last year was finished. In this year's issue Mr. Temple Scott has made a bold stroke and adopted the American plan and compiled his record according to seasons, and not

by years. Each volume is to end with July 31st, which is the completion of the English bookselling season.

In a brief but lucid introduction Mr. Scott summarizes as far as practicable the results of the season's sales—a few of his observations are of distinct interest and importance. He considers it always safe to invest in Incunabula, early printed books with illustrations, and first editions of the Bible, Homer, Dante, Goethe, Molière, Shakespeare, Milton, etc., etc. Again, he concludes, judging from all obtainable data, that illustrated sporting books, of the first grade, are gradually advancing in price. So also are English writers that may be called classic. In France, for some twenty years, the connoisseur has been devoted to the eighteenth century books, notably those illustrated with copperplates, but it has taken some time for the Englishman to awaken to their beauty; it is observed by Mr. Scott that a steady advance in these rarities is recorded. Americana, too, may be said to be advancing—both in England and this country, while now more and more attention is being paid to the condition of books, whereas it was formerly unheeded. Another branch of collecting, it may be observed, has shown a decided advance, viz., books on gardening. The interest in extra-illustrating still continues. A decided advance in original editions of books illustrated by William Blake, and the list of books that have advanced is finished. The Kelmscott Press books have only held their own during the year, while Cruikshankiana, and books illustrated by Thomas Bewick, are slowly declining. A new feature in this annual volume is the introduction of three American sales, namely, the Sewall, Bierstadt, and Frederickson. This book is indispensable to the collector, and shows a tremendous amount of conscientious work.

The great sales at auction during the last twenty-five years are, in some respects, eclipsed by the sales of to-day, the most noteworthy being the sale made this year by the Earl of Ashburnham, which will go down to history as the most famous in recent years.

The marked interest in the sale of Part I of the Ashburnham Library last July was repeated at the sale in London of Part II, beginning December 6th. At the first sale it was said that many things conspired to make the prices high, the reputation of the books, the unique character of many of

them, their immaculate condition, etc., etc. But the most important factor was the generous bids that came from America, astonishing even such a Napoleon as Bernard Quaritch. The prices realized at the sale of Part II were proportionately high.

In Part II there were six Caxtons, which realized the following prices, viz.: Gower's "Confessio Amantis," London, 1483, £188; Higden's "Polychronicon," London, 1482 (wanting 46 leaves), £201; Le Fevre's "Histories of Troy" (French), London, 1476 (wanting 33 leaves), £600; the same book in English (wanting 49 leaves), £950; Le Fevre's "Life of Jason," Westminster, 1477 (the best known copy), £2,100; Caxton's "The Mirrour of the Worlde," Westminster, 1481, £225.

The other notable feature was the large collection of "Horæ," including one belonging to Queen Catherine Parr, which fetched £200; besides this, there were many printed upon vellum, and included the Uses of Paris, Poitiers, Rome, Rouen, and Sarum, besides some fine missals of churches and orders, Sarum missals, Officia, and old service books.

One of the most interesting books was Grafton's "Abridgement of the Chronicles of England," printed by Richard Tottyl, London, 1570. This copy once belonged to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded June 2, 1572, by Queen Elizabeth. It had an autograph written on the reverse of the last leaf, and fetched £70.

Several excellent specimens from the press of Wynkyn de Worde were eagerly bought. Among the notable foreign books were "The Poetical Pieces of Gringore," £106; Merlin, bound in mosaic by Le Monnier, which brought £760; Lancelot du Lac's "Romance of Chivalry," Jehan Dupré, 1488, £134; Sir John Mandeville, "Voyages et Travuilles," in various editions, beginning with the first Latin one. A large collection of Petrarch's, notably the Giunta edition, Florence, 1515, printed on vellum, were also sold.

Scattered throughout the sale were some beautiful bindings, some rare Americana, and a goodly sprinkling of Incunabula and rare editions of the Greek and Latin classics. The sale lasted for six days, the total being £18,649, an average of £6.9 per lot. Together with Part I the grand total is £48,800.  
*Ernest Dressel North.*



## CURRENT LITERATURE

### MR. FISKE'S "OLD VIRGINIA"

**M**R. FISKE'S latest contribution to the history of his country is characterized by all the qualities that have made his former works so uniformly attractive. He is still the versatile scholar and brilliant expositor. He is still the writer absorbed in his subject and in his own presentation of it. He is still the philosopher applying his principles to a matter of paramount interest—to the actions of men in communities and states. Now one cannot be a scholar, a stylist, an expositor and narrator, and a philosopher, without succeeding as a historian, if one has a mind to be reckoned among the children of Herodotus. For some years past Mr. Fiske has been of this mind, and each instalment of his history has proved how wise his choice was when he practically ceased to preach evolution and began to unfold the scroll on which are recorded the noble deeds wrought by English-speaking men in the New World.

Of his various gifts as a historian the most important, it seems to me, is his power of narration, which includes, of course, his power as a stylist. He is a historian of the type of Livy rather than of the type of Tacitus, and this means that he is a descendant of Herodotus along the main stem. Many modern students of history, in pursuing their science, forget their art, and so detach themselves from this main stem, but it would be as well perhaps for them to remember that unless their scholarship, their knowledge of human nature, their philosophical acumen, are remarkably great, the work they accomplish without

due attention to the art of narration will perish far sooner than the work of rivals who, without being great scholars and philosophers, are unmistakably great artists. Mr. Fiske has laid to heart this lesson which criticism has for all historians, and so his chances for future fame seem remarkably good. If he had to depend on his scholarship, wide and admirable as this is, he would hardly survive; if he were forced to rely on the philosophy inherent in his works, he would, in my opinion, be even less long-lived; but if he is spared to complete the story of our national existence, it seems to me that he will long remain our most popular historian, in the best and largest sense of the term, because of the epic sweep of his fascinating narrative. There is but one apt comparison that I can make with regard to his books—the comparison Sir John Denham made in his pious wish that his own poetry might be like the stream of the Thames—

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet  
not dull;  
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

The present instalment of Mr. Fiske's work comes between his "Discovery of America" and his "Beginnings of New England." In order to connect with his "American Revolution" he proposes to publish shortly two more books, which will cover the history of the "Dutch and Quaker Colonies" and of "New England from the Accession of William and Mary." On the supposition—somewhat hazardous perhaps, if we may judge from the present work, which might have been got into one not over-thick volume—that these instalments will be presented in single volumes, we shall thus have the history of our country down to the year

1789 detailed for us in ten volumes—an extensive work, but certainly not without precedent in point of length. It is time, however, to take a closer view of the volumes before us.

Their key-note is to be found in the motto Mr. Fiske has chosen from the great Greek poet Alcæus, which may be condensed into the brief apothegm that it is not wood and stones, but men, that make a state. Mr. Fiske admires heartily the men that built up the Old Dominion, hence he writes their history with a sympathy and enthusiasm that ought to prove contagious. I cannot see how any native of Virginia—I am one myself—can fail to affirm that never before has the early history of his State been so admirably set forth. There is not one note of querulous sectionalism to be found in the volumes—nothing that a liberal-minded reader, born anywhere, can object to on the score of narrowness and prejudice. I say “native of Virginia” because, from the nature of the case, the work, ending as it does with the year 1753, deals mainly with that ancient commonwealth, but the pages devoted to Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia ought, it would seem, to be equally acceptable to the inhabitants of these States. Throughout his book Mr. Fiske writes with entire sympathy and always with adequate knowledge. He has been fortunate in coming to his task after the historical revival in the South was well under way, for he has been thus enabled to draw on the excellent monographs published by the Johns Hopkins University and on the admirable work done on early Virginian history by such scholars as Alexander Brown, William Wirt Henry, Philip A. Bruce, and Lyon G. Tyler. Without the materials furnished by these students, to whom he pays unstinting tribute, he would have found his task far more difficult; but we must remember, in judging Mr. Fiske, that to

order materials lucidly is a rarer gift than the capacity to unearth them.

It would be needless to follow in detail the interesting course of events that led to the firm establishment of the Southern colonies; it would be equally idle to dwell on any special event and Mr. Fiske's treatment of it. With regard to one important topic, however, his position is so unique, at least among Northern historians, that it demands attention. I refer to his thoroughgoing championship of that remarkable worthy, Captain John Smith. In some quarters the doughty captain's reputation for veracity has long been at a discount, while in Virginia it has become quite unsafe to deny that he was a paragon of valor and virtue. Mr. Fiske, at any rate, may count safely on Virginian hospitality in all his future visits to a State he has laid under so many obligations. He not only maintains that Smith, through his courage and prudence, was the saviour of the infant colony, but he argues strenuously for full belief in the Pocahontas incident and in the “wonder-working” exploits in Transylvania and Nalbrits. He is not unmindful of the services of other men and of the splendid work done for the colony by some great-hearted members of the London Company, but throughout the first part of his narrative Smith is exalted into the position of a *bona-fide* hero. It would be rash for me to forestall the hostilities among the specialists that his fearless declarations may give rise to, but I will venture to remark that he has presented the arguments of the Smith adherents very strongly, though not altogether conclusively, with regard to the rescue by Pocahontas, and that his discussion of Smith's pre-Virginian exploits ought at least to put an end to flippant criticism. As to Smith's great services as a pioneer in American colonization, there can hardly, it seems to me, be a question; as

to the Pocahontas incident, the balance of probability appears to have tipped slightly on the favorable side; as to Smith's tendency to draw the long bow and to the literal truth of the accounts he gives of all his romantic adventures, there is surely room for widely varying opinions dependent upon the psychological characteristics of the student. For example, I have always had my suspicions of the Lady Tragabigzanda. An Eastern rose called by some other name would have smelt far sweeter. But Mr. Fiske's capacious heart evidently goes out to the fair lady, and reading' his sympathetic pages I become ashamed of my unromantic misgivings.

While the chapters devoted to Captain Smith will doubtless prove the chief attraction to disputations critics, the impartial reader will probably admit that many other portions of the work are equally interesting. The chapter describing the fate of the London Company is an admirable piece of work and will bear comparison even with Dr. Eggleston's masterly treatment of the same theme. The account of Bacon's rebellion is good also, though I could wish that Mr. Fiske, who is so liberal in the matter of quotations, had given us the fine elegy on the Virginian leader so justly praised by Professor M. C. Tyler, and spared us the subsequent fling at early American poetry, which was bad enough, but not quite so bad as some critics would have us believe. I could wish also that in places the authorities cited had been more numerous, for the benefit of those readers whose bibliographical knowledge is not extensive, and I see no good and sufficient reason for the length of some of Mr. Fiske's illustrations and explanations. A more concise account of the institutions of the Palatinate of Durham might, for example, have served his purpose, and I really do not know what class

of readers he had in mind when he stopped to explain in all gravity that a lord of the manor does not belong to the peerage (II, 32). I fail to see, further, why Mr. Fiske should feel called on to protest against state-supported schools (II, 325) or, in attacking social theories that he does not like, to condescend to use such a phrase as "socialist tomfoolery," or why he should let us know, by means of an exclamation mark, what his tastes are with regard to native wines (II, 207, note 1). But we are all human, and I suppose we all obtrude ourselves into our books in an unjustifiable way. It is certain, at any rate, that when a man can write as authoritatively and charmingly as Mr. Fiske can, he may wander not a little from his subject without fear of rebuke from his delighted readers.

W. P. Trent.

#### "THE GREATER NORTHWEST"

DR. COUES makes in these volumes another valuable contribution to the history of what he calls very aptly *The Greater Northwest*. No one was better qualified to undertake the tremendous task of editing the manuscript journals of Alexander Henry, fur trader of the Northwest Company, and of David Thompson, official geographer and explorer of the same company. In view of the attention lately concentrated upon the remote northwest of our continent, that is, upon Alaska and the Klondike region, it may be proper to say that Dr.

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NEW LIGHT ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GREATER NORTHWEST. The Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry, Fur Trader of the Northwest Company; and of David Thompson, Official Geographer and Explorer of the same Company, 1790-1814. Edited with Copious Critical Commentary by Elliott Coues. Francis P. Harper, 3 volumes, 8vo, \$10, net.

Coues uses the term in the limited sense which it formerly had, meaning the tier of States along the northern border of our country and the Canadian provinces just over the line. As a matter of fact, and as a glance at the maps which accompany the text of these journals will show, Henry's and Thompson's travels were restricted to a comparatively narrow strip on each side of the present boundary between the United States and Canada, from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains, and to another section from the Rockies to the mouth of the Columbia River, mainly in what is now United States territory. Henry did not get very far north of the boundary at any time; Thompson went only to about sixty degrees north latitude.

These journals cover the years 1799-1814, inclusive, and professedly tell of exploration and adventure among the Indians of the Red, Saskatchewan, Missouri, and Columbia rivers; but they tell, besides, of dealings with the natives in a manner which does not tend to elevate the traders of those great companies in our opinion. All who are acquainted with Dr. Coues's former work on similar lines will bear testimony to the fact that he has added to the obligation under which ethnologists, historians, and naturalists already rested. One could almost wish that Dr. Coues had undertaken this work before he edited the reports of Lewis and Clark, because he brought to that task so much more personal interest as to make it seem of greater importance than it really is; and as matters now stand it rather overshadows the Henry-Thompson journals.

The method of editing adopted by Dr. Coues appears to have been to go over carefully the manuscript copy of Henry's journal, and after eliminating all that was of little or no value or positively repulsive in the matter of taste, to condense

the remainder into readable form, and then to supplement the daily record with copious footnotes, so that there are really two parts to nearly every page: viz., Henry's memoranda and Coues's explanation. This was no insignificant task. As the editor explains it: "To begin with, there was too much copy for a book of reasonable dimensions; it needed to be 'boiled down' by at least one-third. In the second place, Henry in his writing used language such as no fur trader ever *spoke*—nor any one else, unless English be indeed a grammarless tongue; for solecism seldom failed to supersede syntax in his maze of verbiage, and sense was liable to be lost in a wilderness of words." Yet in spite of all the cutting and trimming there is a quantity of "stuff" which could not well be taken away from the framework of the narrative without weakening it, and one who wishes simply to get at the meat of the feast may safely skip a good deal.

It should be explained that Henry's original notebooks or diaries are not now known to exist, and Dr. Coues used for his work the "Coventry Copy" prepared in 1824 and admitted to be authentic. It makes 1,642 pages of large legal-cap size, bound in two thick volumes, now preserved in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa. We cannot, therefore, take serious exception to the little self-glorification in which Dr. Coues indulges at his own hardihood and hard work in putting this invaluable journal into such a shape as would justify a publisher in undertaking to bring it out and enable a printer to handle the "copy."

There is no story telling about these volumes, and no one who seeks amusement for an idle hour will be tempted to pick them up; but it is not easy to exaggerate their value to students, and they must be set in a conspicuous place on the shelves of every public library. Their

usefulness for reference is sure to grow steadily.

Henry was certainly a remarkable man. We have no biography of him, and we know practically nothing of his early life and education; but for the business to which he gave his careful, constant attention he had a wonderful gift, and with that gift he had a knack of telling what he saw, where he went, and how he got there, so that Dr. Coues has had little trouble in trailing him through all the intricacies of his canoe-routes, and further than that praise of his literary attainments (such as they were) need not go; but he detested an Indian as much as he despised a Franco-Canadian *voyageur*, or hated a rival of the Hudson Bay or X. Y. Company.

Thompson, on the other hand, was a scientist, and his "documents, in his own handwriting, are preserved intact in the archives of the Surveys Branch of the Crown Lands Department of Ontario at Toronto." But they are, as compared with Henry's journals, uninteresting ethnologically, and Dr. Coues found it sufficient to embody only as much of them as bears directly upon Henry's journals, in his own footnotes.

The record of Henry's journals is divided into three parts. Part i. is contemporaneous with Volume I. and is entitled "The Red River" [of the North]. In this we have the daily record of his wanderings, his negotiations for labor and for fur skins, and his observations upon the manners and customs of the different tribes, given "with a realism which rivals a Zola;" and while it is interesting, it is better suited to the student than to the "general reader," who might find many details too harrowing. Part ii. and Part iii. make up Volume II. The former, called "The Saskatchewan," takes us further west, even into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, through country

which is very familiar to those who have travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is more interesting than Part i. Part iii., "The Columbia," tells of Henry's life at Astoria, or Fort George, and of the expeditions he made from that point. It ends abruptly with an account of Henry's death by drowning, written by an unknown hand. As Coues says, this third part is particularly valuable as a historical document, and "had Irving commanded the resources which Henry places at our disposal, his famous romance would have been no less entertaining and might have been more historical." The third volume is an index, most carefully prepared, and contains the maps in a pocket, a convenient arrangement which is to be highly commended.

The accounts which Henry gives of his intercourse with the natives, while somewhat stultified by his frankly avowed hatred of them, form an invaluable contribution to North American ethnology, for he takes much pains to note his observations of their manners and customs, and some of his descriptions of their games and dances might well be substituted for those we find in the books of more recent writers. "Business was Henry's religion, as Science was Thompson's; each worshipped his own god and ciphered out his own salvation with equal method and precision—the one figuring out pelt from pelt, the other casting up accounts of geodetic points." In the matter of business Henry, while at times deprecating, in a most amusing way, the demoralizing effect of liquor upon the Indians, had no scruple whatever in supplying them with the very worst kind of alcoholic stimulant, if by so doing he could get their pelts for a price far below their value; and his balance sheets, given after each year's campaign, show that he did not hesitate to rob "the poor Indian" whenever he had the chance. Yet even

the profits which his accounts show would hardly tempt any of our merchants to-day to put up with the dirt, danger, and difficulties of Henry's life in the wilderness. There is a good deal in the book to make a sportsman wish that something had been done in the early years of this century to preserve the big game of the prairies and of the Rocky Mountains. The wanton

destruction of the buffalo, for example, makes one thoroughly indignant.

If a large measure of praise for conscientious work which can appeal to only a few specialists be sufficient reward, Doctor Coues is entitled to that; and we hope that he may add to the successes which he has already achieved in these contributions to history.

*J. King Goodrich.*

### MRS. STOWE'S LIFE AND LETTERS

IT is a striking story which Mrs. Fields tells in the *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe*. but it is not the story of a woman of Letters in the usual sense of the phrase. Mrs. Stowe wrote many volumes, and yet writing never became her supreme interest; and to the end of her long and fruitful life she seemed to touch literature only indirectly and incidentally. Her tastes were not literary, nor was her feeling for literature of that instinctive and unerring kind which genuine writers usually possess. She was a woman of deep feeling, of quick sympathy, of a natural passion for justice, and of a vivid imagination. She was, in moments of great exaltation, an artist; but she had neither the artist's passion for beauty nor the artist's feeling for life. Her feeling for life was deep and urgent, but it craved ethical influence and effectiveness; it was not eased by expression.

It is high praise to say that Mrs. Fields has explained Mrs. Stowe, not directly and didactically, but as a result of her skilful use of the material in her hands. She has made clear the puzzle in Mrs. Stowe's life: the fact that she wrote one story of absorbing interest and abiding

power, and that she wrote nothing else which in any way approaches it in dramatic force. This does not mean that Mrs. Stowe's work, apart from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is devoid of freshness and charm; on the contrary, some of her studies of New England character are genuinely humorous and life-like. But that work would never have arrested the attention of the world. Mrs. Stowe was not a writer in the sense that Turgenev—whose "Sportsman's Sketches" hold in Russian history and literature a place somewhat analogous to that which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" holds in our own history and literature—was a writer; a person, that is, who is not only passionately interested in life, but who is sufficiently detached in mood to discern the relative values of its elements, to see it in true perspective, and to give it that completeness of expression which is possible only where one sees as deeply as one feels. The method in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written explains at once the power and the weakness of the story; its elemental force, its defective construction, and its occasional lapse into melodrama. It is one of the few stories evoked by a great agitation and a deep moral crisis which is likely to be read long after the conditions which

gave it birth have ceased to be. For "Uncle Tom's Cabin" still moves us; its faults are obvious enough, but it has immense vitality. It lives in spite of its faults. And this is saying that Mrs. Stowe had very great natural gifts and a very defective training in their use. Under the pressure of profound feeling she wrote a book which stirred the world; and having found that she could write, she continued to write. The trouble was that writing was not a necessity of her nature; it was a resource. Her heart was not in it in the sense in which George Eliot's heart was in her work, or George Sand's in hers. Mrs. Stowe lived in her family, her friendships, her sympathy with men; it was through these channels that her life really flowed. She seems to have been wholly at the mercy of conditions; if they were favorable she wrote with great freedom; if they were unfriendly her pen was sluggish. She seems never to have subordinated her life to her work; perhaps she could not. In any

event, the fact is significant of the secondary place which writing held in her heart.

One who reads this biography with a critical intention in his heart finds himself disarmed; Mrs. Stowe was so transparently good, so beautifully unselfish, and of so devoted and ardent a temperament, that criticism of her work from the standpoint of literary value seems essentially harsh. One desires to explain her rather than to pass judgment upon her. It is the special excellence of Mrs. Fields' biography that it greatly assists the reader in this endeavor. Mrs. Fields is a trained writer with very delicate gifts of her own; but her refinement of feeling and her sense of veracity have never been more clearly disclosed than in the mingled reticence and frankness of a biography which lets into the life of a woman of great gifts and a great heart without violating those sanctities which ought to be inviolable alike by editors and readers.

*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

### "HAWTHORNE'S FIRST DIARY"

IT was quite time that something should be done toward giving a distinct and connected account of the first diary or note-book supposed to have been kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne at Raymond, Maine, during the period from 1816 to 1819—that is, from his twelfth to his fifteenth year—so far as we now have means of judging, and perhaps up to the time of his going to Bowdoin College in 1821. Such an account has been compiled by Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, into whose hands the only known extracts came originally some

twenty-six years ago, in 1871, when he was connected with the *Portland Transcript*, and is issued with a preface, an appendix, and a complete reprint of the extracts, in a small volume of peculiar interest.

The first account of this journal which was given in book form, was that included in my "Study of Hawthorne" published in 1876. At that time I was not able to convince myself beyond the possibility of doubt that it was genuine, yet the internal evidence led me to believe it so, and was corroborated by the recollections and the testimony of various persons who had known Hawthorne as

HAWTHORNE'S FIRST DIARY. With an Account of its Discovery and Loss. By Samuel T. Pickard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.

a boy and remembered some of the local characters mentioned by him. As will be seen on reference to my volume, I reasoned the case out with critical care, so well as might be under the circumstances of mystery that surrounded the original manuscript, and quoted quite fully from the diary as it had appeared in the *Portland Transcript*; giving, in fact, the chief portions, although Mr. Pickard credits me only with having made a few extracts. I was much surprised, I confess, at Mr. Julian Hawthorne's discrediting the authenticity of the passages printed and his opinion that even if they were from his father's pen they must be regarded as of little interest. If they were indeed written by Nathaniel Hawthorne—and on reading Mr. Pickard's book I am still more inclined to think they were—it seems to me that they throw upon his earlier years a light that gives us a better conception of his development at that point than we could have without them. They show, in that case, how and at what age that habit of carefully observing and describing even the commonest things and occurrences, the simplest impressions and reflections was formed, which led to the existence of his invaluable Note-Books in young manhood and mature life. They convey once more the lesson which is always instructive and inspiring, that great and enduring genius in the man may, and often must, have very simple beginnings in the boy;—a truism, no doubt, but one of those truisms which it is desirable to have freshly illustrated to the world.

Of this period in Hawthorne's experience we have little knowledge; and the fact enhances the importance of what we have or can obtain. Practically nothing had been collected or put together comprehensively when I set about preparing my "Study," and I remember feeling that—although I purposely avoided attempt-

ing a biography, which I understood would be written by his son—it was quite essential to an understanding of Hawthorne's nature as a man and to the better comprehension of his work that this youthful period should be studied and presented with some fulness. Mr. Pickard does not think enough stress has been laid upon the Raymond influences; yet my book contained a good deal that would tend to show the part they played. His love of the beautiful region was indicated; the region was described as a "favorable solitude." "This weird and woodsy ground of Cumberland," it was said, "became the nurturing soil of Hawthorne for some years. . . . The sway of outdoor life over this stalwart boy's temperament must have been very strong."

However, Mr. Pickard has brought together various passages and facts which go to emphasize the point. His narrative is most interesting with regard to the mysterious journal, which none of those who most desired to get hold of it have ever seen, and to the obscurity in which it still remains hidden. The man who once had the manuscript—a book of two hundred pages, damaged by mice and by water-soaking, with most of the dates gone, but containing a first entry, showing that it had been given to the lad by his uncle, Richard Manning, for use as a diary—was a mulatto named William Symmes, the natural son of "a leading member of the Massachusetts bar," and descendant of a line of New England ministers. He had a fair education, and was known in Cumberland County and about Raymond, where he was a playmate of William Pitt Fessenden (afterwards famous in political life) and of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was a rover, and for many years a seaman. During the war he served in the detective corps under Colonel Baker, and met a private of the Twenty-fifth Maine Regiment, who, when Hawthorne was men-



tioned, recalled having got from Frank Radoux (or "Redo"), the son of Hawthorne's Aunt Manning's second husband, a manuscript journal "filled with all sorts of witch and ghost stories and a little of everything." This he had received some years before. He promised to send it to Symmes if he ever reached home alive, and kept his promise. Symmes, it appears, had made enemies in his detective work, and lived in great seclusion after the war. This is thought to explain the impenetrable secrecy in which he kept himself and the book while corresponding with Mr. Pickard and furnishing the extracts for publication. The facts concerning his identity and employment have been learned since he died; but until then neither offers of money nor detective

inquiries availed to get at him or the treasured volume. He died at Pensacola in November, 1871, and no clue to the whereabouts of the book has been found since. But as an extract from it was sent again two years later by some one professing to have Symmes' papers, the author of the present volume hopes that it may still be extant, and that the attention now drawn to it may bring it to light. Mr. Pickard has further increased the value of his book by illustrations of Sebago Lake scenery and detailed notes about the persons mentioned. It places before us a curious and even romantic story, the associations and mystery of which are strangely in keeping with Hawthorne himself.

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

### MARCHESI'S MARVELLOUS MEMORY

**A**N old lady tastefully gowned, with decorations on her bosom, gazes with hard, shrewd eyes from the frontispiece of Mathilde Marchesi's *Marchesi and Music*. The lady has a determined mouth and her general aspect is that of a woman who has not hesitated to make a clearing for herself in her progress through life. She has certainly achieved a name as a teacher of singing without a superior in the world of music, and this volume tells us all about her poverty, her heroic battles with rival teachers, her quarrels in various conservatories, and does not fail to give the names of pupils who have made history in the operatic sphere. The dear *Madame* does not mention those who have failed to please her,

which is quite natural, nor does she lose a chance to say a disagreeable word at the right time. Altogether a very human and unforgiving woman, a stout friend and an admirable foe. The introduction by Massenet is quite gay. The vivacious and plump composer of "Manon" calls Marchesi *une brave femme* and actually acknowledges that "the aureated glory of being crowned with dollars" is not a "bad thing." This is one of the inimitable touches of the book, for as a general thing your Continental artist talks in grandiloquent accents of art, seldom of dollars; that is, until the quarter's tuition is due.

Marchesi is a German, born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Graumann was her maiden name and the pictures of her as a girl are not very prepossessing. She seems the typical prim and ugly German girl. But she had stuff in her and liter-

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MARCHESI AND MUSIC. Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing Teacher. By Mathilde Marchesi. With Portraits, and an Introduction by Massenet. Harper & Brothers. 8vo. \$2.50.

ally coaxed a musical education from her parents and relatives ; one of them being the Baroness von Ertmann, a celebrated amateur pianist and Beethoven's friend. She enjoyed the distinct advantage of lessons from Manuel Garcia, father of Malibran and Pauline Viardot-Garcia. From that master she learned all she now knows, for he was the greatest master of singing in this century. She was in Milan during '48 and had her share of the revolution. Returning to Paris she finished her studies and began her career in London. She was never a great singer but must have been an agreeable one, as Mendelssohn, Liszt and other celebrities praised her talent and solid musical attainments. She married the Signor Marchesi in 1852, an Italian gentleman, a singer, whose real name was Salvatore de Castrone. Later she became acquainted with Rossini, and doubtless he taught her much in the matter of interpretation. She became a teacher in the Vienna Conservatory, but on account of jealousies resigned and went back to Paris. There her *Salon* became the centre of all that was stirring in musical life. She knew everyone from Auber to Padeloup, but her health failing, Marchesi went to Cologne and became a colleague of Ferdinand Hiller. The city on the Rhine became too dull, and once more she appeared in Vienna and resumed her old position in the renovated Royal Conservatory.

Her pupils about this time began to make a stir. Tremelli, Caroline Sulla, Etelka Gerster, and others made Marchesi's name famous, and Vienna grew too small. Another fight in the conservatory caused her once more to emigrate to Paris and there she is to-day.

Marchesi's pupils, like Liszt's, are not all artists, but the woman must be a gifted pedagogue to have produced such singers as Gerster, Melba, Eames, Calvé, Sibyl Sanderson, Saville, Julie Wyman ; to mention only a few. She has some golden words to say on the subject of voice training and is quite grim as she enumerates the evils accomplished by "voice builders" and other arch-humbugs of the profession. She would like to attack Wagner openly, but she feels the gale blowing too strong from his direction. Secretly I think she detests his music, and can you blame her ? Marchesi is of the old school, the "good old school," and the strong, dramatic meat of Wagner offends her palate, nourished on the dainties of the Italians ; the nightingales' tongues of that *cuisine*, which delights in sugar and spice, but finds not nice any music that disturbs the pretty pose of mouth or eyebrow. It is all wonderfully ornamental, but *coloratura* singing no longer appeals to this generation. Marchesi is successful with high, light voices ; above G she can make a girl's throat a sweet, fluty reed, but the "grand manner," the true heroic style, she has never been able to impart, for the simple reason she is not in sympathy with it.

These memoirs are no more egotistical than the usual recollections of musicians. The book contains plenty of gossip, several really clever anecdotes, and is seasoned with a flavor of self-satisfaction that is not without astringency. Madame Marchesi is—Marchesi, and she seldom allows you to forget it. There are illustrations, and the volume is well Englished, presumably by Henry Haynie.

*James Gibbons Huneker.*

## THE PARLOR PLAYHOUSE

**I**F it is difficult to write good plays for performance in the theatre, where the author will have the assistance of trained actors, efficient stage management, the scene painter, and the costumer, how much more difficult to write plays for acting in the parlor by amateurs and with only such accessories as the limited facilities or experience of laymen can supply!

The playwright, under the most favorable circumstances, is a slave to the limitations of dramatic construction and the mechanical possibilities of the theatre, but at least he has the whole gamut of human passion to play on, and is rarely deterred from striking the most tender or the most exalted note through fear that no actor can be found to do justice to the part.

The writer of plays for home performance, however, is not only vastly more restricted as regards stage management and construction, but he knows, or should know, that however simple or rudimentary he may make his situations, the chances are greatly against their ever receiving an adequate presentation. For this reason operettas are usually better adapted for amateur performance than plays. Nothing can be more unnatural than opera. Nobody knows how he would behave if he were compelled to sing his way through life, and so has no natural standard by which to judge the efforts of whoever may essay to represent such a character.

Still, most operas written for professionals are too difficult for amateurs, especially young ones; so that he who can write a

simple operetta with simple music suited to simple folk will not only find his task easier than he who writes a play for amateur acting, but his reward will be the greater.

For "his" read "their," since it is hardly to be expected that words and music will be the work of the same hand. Accordingly, of the three books which form the subject of this review it is safe to say that *Three Operettas*, by H. C. Bunner, will give the widest satisfaction. Mr. Bunner's dainty poetic fancy, his delightful humor and his ready verse find free play in such subjects as "The Three Little Kittens of the Land of Pie," who gave their mittens to their three lover kittens and then began to cry, and kept it up, with suitable complications, until they got mittens and lovers back again; in "The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town," whose young husbands were turned into fairy waxworks and their young selves into old ladies for incompatibility of temper by their fairy Aunt Macassa until they had expiated their faults through two acts; and in "Bobby Shaftoe," an operatic version of the old nursery rhyme, wherein an ancient widowed and uxorious earl and the heroine's sordid parent conspire to traduce the character of the poor but honest Bobby in his absence at sea, but are fortunately foiled by his opportune reappearance in the third act, with silver buckles on knees (gold ones for Betty's) and a band of bold sailor lads at his back.

The plots are simple, the dialogue witty, and the verse would sing itself even without the music of the composer. Yet Mr. Weil has caught the spirit of the author, and has written tunes that are tuneful and original and easily learned. "The Three Little Kittens" and "The Seven Old Ladies" are quite suited for home production, and the requirements of "Bobby Shaftoe" are not beyond the

**THREE OPERETTAS.** By H. C. Bunner. Music by Oscar Weil. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, 4to, \$2.50.

**THE CHARM, AND OTHER DRAWING-ROOM PLAYS.** By Sir Walter Besant and Walter Pollock. With fifty illustrations by Chris Hammond and Arthur Jule Goodman. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

**THE MUSES UP TO DATE.** By Henrietta Dexter Field and Roswell Martin Field. Way & Williams, 16mo, \$1.00.

resources of the "opera house" in any place of a size to contain enough people to cast the piece. The operettas appeared originally in *Harper's Young People*, and were written for young people; and if the young people have fresh, young voices and are reasonably intelligent and have reasonably intelligent direction, they cannot fail of giving anything from a pleasing to a very successful entertainment with any one of the three.

Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Pollock have set themselves a more difficult task, inasmuch as their eight plays written in collaboration are designed expressly for the drawing-room and are without music, save that a song, or a snatch of a song, is incidental to four of the plays, and attention is called to the fact that one may be introduced in a fifth.

The authors are keenly alive to the limitations of subject and treatment under which they have worked, and which they frankly set forth in their preface. If the results of their efforts are not better as dramatic productions, it is because they have been so far successful in their undertaking.

At least two of the little plays, "Peer and Heiress" and "The Glove," are models of what the drawing-room comedy should be, though "The Charm," which gives its name to the volume, is likely to prove the most popular with performers (in spite of its lack of dramatic climax) on account of its picturesque and romantic qualities, and the general atmosphere of unreality that pervades it. The amateur never feels so safe as when he is acting out something that could never occur. "The Voice of Love" only fails of being bracketed with the first two named through a slight awkwardness in handling the climax. It will doubtless be acted as often as any of the others, nevertheless. There are only three people in the cast: a pair of lovers, and a capital character

part of a retired actor, that is likely to prove extremely attractive to those who know very little about acting. On the whole, the collection is a distinct addition to this class of literature, and will very acceptably widen the choice of plays for home presentation. If the spoken word seems, oddly enough, at times inadequate or inappropriate to the situation, it is easy, as the authors naively and rather unwisely suggest, for the actor to turn the phrase to his own liking.

In *The Muses Up to Date* the authors (Henrietta Dexter Field and Roswell Martin Field) have constructed their plays on the simpler plan of animated tableaux, but suggest that these may be enlivened and modified on the continuous performance system by the introduction of unlimited "specialties." The plays seem for the most part to have been designed for representation in young ladies' seminaries, and suffer from having been written by as well as for amateurs. For this reason it is perhaps scarcely fair to judge the book by professional standards. Doubtless its contents will have a certain vogue in boarding schools and similar uncritical Adamless Edens; but it seems a pity on that account that the authors should have disfigured their dialogue with so many slangy and flippant lines. Rudeness of word and action is out of place off the variety stage, and is not often excusable there.

H. G. Paine.

## CRACK REPORTING

IN a compact volume entitled *A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book*, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, F.R.G.S., has recounted his experience as a newspaper

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A YEAR FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

man "in different parts of the world between the months of May, 1896, and June, 1897." That is to say, he has gathered into one book the stories of eight different events which he reported for a variety of periodicals, including *Harper's* and *Scribner's Magazines*, the *New York Journal*, and the *London Times*.

Whether these events were of sufficient historical interest to warrant republication may be fairly questioned, though they were no less important events than the coronation of the Czar, the inauguration of the President, the jubilee of the Queen, and the doings of certain soldiers in Cuba and Greece. But however this may be, as regards the events themselves, it is safe to say that, as told by Mr. Davis, the stories form one of the most interesting of the works that have come from his pen. From a newspaper man's point of view, this is a reporter's book in more senses than one. It is not only the work of a reporter, but is probably the best book for a newspaper reporter to read that was ever written, especially for a young reporter who is ambitious in his work.

Books for the benefit of reporters are about the scarcest things in the libraries. There is, indeed, but one so far as the writer can recollect, a small, blue volume, with a silver feather and a silver pair of shears crossed on the cover, called "Views and Interviews on Journalism," written by a man who has since gone into the plumbing business.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Davis intended to make a book to be classed with that one, nor is it intended to compare his work with it; nevertheless if any young reporter wants to know what there is in great events likely to prove attractive to the great mass of people who read American periodicals, he cannot do better than to make a study of *A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book*, for

the popularity of Mr. Davis as a writer for American periodicals is very much greater than that of any other American newspaper man.

This is not to advise any newspaper man to try to imitate Mr. Davis, for that, if possible, would be foolish, but it is to call attention to the fact that wherever Mr. Davis goes, he sees things, and plenty of them, and in some way makes a note of what he sees, and then sits down somewhere and writes these things out in such a fashion as to hold the attention of about every one who reads them—even the attention of those who know that Mr. Davis now and then sees some things that do not exist.

If any one thinks that this statement of Mr. Davis's powers of observation is overdrawn, let him take any one of the articles in this book, "The Coronation," for instance, or "The Death of Rodriguez," and count the number of statements of fact contained therein that must have either been written in a note-book or carried by a remarkably retentive memory.

Nor is it alone in the number of details he gathers, for a reporter may be overburdened—may be literally swamped by his facts, and so write an uninteresting conglomeration instead of a work of art. Mr. Davis has something called "a nose for news"—an instinct that makes him choose from his facts just what is wanted by the American readers. In the procession at the crowning of the Czar, for instance, he observed that "each horse, that would have preferred a mouthful of oats, ground his teeth on a gold bit as big and round as a man's thumb, and as delicately chased and engraved as a monogram on a watch." At the inauguration of McKinley he noted that one of the masters of ceremonies was "a young man with his hair banged over his forehead and a fluffy satin tie"—"a thin young man in a sack coat running excitedly up and

down the aisle leading to the President's desk," and that this young man "put his hand on the breast of the first of the ambassadors and shoved him back until he was ready to announce him." Meantime a member of the British ambassador's staff was taking snap shots with a camera at everything in sight (an amazing incident in itself).

Better yet, and in quite a different vein, is the story of the shooting of the Cuban patriot—the boy of twenty who, as he walked out over the *mesa* to his death, "led all the others" so that "the priests on either side of him were taking two steps to his one and that they were tripping on their gowns and stumbling over the hollows in their efforts to keep pace with him as he walked," and who, as he walked, "held a cigarette between his lips."

What could better illustrate the gor-

geous display at the coronation than the reference to the gold bits? Or what the awkward fussiness of a Yankee politician and the insolence of an English official than the quoted sketch of the inauguration? Or what the cool courage of the youthful soldier than the reference to the manly stride, the stumbling priests, and the cigarette?

There is a picture of the shooting of Rodriguez, an illustration by Remington, but, excellent as it is, we are bound to say it was not needed. For that sketch is the best thing in the book.

Mr. Davis, we believe, is known in Europe as a typical American reporter. Bearing in mind the fact that he is what is called among newspaper men a descriptive writer—that he is a reporter of what we may call the impressionist school—it is safe to say that he has well earned his reputation.

*John R. Spears.*

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### "WHAT MAISIE KNEW"

**M**AISIE came to be morally at home in atmospheres which it would be appalling and awkward for anyone but Mr. James to analyze. In the hands of Mr. Pinero the same materials would doubtless have inspired the raciest of intellectual farces. The complications of the plot are mathematical in their simplicity. After the divorce of Maisie's parents, requiring her to spend half the year with each of them, her father married Miss Overmore, the governess, and her mother a handsome but invertebrate Sir Claude. Then her step-parents became enamored of each other, her own father and mother interposing no objections, since, to speak euphemistically, they had other fish to fry,

Mr. Farange's piscatorial catch being the disgusting "brown lady" who passed for an American countess, and her ladyship's—well, several. Then there is another governess, Mrs. Wix, who divides her time between "saving" Maisie and amorously pursuing Sir Claude—lest in the general shuffle she be left out in the cold. An extraordinary muddle, to be sure—quite too monstrous for anyone to contemplate in any but a farcical light. Mr. James occasionally rises to this level, and has, of course, exhausted the psychological and satirical possibilities of his premises. His vision has penetrated to the tragic irony of things without wholly compassing their awful tragedy, which is well. One shudders, æsthetically, at what Mr. Hardy would have done. That Mr. James

enjoyed writing the story there can be no doubt, for, after the most astonishing speeches of Sir Claude and Mrs. Wix, one hears him chuckle, "Oh, this time he did look queer!" "Oh, she did know what she was talking about!" Then, too, he indulges in the luxury of calling his leading man a "poor plastic and dependent male"! One is prepared, after this, to accept the male's concise statement of the situation when he asked Maisie to abide with him and her stepmother: "Of course it would be rather rum; but everything in our whole story is rather rum, you know."

How Maisie kept the clue in such a domestic labyrinth is indeed wonderful. Her mother's words, "Learn to keep your thoughts to yourself," early inculcated on her a practice of the pacific art of stupidity. She was brimful of stifled questions. Was it the natural way to have one's parents separate and successive? Might she not properly rejoice in having brought together, not only Mr. Farange and Miss Overmore, but the latter and Sir Claude? Was it her fault if she knew precisely what it meant to "square" a mettlesome husband or wife, if she reached the point where she could blandly remark, "Mother doesn't care for me *really*," and where her father's blasphemy sounded picturesque, almost scriptural, and the eyebrows of the gay ladies frequenting her homes seemed to "arch like skipping ropes," and she herself was bribed into acquiescence by "the love of a bonnet"? There were things she couldn't tell even a French doll. Her worst nightmare was when her father kidnapped her that he might get her to disclaim his neglect and might put into her small head the idea that, when *they* had made her as horrid as themselves, they would "chuck" her. But with Sir Claude to back her up, although Sir Claude lied, she wasn't afraid of being cast out on the streets. Besides, there

was Mrs. Wix, who asked her periodically if she hadn't any moral sense. Mrs. Wix, with her neigh of battle and "Lord of mercy, how we talk!" was a decidedly safe person. She was there to keep the others decent, and the magnificence of her character, in a community which confessedly hadn't a pennyworth of character, loomed up. In a final hair-pulling scene she drew from Sir Claude an admission that would delight gallery gods. "We can't work her in, she's unique," he said; "we're not good enough—oh, no! Will you be good enough to allow these horrors to terminate?" Whereupon, despite the love-rantings of her beautiful stepmother, Maisie marched away with Mrs. Wix, who promised to get sufficient money from her vile father to live on.

In the selection of his theme I should no more accuse Mr. James of "bad taste" than the author of "Jude the Obscure" or of "Esther Waters." Whenever these subjects are handled by a literary artist, which means, of course, with becoming delicacy and sincerity, it should be a cause for thanksgiving, in consideration of the salacious and coarse treatment they receive in the yellow journals. What I do regret is the cryptic style of this particular book, which absolutely deters one from urging it upon the general reader by way of substitute for the nastiness of the newspaper accounts of divorce proceedings. Ever since a lot of critics bestowed just praise upon "The Spoils of Poynton," which lost none of its "adorable subtleties" by being intelligible, Mr. James seems to have reverted to his former manner, witness the article on Du Maurier, as well as the present prolix analysis. Many sentences are vague, with a vagueness unattributable to the omission of commas. The monotony of the author's hair-splitting refinements—a kind of morbid intellectuality—appears when, in the course of two hundred pages, the reader

comes upon a *place*, the "thingumbob" at Earl's Court, which reminds one how deficient in material background the story is as a whole. Then the satire is carried to an extreme which makes for disillusionment. For example, when questioned by Mrs. Wix as to whether she would "accept" her stepmother as well as Sir Claude, Maisie answered, "Him alone or nobody." "Not even *me*?" cried Mrs. Wix. "Oh, you're nobody," was the rejoinder. Would any affectionate little girl in Christendom have sacrificed so much to any apothegm? And when it is said that she was "conscious of something that she described to herself as a new phase," she becomes for the moment intolerable.

Ordinarily it would occur to no one

to suggest that Mr. James could write a fine purpose novel. Yet here, quite unintentionally I suspect, he has done so. He might have preached for hours and not produced such convincing moral effects. Everyone of these *élégants*, pointing the finger of horror at his no more shameful associates, was a poor sunk slave to his own passions, revealing beneath his veneer a fidgety unhappiness that is the hall-mark of an uneasy conscience. Persons contemplating divorce, that they may go a-sweethearting, will find this a neat itinerary of their probable route. Children, too, who are going to live in an environment of parental intrigues—but, alas! only "*experientia docet.*"

*George Merriam Hyde.*

## LOVE, WAR, AND PSEUDO-SCIENCE

OF the quartet of recent novels before us, Mr. Chambers's *Lorraine* is perhaps the best. This is a story of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, in which the historical basis is constructed with even minute care. In a prefatory note, Mr. Chambers flatly states his doctrine of the laws that should govern the writing of this particular *genre* of fiction. "The author believes that the romance separated from the facts should leave the historical basis virtually accurate." We have no quarrel with the author over this proposition, merely remarking that for people who like to write in that way it is a good way for them to write. But as the statement of a universal law, meant to guide

all writers of the historical romance, or as a touchstone by which readers are to test books of this nature, and separate the sheep from the goats, we emphatically dissent. People do not read war stories to study military tactics, or to increase their knowledge of facts; they read them for entertainment. The moment one insists that the historical romance is primarily a contribution to history and not to art, one steps on exceedingly dangerous ground. Such doctrine is apt to transform what ought to be a rattling good story into a pretentious document of historical fact. Mr. Chambers gives the list of his authorities as though he were about to compose a doctor's thesis, and so far as we are able to judge, he has lived up to his beliefs, and given us a fairly correct statement of what actually took place in those troublous times. If this were all that he had done, however, the book would not be worth reading, because all this has been done before and

LORRAINE. A Romance. By Robert W. Chambers. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.25.

CHALMETTE. By Clinton Ross. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

GLORIA VICTIS. By J. A. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

THE INVISIBLE MAN. A Grotesque Romance. By H. G. Wells. Edward Arnold, 12mo, \$1.25.



by more serious authorities. Happily for the reader, Mr. Chambers has superimposed on his foundation of fact a charming and graceful structure of art. The heroine, Lorraine, is not easily forgettable; and in a truly poetic and convincing manner, the author has identified her with the province for which she is ready to give her heart's blood. The marriage of so poetic and artistic a creation to a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, strikes one as hardly ideal; but the American lover is such a good fellow that one cannot begrudge him his bliss.

Another story, which helps to prove that we are living in a romantic revival, is *Chalmette*, by Mr. Clinton Ross. This is a tale of the battle of New Orleans, and of the scenes immediately preceding that memorable contest. The love story, intertwined with the historical narrative, is both pure and pretty; but the book as a whole lacks solidity, dignity, and substantial worth. It is a novel to be read for an hour's amusement, and will then be incontinentally forgotten. The supposed authorship of the story is badly bungled, the flat contradiction on the very title-page sounding strangely harsh, to wit: "*Chalmette. The History of the Adventures and Love Affairs of Captain Robe Before and During the Battle of New Orleans. Written by Himself. By Clinton Ross.*" Here we learn that the story was written both by a participator in the battle and by Mr. Ross; but as if this were not enough, the prefatory note that immediately follows informs us that the tale has been revised and rewritten by the captain's granddaughter, who signs this note herself. All this is rather bewildering, and indicates a careless method, which the book itself unfortunately confirms. The real hero is Jean Lafitte; but only in occasional scenes is he convincing. If Mr. Chambers made the mistake of taking his work too seriously, Mr. Ross

has made the graver error of not taking his seriously enough. We may add that in print and paper the volume is easily the most attractive of the five before us.

Fiction of a totally different sort is represented by Mr. Mitchell's *Gloria Victis*. The style in this narrative has an ease and charm very soothing to a jaded reader's nerves. This is a book that is almost sure to be read through at a sitting, and then remembered with keen pleasure. The hero is a boy who has inherited from his father—a professional burglar and murderer—an irresistible longing to lie and to steal. He has also inherited from the same interesting individual a pair of singularly honest eyes, which make successful lying and stealing comparatively easy. From his mother, a chemical blonde of doubtful antecedents and not doubtful career, the boy has received as his only legacy a frightful temper, which converts him at times into a veritable demon. During the course of the story the boy not only lies and steals, but commits two murders, one in cold and one in hot blood. Nevertheless—and here is Mr. Mitchell's triumph—we love him in spite of all—and are pleased indeed when a real, not artificial *deus ex machina*, saves him from the consequences of his last terrible deed. The tale opens with the father's cruel robbery of a poor woman's savings; it closes with the son's betrothal to the poor woman's daughter, their love-making having been accomplished while both were swinging head downward from circus trapezes—their professional occupation. The novel is a psychological study in character—the analysis of a youthful inheritance. As such it is both clever and successful.

The "grotesque romance" by Mr. Wells is a combination of Jules Verne and Dickens, and is very far from being successful. There can be no doubt that Mr. Wells is writing too much. Since

the publication of his delightful skit, "The Wheels of Chance," he has produced a new book every few weeks. Like many other prominent authors of the present day, he is apparently willing to sacrifice real repute and solid merit for immediate cash sales. *The Invisible Man* is a mere thing of the moment, an amusing trifle that is scarcely worth reading. It is, furthermore, embellished with horrid details that seem wholly out of place in a book that is meant and should be taken only as a jest. The pseudo-chemistry and the parade of scientific terminology remind one of Jules Verne, but are not so well managed; and the artistic unity of the little book is destroyed by the unconscionable length of the invisible man's

autobiography, which begins right in the middle of the story. Some of the characters and conversation pleasantly remind one of Dickens, as the dialogue between Mr. Marvel and the mariner, and all the early scenes at the inn. On page 128 Mr. Wells remarks, "A black-bearded man in grey . . . conversed in American with a policeman off duty," but a study of his conversation fails to reveal anything strikingly "American" except the use of the word "guess," which was good enough English for Wordsworth. *The Invisible Man* is too manifestly a forced attempt at originality to be a genuinely attractive book. And on every page it bears the marks of haste.

*William Lyon Phelps.*

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### THE GYPSY TRAIL

**M**R. PAUL KESTER appears as a sort of troubadour, full of strange ballads which deal, not with our race, but with our time and country; he has the stroller's kindly, self-conscious air as he comes to a standstill, and unslings his harp; and every word he sings has gusto, and charms an idler's ear. Love of the open, evidently, and not scientific humanism drew him into acquaintanceship with the Romany camps and vans. His point of view throughout is that of the landscape poet, pleased indeed with gentle wild faces in the foreground, studious to win their confidence, and bent on reporting them affectionately. The *Tales* are excellently straightforward; one sees not how it is that they just miss the ultimate glamour which would put them abreast of Mérimée's and Borrow's. Nor is the lack artistic; for so little art as Mr. Kester's is next best to great art like

Mérimée's; no, the lack is purely temperamental. One must have been born very innocent, or have become very sophisticated, to write of his gypsy so as to win the world. But Mr. Kester thoroughly understands what he is about, and there are passages, here and there, in the telling, which promise fuller power than he has yet put forth. The sympathetic flow of "Mrs. Cooper's Later Adventures" and "Mrs. Hearne's Chavies" is admirable comedy; and again, nothing can be more terrible, with the harsh brute tragedy of "Wuthering Heights," than the story of "the tinker's dog, the tinker's wife, and the tinker": it is memorable and fine, despite its horror; it uses the right accessories, and it makes a stinging effect. On the whole, *Tales of the Real Gypsy* is distinctly a fresh gift: a trail leading away into a big primitive society, old and wise as Aldebaran, its guardian star, and quite undiscovered by us blind American civilians who some-

times buy its baskets, and tempt it to unriddle things financial and matrimonial for a matter of fifty cents. Our author announces himself as no Leland, no expert, and new to the inebriate joy of the *Romany jib* on his own Gorgio lips. But nevertheless he knows, and he is in love with what there is to learn; and out of that knowledge, and that love, as is almost inevitable, he has wrought a good book. Quaint, sincere, off-hand, unique, it will never have to go a-begging, we think, for delighted readers.

*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

### "THE HOPE OF THE WORLD"

MR. WILLIAM WATSON is so fortunate as to need no fictitious aid to arouse interest in his work as it appears from time to time. None of the men of his generation is more devotedly a poet than he, more singly engrossed in the serious service of art.

He seems in a way not unlike that shy recluse, of whom Arnold wrote so beautifully—The Scholar Gypsy—who had, as we all remember, "one aim, one business, one desire." And though Mr. Watson is not more "free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt" than the rest of us "who fluctuate idly without term or scope," his powers are yet peculiarly

"Undiverted to the world without,  
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things."

He is not of those frequenters of the palace of art who take everything flip-pantly except themselves. And while his verse has often been lacking in fervor and intensity, so that it has even seemed dull at times, it has never been wanting in the qualities which spring from a grave sincerity of mind and a sober

tenure of life. More than once, moreover, it has risen to a splendid lyric pitch, as in the brief lyric,

"Well he slumbers, greatly slain,  
Who in splendid battle dies."

Altogether, for a man of his years and achievements, he may wear, without much inappropriateness, half of the Tennysonian mantle which seems to have been parted between him and Mr. Kipling.

The present volume may become memorable for two poems, "The Hope of the World" and "The Unknown God," in both of which Mr. Watson has surpassed himself. They have his peculiar note of a rational criticism of life, unbiassed by emotional temerity. They have very much the temper of Empedocles on Etna, when he exclaims,

"Fools! That in man's brief term  
He cannot all things view,  
Affords no ground to affirm  
That there are Gods who do."

They are not enlivening; they will not hearten the foolish, nor solace the depressed; yet there is the bleak virtue of endurance in their unalleviated scepticism, and they are free from that namby-pamby optimism which is so cheap and usually so false. "The Hope of the World" suggests Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" in its dignified treatment of a majestic theme. There is space left for only a few lines:

"Here, where perhaps alone  
I conquer or I fail.  
Here, o'er the dark Deep blown,  
I ask no perfumed gale;  
I ask the unpampering breath  
That fits me to endure  
Chance, and victorious Death,  
Life, and my doom obscure,  
Who know not whence I am sped, nor to what  
port I sail."

The other notable poem of the volume, "The Unknown God," will be recalled as the poem which was evoked in response to Mr. Kipling's unfortunate "Recessional."

*Bliss Carman.*

## BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

*ROBERT E. LEE and the Southern Confederacy* is the title of one of the latest volumes of the "Heroes of the Nations" series. The author of this work is Professor Henry A. White of the Washington and Lee University, to which General Lee was elected president after the close of the Civil War, and of which his son, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, is now president, so that Mr. White has had the advantage of studying his hero's autograph letters and memoranda. Out of this and much other raw material Mr. White has written his book, making the hundredth—or is it the five hundredth?—arid Civil War account of how this corps was moved here and that one there, how this general was killed or superseded and how that one took his place, why one side lost the battle because a certain general did not obey his orders or won it because of the wholly unexpected arrival of reinforcements. It is much to be regretted that with such a splendid subject as Robert E. Lee, Professor White did not leave the dead to bury their dead, condense matters of controversy, and address himself mainly to portraying the personality, career, and influence of this magnificent man. Indeed, speaking soberly, Lee's many perfections and advantages place him outside the range of ordinary criticism. Born of an illustrious Virginia family of Revolutionary fame, the descendants of a still older English family of distinction, young Lee was always a manly Christian boy. As a student at West Point he displayed talent and industry, thoroughness and neatness, good scholarship and fine horsemanship. After he was graduated second place in his class, he was appointed to the Engineers in 1829. He married in 1831 Mary Randolph Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Custis, who chose Washington for her second husband, and heiress of the estate and mansion of Arlington. He pursued the duties of his profession at Hampton Roads, Washington, the Mississippi, and New York Harbor until the Mexican War broke out in 1846, when he at once became the right-hand man of Gen. Winfield Scott, planning sites for batteries at Vera Cruz, obtaining information of the enemy's movements with an

audacity that would have been recklessness in any other man, and fighting inspiringly in the very front rank when there was nothing more important for him to do. Every despatch from Scott to the Secretary of War contained Lee's name, and he received three brevets for his services, raising him from the regimental rank of captain to the army rank of full colonel. There can hardly ever have been a finer-looking pair of men in any army than Scott and his aide. Scott was a magnificent-looking man, several inches over six feet in height, and massively built in proportion. Lee was fully six feet in height and had long been noted as being the handsomest, best dressed, and most graceful-looking officer in the United States Army. To complete Lee's experience, after the Mexican War he was for some years Superintendent at West Point, and for four years fighting Indians in Texas. Everyone knows his career in the Civil War—how he thrashed the Federal generals, one after another, until Grant got hold of him with his bull-dog's grip and never let go his hold until Appomattox was reached—but everyone does not know how he showed unfailing cheerfulness in adversity, indomitable perseverance in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, unbounded reticence in the face of hostile and malignant criticism, unaffected piety amid the horrors and passions of war, and, finally, in the last bitter hour of surrender, a dignity and composure of bearing which compelled the expressed admiration of even the stoical and taciturn Grant. This is the man we should like to see fully portrayed, not for the benefit of South or North, not classed among such demi-gods as Washington, St. Louis, or Marcus Aurelius, but for the encouragement and uplifting of all frail humanity. [Putnams, 12mo, \$1.75.]

Mr. Edward Clodd in *Pioneers of Evolution* has written a handbook which is valuable for the purpose of giving each of the contributors to the law of evolution, as we now have it, his proportionate place. It also gives, in an easily accessible form, the tenets held by such early pioneers as

Thales (600 B.C.), Heraclitus (500 B.C.), Democritus (460 B.C.), and Lucretius (50 B.C.). Mr. Clodd devotes the second part of his work to what he terms "The Arrest of Inquiry," the period of which coincides with the decline of the Roman Empire and the Dark Ages. It is a pity that he should have been so far diverted by his narrow and intolerant scientific bigotry from his announced purpose as to convert this chapter into one long, acrimonious and unjustifiable attack upon Christ and Christianity. Between Lucretius and the Emperor Constantine, 356 years elapsed, during which Christianity had no curbing effect on the pursuit of knowledge. Yet Mr. Clodd has no "pioneer" to fill this gap. An easy rejoinder to the author's arguments against the Mediæval Church is that it needed all its energies to moralize the barbarian hordes which overran Europe, and, wisely, therefore, fixed its energies on dogma and discipline to the exclusion of even evolution. We reach firmer ground in Part III, when such great names as Copernicus, Galileo, Descartes, Newton, Kant, Laplace, Dalton, Lyell, and Helmholtz appear as the direct forerunners of the modern theory of evolution. Then come, in Part IV, the colossal figures of Darwin and Spencer, or Spencer and Darwin, for it is hard to say which of these two men has done most to procure for the doctrine of evolution universal acceptance in some form, at all events as a working hypothesis. Mr. Clodd has much to say about these leaders, and also about Huxley, Wallace, and others, which is apparently derived from personal acquaintance and is therefore interesting in the extreme. In this part of the work, too, the earliest steps of the several discoverers are carefully collated, so as to show how these men helped each other to reach a common goal, in a manner not to be found in any other work on the same subject. The book is illustrated by four fine electric engravings of Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, and Huxley. [Appletons, 12mo, \$1.50.]

In *Life in Early Britain*, Dr. Bertram C. A. Windle has done an excellent and much needed piece of work. He gives in popular form, without any diminution in accuracy, a sketch of the various races of men, up to the Saxons, of which either

history or archæology has left any remains. He is properly cautious in not accepting—while not absolutely rejecting—the few evidences or supposed evidences of the existence of man in the pre-glacial epoch. Then he brings before our eyes the panorama of palæolithic man in the early stone age, who lived in caves for the most part, who was simply a hunter of wild beasts, yet knew not the comfort of a dog, who had only flint-tipped spears and bone daggers with which to kill his prey, and who, in spite of all these neglects in education, was an artist in carving on bone, which the neolithic man, his much more educated successor, was not. Dr. Windle, by comparing descriptions given by early Roman historians with other data, seems to show positive proof that the aboriginal British Celt was tall and fair-haired. Who, then, is the so-called black-haired Celt, short of stature and with high cheek-bones, who inhabits the west of Ireland and the western Scottish Highlands? Dr. Windle gives us good reasons for thinking that he is the descendant of the neolithic race which was driven back to the most inaccessible parts of the British Isles by the first and second Celtic invasions. The Roman invasion and occupation of Britain are fully and graphically treated. Best of all the most eminent archæologists are freely quoted from at every point where the special knowledge of each comes into play. The illustrations are numerous and excellent; there is a good map of Great Britain showing the Roman roads, and a select bibliography. [Putnams, 12mo, \$1.25.]

In *Style*, Mr. Walter Raleigh has given us an essay of very uneven elements of merit. Its own style is that of an impassioned discourse, and makes it appear as if the author had delivered the whole 129 pages with scarcely a pause. This feeling on the part of the reader is accentuated by the fact that the work, while dealing with forty-nine different aspects of style, has only marginal readings to denote the change of topics. It is also overloaded with metaphors and comparisons which conceal rather than bring out in relief the point which the author wishes to emphasize, and some of these interlarded illustrations, we are sorry to have to say, are conceived in a spirit of vulgar-

ity. Thus, on page 1, Mr. Raleigh, speaking of the various applications of the word "style," says: ". . . we can apply it to the careful achievements of the housebreaker and the prisoner." On page 3, speaking of the actor, he says: "His ownership is limited by the necessities of his trade; when the customers are gone, he eats and sleeps in the bar parlor." Mr. Raleigh's matter, however, is far better than his manner. He has a profound and refreshing sense of the value of words; of their changes in meaning with advancing age; of their deterioration as concepts by overmuch usage; of their hidden meanings as only revealed by great writers. In this last respect he follows Ruskin and quotes Milton frequently to give point to his meaning. Indeed, he is always at his best when he speaks of the great poets, which he always does with reverence, discrimination, and true appreciation. [Edward Arnold, 16mo, \$1.50.]

In *King Washington*, a romance of the Hudson Highlands, Adelaine Skeel and William H. Brearley have reproduced with many incidental scenic effects the attempt to kidnap Washington near Newburgh and deliver him alive in New York. The matter was intrusted to a French spy, who turned his love-making to diplomatic account, and, as it transpires after about three hundred pages, was a woman. Despite a few minor roughnesses of expression this is a thoroughly readable story, the interest of which depends to a large extent upon details of treatment. The "King" of the title is hardly in accord with the conventionally serene and lofty figure of Washington, who is here happily presented in his daily life without the cheapening touch which is almost inevitable. We see him mathematically ferreting out a cabal, or asking his neighbors if they have eggs to market, or dancing with Lucy Knox to the consternation of negro fiddlers, and, when he reached home, of the "haughty Martha," who lectured him roundly, and would not for long permit him to kiss her finger-tips. It was a time when girls were taught to spin and card, to milk and churn, as well as dance—the time of Gitty Wyncoop and tasty stirrup-cups. Notwithstanding the

local color of the tale its underlying sentiment is modern, and sufficiently warm to keep off historic shivers. [Lippincott, 12mo, \$1.50.]

In *The King's Highway* Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has pictured the reaction towards philanthropy of the children of Nicholas Lloyd, a conscienceless millionaire, whose ambition was to marry his daughter to an English lord, and who did not hesitate to publish her engagement, with photographs, before her consent had been obtained. The hero is his son, Stephen Lloyd, who, after abandoning a studio as he had the Wall Street office and shipping as a steward on a steamship, became deeply interested in the amelioration of the New York poor and disbursed his mother's charities, who gave him large checks at critical times in his own career. The outcome of the plot is early disclosed in answer to the feminine inquiry, "Do you believe in presentiments?" But the interest, being sociological rather than literary, continues, especially as Mrs. Barr has worked in towards the end the incident of the burning of Stephen's wife's dress while she was adjusting the candles before the mirror (after which she was a "changed woman"), and that of Stephen's going to the bottom of the Pacific "with a blessing on his lips," after which his frivolous wife was still more "changed." The book abounds in the discussion of socialism from the capitalist's point of view, even at dinner tables. The death of the iniquitous Lloyd, for whom we could wish, as Ko-ko said, a "short, sharp shock," is prolonged through sixty pages. "Uxtree," by the way, has long since supplanted "Extra" in the newsboys' cries. [Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.]

The admirable little handbook on *Accidents and Emergencies*, by Dr. Charles W. Dulles, has now reached a fifth edition, and can be cordially recommended as much for what it leaves out as for what it has in. It tells simply and intelligibly what a patient's friends may do with profit and without hurt while the doctor is coming, and it covers every conceivable class of accidents and sudden sickness, including a new chapter on electricity. [Blakiston, 16mo, \$1.00.]

# BOOKS RECEIVED

## FICTION

*The King's Highway.* Amelia E. Barr. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
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*Gallegher and Other Stories; Cinderella and Other Stories.* E. H. Davis. New edition. Scribners, 12mo, each \$1.00.  
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*The General's Double.* Capt. Charles King. Lippincott, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Won by a Woman.* Edmondo De Amicis. Laird & Lee, illustrated, 18mo, 75 cents.  
*King Washington.* Adelaide and W. H. Brearley Skeel. Lippincott, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*In Spite of Fate.* Silas K. Hocking. Warne, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*George Malcolm.* Gabriel Setoun. Warne, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*John Leighton, Jr.* Katrina Traak. Harpers, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Unkind, Unkind!* Violet Hunt. Harpers, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Lorraine.* Robert Chambers. Harpers, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Blown Away.* Richard Mansfield. L. C. Page & Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Perpetua.* Rev. S. Baring Gould. Duttons, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Elementary Jane.* Richard Pryce. Putnams, 12mo, \$1.00.  
*The Juggler.* Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Gondola Days.* F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*The Invisible Man.* H. G. Wells. Edward Arnold, 16mo, \$1.25.  
*The Skipper's Wooing.* W. W. Jacobs. F. A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
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*King Arthur and the Round Table.* William Wells Newell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., 12mo, \$4.00.  
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*The Century.* Volume LIV, May, 1897, to October, 1897. The Century Co., illustrated, 8vo, \$3.00.

*St. Nicholas.* Volume XXIV, Part I, November, 1896, to April, 1897. Part II, May, 1897, to October, 1897. The Century Co., 2 vols., illustrated, 4to.

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*Orderly Book of General George Washington Kept at Valley Forge, 18 May-11 June, 1778.* Lamson, Wolfe & Co., 8vo, \$1.00.

*Selections from Morte Darthur.* Wm. E. Mead, Editor. Ginn & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.

*Molière's Works.* Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Vol. VI. Roberts Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

*The Happy Eerie.* H. D. Lowry. The Arcady Library. John Lane, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.

*Nirvana.* Paul Carus. Open Court Publishing Co., paper, small 4to, \$1.00.



# THE LITERARY QUERIST

*How answer you that?*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, III.-1.

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

208.—Our Travellers' Club wishes to travel through America in books, including the most interesting places, scenery, and distinguished characters. Will you suggest such? F. R. W.

It might be well to begin with "Picturesque America," and follow it with any or all of these: Parkman's "Oregon Trail," Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," Starr King's "White Hills," S. A. Drake's "New-England Legends," Conant's "Footprints of Vanished Races in the Mississippi Valley," Baldwin's "Ancient America," Lossing's "Field-book of the Revolution" and "Field-book of the War of 1812," and "Homes of American Authors."

209.—Can you tell me where I can find the quotation, "All the world loves a lover"? Is it misquoted from Emerson's essay on "Love," "All mankind love a lover"? S. H.

Yes, it is misquoted from Emerson.

210.—I wish to ascertain the origin of the saying, "Take him down a peg." J. V. L.

It may have originated from the old-time drinking-cups that had pegs at different depths to indicate the amount the drinker was able to take at a draught; or it may be simply an obvious metaphor from the common use of pegs in various articles of furniture (an easel, for instance), to raise or lower some portion.

211.—Can any reader of THE BOOK BUYER give me the name of the author of "Paul Redding, a Tale of the Brandywine" (1845), and of "The Talisman" (New York, 1828), and tell me for what length of time the following journals were issued and who edited them: *The Collegian* (Harvard College, about 1830), *The Amateur* (1820-30)? D. M.

In an old catalogue before us "Paul Redding" is credited to Thomas Buchanan Read, but we have no other authority for it. "The Talisman" is probably a reprint of Scott's novel of that name.

212.—(1) Can you tell me who Mrs. Kidder, a writer, was?

(2) The following verse I have seen ascribed to three authors. Who is the correct one?

"Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate, tender threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit and grieve and wonder."

(3) To what age of Italian literature did Gherardo Cinthio belong? M. U.

(1) We never have heard of her. (3) The sixteenth century (1504-1573).

213.—(1) Will you, or any reader, kindly tell me who is the author of the following lines:

"Curved is the line of beauty,  
Straight is the line of duty;  
Follow the last, and thou shalt see  
The other ever following thee?"

(2) Is the author of "Through Jungle and Desert," William A. Chanler, a tall or a short man? F. K. D.

(2) We do not know.

214.—(1) What is the latest publication of Charles D. Cleveland's "Compendium of American Literature"?

(2) Please give author of the book Cleveland quotes frequently, "Homes of American Authors." G. W. S.

(1) Professor Cleveland's books are all published by the American Book Company.

(2) That book, published in 1854, was the work of several authors.

215.—I send you the first verse of a poem which was published twenty-five or more years ago, entitled "The First Thanksgiving." Will you please inform me who the author of it was, and where I can find the poem?

"We had gathered in our harvest,  
And had stored the yellow grain,  
For God had sent the sunshine  
And had sent the plentiful rain.  
Our barley lands and corn lands  
Had yielded up their store,  
And the fear and dread of famine  
Oppressed our homes no more." T. R.

216.—What poem begins with or contains the following line:

"Bohemia is the land for me"?

M. S. C.

217.—Can you tell me the author of the following lines (which, I think, are entitled "A Christmas Night's Adventure") and where they may be found?

"Once on a time, in a queer little town  
On the shores of the Zuyder Zee,  
When all the good people were fast asleep,  
A strange thing happened to me."

F. I. W.

218.—(1) Who is the author of the poem entitled "Dermott's Parting," the opening line of which is:

"O waken up, my darling, my Dermott, it is day"?

I have seen it ascribed to William Collins, who published a volume of poems in New York some years ago.

(2) Where can I get a copy of any of the following books: "The Prophecy of Merlin, and Other Poems," by John Reade; "The Pennsylvania Georgics," by Henry Hamilton Cox; "Wreaths of Gems," by Rev. Matthew Gailey; "Poems, Religious, Moral, and Sentimental," by James Hogg; "The Huron Chief, and Other Poems," by Adam Kidd; "Legends of the Sea," by Ed-

ward I. Sears, published over the signature "H. E. Chevalier"; "Destiny, and Other Poems," by Mary J. Serrano; "Temperance Glee-Book," edited by James Alexander Mowatt. F. N.

(2) Give the list to some dealer in second-hand books.

219.—Where can I find the verses beginning:  
"You may talk of love in a cottage"?

A. M. B.

REPETITION.—The inquiry concerning the inscription beginning "But bolder they" was answered in *THE BOOK BUYER* for July, 1894. The lines are Lowell's.

## ANSWERS

190.—Good magazine articles concerning Tolstoi were published in *Munsey's* for August, 1896, and *The Century* for June, 1887. M. U.

206.—Mrs. Browning's poem, "A False Step," is to be found on page 479 of Crowell's complete edition of her works. E. G. H.

A. C. R. writes that it is in Miller's diamond edition.

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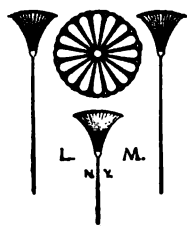
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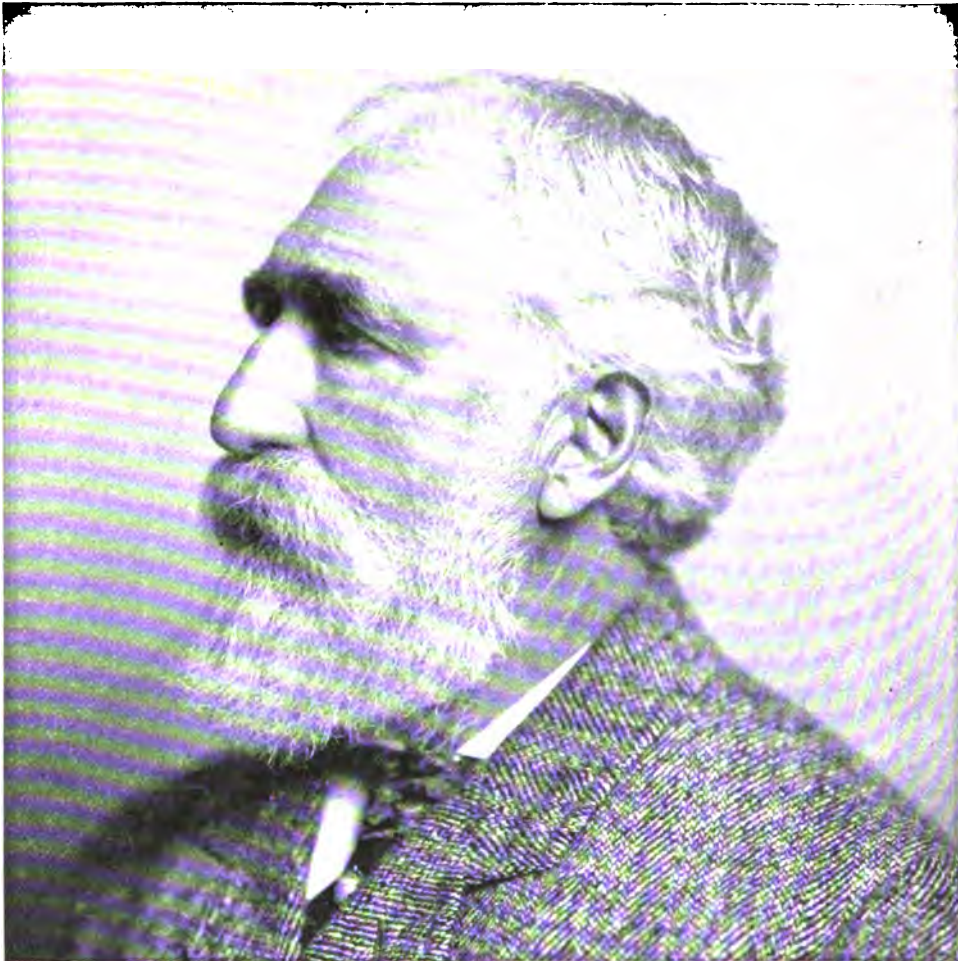
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# THE BOOK BUYER

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

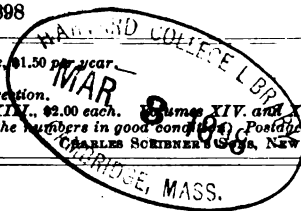
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. XVI

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1898

No. 2

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## TRANSLATION AS A FINE ART

TRANSLATION is, of course, a carrying over, and that is certainly no translation which carries nothing over, however much it may bear. To be a real translation it must deliver at one end, *i.e.*, in one language, precisely what it received from the other; and how often is this condition practically fulfilled? Let those answer who have endeavored to read a book treating of subjects highly interesting to them, only to wonder whether in reality their faculties were not failing, and who have been reassured, on turning to the title-page, to find that they were reading what in the parlance of the time is called a "translation."

To carry sentiment or thought over from one language to another, it is not enough that we have a passable knowledge of the original tongue; we must understand also our own language, and this condition is, unhappily, not often fulfilled in the majority of those who translate for the public. To write a word of English for every word of French or Italian in the text is not to translate, it is only to "substitute;" and nothing can be more grotesque in its effect than this procedure. The college professor who inva-

riably in his manuscript gave for the French, *tout ce qu'il y a de beau*, the formula, "all that there is of beautiful," till I was tired of crossing it out, was not translating, nor was he capable of the work, though he was really trying to present Hegel's "*Æsthetics*" to an appreciative English-speaking audience.

For a second condition of capability, the workman in this art must also comprehend the subject of which he is writing. I am almost inclined to say that it is more necessary for him to do this than perfectly to understand both languages; for if he have full mastery of the subject, a subtle perception will often make up for his lack of word-knowledge. And if it be poetry or literary prose that he is attempting, he must have also the feeling which pervades these like an atmosphere, the consciousness of which will often inspire in him the right expression for the feeling of the author.

How often these qualifications are found in the translations which some of our publishers give us, it is hardly necessary to wonder. The work is often intrusted to persons who would not be able to write out their own knowledge or their own

feeling so that others would understand them, and this practice seems to me to come from the general opinion that original writing presents more difficulty than translation—an opinion which is absolutely wrong. "Anybody can translate," one says carelessly, and so the work is given to "anybody"—with disastrous results. As a rule, I think that a woman would do better work in this line than a man, from the fact that her mind is more receptive, and in the first place the translator must be able to be impressed with the thought of the writer. This she must take into her mind, divesting it of its word-clothing; then, after it has become her own, she must say it in the other language just as she would say any of her own thoughts. If she can do this, she will translate, and certainly she will have done a much greater thing than if she had simply done only half of it. To divest the content of vesture and then to reclothe it—this is what is meant by translation.

Magazines do not desire translations, and yet if they would publish them they might often do greater service to their readers than that which they now do, in the same way and for the same reason that two-thirds of the clergymen might be doing their congregations more good if they would read sermons other than their own. Translations would greatly help that class of readers who are not able to read the beautiful things of other languages, and yet the magazines shut them out and insist upon giving what they call "original matter," whose only recommendation too often lies in the fact that it has never been printed, so far, in any other language, and had better never have been written in any.

But not to speak of the enjoyment and good to be derived from translations by those who do not understand the original tongue, there is a fine and peculiar pleas-

ure to those who do, in reading a real translation. It may run very close to the original—it must do so—and yet there will be in it an indefinable flavor, an additional flavor, which we did not find in the reading of the original. Take in any other language the book with which you are presumably most familiar, the New Testament; translate passages of it into English in your best manner, and you will be amazed to find how many new implications of the familiar words will leap into your mind. This is because thought is solid, while language is only a surface, or, rather, we might say thought belongs to the world, not only of four, but of an infinite number of dimensions, while language is limited; and so it shall happen that to get the whole thought of any passage, we really ought to put it into the stereopticon of all the languages there are. The more languages that bear it to us, the more we shall approach its real self, and we shall never reach this at all if we have heard or read it in only one.

Dn Bellay, as represented by Pater, says that the law of translation is "not to expatiate beyond the limits of the author himself," but he adds that if you follow this law "your words will be constrained, hard, and ungraceful." This is true, of course, if, while translating, you make it a subject of thought to follow the "law of translation." But the true translator works under no law except the law of the universe of thought, which is a glorious liberty. He makes the thought his own—really his own—so that it is a part of his own nature, and then he simply expresses it in his native idiom. In doing this, he does not add to or subtract from it any more than he does when he is expressing his own original thought, but he will necessarily express it on another of its sides or faces, and so the reader of the two will get nearer to the thought itself than would be possible if he read it on only one of its

sides. Even the English scholar who writes in English does not write in English alone, for, unconsciously to himself it may be, his every expression is colored and modified by the words of all the languages that he knows, and so he gives to his readers a fuller idea than if he knew only the language in which he is speaking. Du Bellay goes on: "To prove this"—*i.e.*, the statement which he has made—"read me Demosthenes and Homer in Latin, Cicero and Virgil in French, and see whether they produce in you the same affections which you experience in reading those authors in the original." Of course you will not get the same affections which you experience in reading those authors in the original, but by having two sides you will get something far better, something which will be nearer to what was in the mind of the writers than that which they were able to give you in one language only.

Every teacher knows the necessity of being able to put an idea into many forms, even in one language, if he would make sure that he is conveying it at all, and he who cannot do this will not unfrequently be confounded by finding that while he has been saying—not teaching—one thing, his pupils have learned another. What examiner has not been startled, in looking over the answers to his questions, to find that the examinee has answered a question which he had not asked, and then has discovered that his question was fairly capable of the interpretation put upon it by the mind of the respondent? It is to avoid this trouble that legal papers seem perversely to bewilder us with repetitions which are really not repetitions at all, but which simply serve to solidify the consistency of the real thought. It is for this that the Prayer Book, in its constant, eager, and anxious endeavor to rise to the level of its content, gives us continually two or

three expressions seemingly for one idea: Weighty and important considerations—the exigency of times and occasions—changes and alterations—acknowledge and confess—dissemble nor cloke—assemble and meet together—requisite and necessary—pray and beseech—remission and forgiveness—adorned and beautified—enterprized nor taken in hand—image and similitude—loving and amiable. It is for this that the Hebrew writers in their highest flights of psalm or prophecy not only add to a statement its opposite, but present it to us in several forms. It is impossible to give truly any adequate idea without this expedient.

Every language has its own quality. It seizes but its own side of the universe, while we need all sides to reach the content of human thought. It is really more for the sake of those who understand the originals than to help those who do not, that I plead for translations, because they will reap a greater benefit from them. I plead for English translations—not substitutions—that those who understand nothing but English may not be utterly shut out from the great thoughts first shadowed forth in tongues unknown to them, but also that those who do understand foreign speech may, through the effort of others, attain a fuller comprehension of the thoughts which even now lie in some degree open to them, and that they may have all the pleasure to which they are entitled. Why not put the best talent and the widest knowledge upon translations of the best and most beautiful things, that these may in a larger degree become the property of all?

To recapitulate, a translation must deliver all that there is in the original, not forgetting or omitting anything; if it is worthy of the name it cannot help doing a great deal more, but this condition at any rate must be complied with. It must be the work of one who is in some

appreciable degree master of his own idiom, and who comprehends the subject-matter. It should be undertaken by none but highly receptive and sensitive minds, because no other is able to fulfil the above conditions of success. It should be given only to those who are capable of independent thought, and who have the courage of their convictions; to those who are not afraid, if necessity present itself, to overrule the traditions of hide-bound grammarians. It belongs to those only who are reached by the feeling or emotion which the original strove to carry. If this last qualification be wanting, we shall have at the end of the labor such a reproduction as that which the mechanical contrivances now in vogue give of the master-works of the greatest musical composers—a reproduction in which we hear indeed the notes of the original one after the other in their proper order, but which drive us to the wish that the stuff—for that cannot be called music where the human element is entirely wanting—had never been written. Or it might be said to be like a typewritten copy of a note from a dear friend, which is much easier to read than the words formed by the pen in the tremulous hand, but which is bare of all human touch: where there is no irregularity in the writing of some apparently simple word, betraying to our enlightened eyes the well-known heart of the writer, and almost calling for a caress as we hold the sheet in our hand.

If the translation be of poetry, it must, so far as is possible, give the measure of the original, because in so subtle a thing as poetry, where

"... of the soule the bodie forme doth take,  
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make,"

a different measure would be inappropriate. I say where it is possible, for sometimes the number of syllables found in other languages is inadmissible in English. But no one who possesses the

qualifications of a good translator is likely to go very far out of the way in the rhythm of a poem that he feels.

To give an idea of how close a translation may run to the original in the limits of form merely, I append two versions of Lorenzo de' Medici's Sonnet XLVII., made by two different hands, and never before published. The conditions agreed upon were these: line was to be translated by line, and the rhyme scheme to be exactly followed. That readers may judge of the success of the experiment, I give first the original for comparison:

Belle fresche e purpuree viole  
Che quella candidissima man colse,  
Qual pioggia o qual puro aer produr volse  
Tanto più vaghi fior che far non suole ?  
Qual rugiada, qual terra, over qual sole  
Tante vaghe bellezze in voi raccolse ?  
Onde il soave odor natura tolse  
O il ciel ch'a tanto ben degnar ne vuole ?  
Care mie violette ; quella mano  
Che v'ellesse tra l'altre, ov'eri, in sorte,  
V'ha di tante eccellenze e pregio ornate.  
Quella che il cor mi tolse, e di villano  
Lo fe gentile, a cui siate consorte ;  
Quella adunque, e non altre, ringraziate.

## 1

Fresh violets with purple bloom aglow,  
To me by whitest hand and loveliest brought,  
What rain or what pure air has longing sought  
Flowers more charming than its wont to show ?  
What dew, what soil, what sunbeam high or low  
Contrived of tender beauty such a thought ?  
Did Nature form you thus with odour fraught,  
Or does the willing Heaven such gift bestow ?  
That hand, my delicate treasures, was enough,  
Which chose you from the rest among the shade,  
To lend you pride of worth above your race ;  
She who my heart has gentle made from rough—  
To whom may you yourselves be subtle aid—  
Her hand, and nought else, thank for all your grace.

## 2

O purple violets blooming fresh and fair,  
And gathered by the whitest hand I know,  
What shower, what breeze was emulous to show  
Blossoms of grace so wonderfully rare ?  
What dew, what soil, what sun beyond compare  
So many blended beauties could bestow ?  
To find your fragrance where did Nature go,  
Or Heaven, that deigns to us such good to spare ?  
Dear violets mine, that hand, that dearest hand  
That chose you from the others in the glade,  
In you such excellence and worth arrays ;  
She who my rude heart took, whose sweet command  
Made it all gentleness—to whom be aid !  
Her then, none other, for your beauty praise.

It will be observed that in the thirteenth line an insuperable difficulty presented itself, but as impossibility is the very atmosphere in which the translator continually works, this gave only pause, and not despair. It had to be flanked, so to speak, and here the two artists divided, one choosing to give up the condition which made it imperative to translate line

by line, in order clearly to present the wish of the writer for help to the giver of the flowers; the other holding to the first agreement and trying to make the longing wish understood through a poverty of words. In translating poetry such problems continually arise, and add indescribably to the zest of the labor.

*Anna C. Brackett.*

### A HEALTH

I FILL this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon;  
To whom the better elements  
And kindly stars have given  
A form so fair, that, like the air,  
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
Like those of morning birds,  
And something more than melody  
Dwells ever in her words;  
The coinage of her heart are they,  
And from her lips each flows  
As one may see the burden'd bee  
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
The measures of her hours;  
Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
The freshness of young flowers;  
And lovely passions, changing oft,  
So fill her, she appears  
The image of themselves by turns,—  
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
A picture on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts  
A sound must long remain;  
But memory, such as mine of her,  
So very much endears,  
When death is nigh my latest sigh  
Will not be life's but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon,—  
Her health! and would on earth there stood  
Some more of such a frame,  
That life might be all poetry,  
And weariness a name.

—By Edward Coate Pinkney. From "*A Treasury of American Verse.*" Edited by Walter Learned.  
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## THE RAMBLER

IT has been decided by the American Committee to close the subscription to the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial Fund in this country on the 31st of March, about which time it is expected that the work of the English Committee will be finished and the collected funds applied to beginning the proposed monument in Edinburgh. Those American friends and admirers of Mr. Stevenson who may still wish to contribute should therefore send any subscriptions before that time to Mr. Charles Fairchild, Chairman of the Committee, at 38 Union Square, New York.

Mr. Francis Wilson has made a record of his friendship with the late Eugene Field in a volume called "The Eugene Field I Knew," which is in the Scribner's press. "Like the Apostle," says Mr. Wilson, "he was all things to all men—and much to many. . . . He was a terror to the politicians, a Homer to the children, and different to, as well as from, everybody." Out of his intimacy with the author of "Little Boy Blue" he has made a book full of fascination.

"John Gilbert, Yeoman," by Richard Soans, is a story of Cromwell's time, in which Cromwell himself plays a speaking part. Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. have just published this tale, while Mr. S. R. Crockett's latest study of the fighting habits of Scotch Covenanters, "The Standard Bearer," will soon be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

A new book about Tourgénéff, soon to be issued by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., is called "Tourgénéff and His French Circle." It consists of the novelist's letters

to Mme. Viardot, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Flaubert, Taine, Renan, Zola, de Maupassant, and others.

Few men have greater treasures of reminiscence than the venerable scholar and Privy Counsellor, Max Müller, and the announcement by the Scribners of a volume of his personal recollections, with the title "Auld Lang Syne," stimulates the imagination most agreeably. For during a career extending over the most interesting part of the century, Professor Müller has known almost everybody and seen almost everything most worthy of interest. His reminiscences of the great musicians (he began to study music by stealth when five years old) embrace intercourse with Mendelssohn, Weber (his godfather), Liszt, Schumann, Jenny Lind, and Paganini; and among the other famous personages with whom his lot has been cast are Heine, Lamartine, Charles Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay, Faraday, Darwin, and Huxley, besides various members of the royal families of England and Prussia. The book is written with the greatest charm of frankness. We hope to present a review of it in the next number of THE BOOK BUYER, written by a gentleman who has repeatedly seen Professor Müller as a guest in his father's house, and whose name is one which the great scholar holds in highest admiration.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been giving a series of readings from his own works at the Lyceum Theatre under the management of Major Pond. It is stated that he intends to stay for a year, at least, in America. Mrs. Le Gallienne accompanies him.



The accompanying photograph of Sienkiewicz and his daughter forms the frontispiece to the new volume of his short stories—called “Ilania,” from the opening tale—which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have recently published.

Daudet’s last story, “Le Soutien de Famille,” will be issued within a few weeks simultaneously in France, England, and America. The Putnams are to publish the book here under the title “The Wage Earner.”

“Priscilla’s Love Story” is the title of a little book by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, which Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. will publish this spring. Another novel from the same house is “The Londoners,” which is said to be “a satire,” by the unconventional Mr. Robert Hichens.

Sarah Barnwell Elliott’s novel, “The Durket Sperrit,” which lately appeared serially in *Scribner’s Magazine*, will be published in book form by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., who issued her earlier books.

A volume of the poems of Mr. Philip B. Goetz, a poet who graduated at Harvard in 1894, are announced by Messrs. Richard G. Badger & Co. It is said that Mr. Goetz’s poetry “verges on the mystical.”

Professor Walter A. Wyckoff is hard at work in Princeton upon the second part of “The Workers,” the narrative of his two years’ life as a day-laborer. This, he says, will have to do with his experiment in the West, where he had exceedingly



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS DAUGHTER YADVIGA  
Copyright, 1897, by Jeremiah Curtin

instructive experiences, nearly starving on the streets of Chicago as a member of “the army of the unemployed,” living in tenement houses, associating with sweat-shop workers, attending anarchists’ meetings, and so on. Here he found his most valuable sociological material. Previous to this time his experience had been as a laborer in normal conditions in rural districts; now he met with the complicated problems brought about by organized labor in over-crowded cities, strikes, etc. Mr. Wyckoff seems to be writing about his experience, not so much as a sociologist as an impressionable human being; and the second part will probably be found even more absorbing than the first.

This photograph of the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson at Vaea is taken from Mr. Shoemaker's "Islands of the Southern Seas," which the Putnams have just published, and which is reviewed on another page. It gives a different idea of the size of the tomb from any picture which we have seen heretofore. Apparently taken from a point rather below the level of the base, the photograph makes the sarcophagus rise with greater dignity against the forest background.

We are to have a new edition of the poems of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson. The only American edition of her work up to the present time was brought out some years ago in San Francisco, largely for private circulation. T. Fisher Unwin of London made a reprint which has been on sale in England, but Mrs. Stetson's American friends have had difficulty in getting her poems. There must be a good

many of these friends, for it is said in Boston that every time the *Woman's Journal* reprints "Similar Cases," the edition of the paper is promptly exhausted, even though no announcement be made in advance that the poem is to appear once more. Mrs. Stetson is a daughter of Frederic Beecher Perkins and a niece of Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Howells once called her book "the best piece of civic satire published since the 'Biglow Papers;'" but in spite of this cordial comment Mrs. Perkins for some years has been giving most of her time not to poetry but to prose. The result of her work will appear in the early spring under the title, "Women and Economics," a short but careful and entertaining study of the reasons of and the necessity for the changes now going on in the relations of women to society. Both books will be brought out by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.



From "Islands of the Southern Seas,"

STEVENSON'S TOMB AT VAEA

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The same firm are also about to publish "Northland Lyrics," which might be called an anthology of the Roberts family, the best known member of which is the author of "The Forge in the Forest," Charles G. D. Roberts. The other members of this poetical family are two younger brothers, William Carman and Theodore, and the sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald. The new book will be made up of the poems of the two younger brothers and the sister, with an introductory poem by Charles G. D. Roberts, and a concluding poem by Bliss Carman, a cousin of the family.

This portrait of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop is now first published through the courtesy of her publishers, the Fleming H. Revell Co. Mrs. Bishop's new book on Korea is reviewed elsewhere in this number by one of her associates in the Royal Geographical Society.

"Korea and her Neighbors," Mrs. Bishop's new book, has received the usual welcome accorded to her records of travel. In England the first edition was sold out on the day of publication, and the American edition has proved almost as popular. A writer in *Literature* says of her: "At twenty-two years of age Miss Bird began to travel, and later to publish those works which have made her known to the world as a courageous traveller and acute observer of men and things. But she is also an active philanthropist and, indeed, may be said to follow literature rather as a recreation than as a profession; for her occupations have the widest possible range, and her books tell but of one part of her life and experiences."

Mr. Augustine Birrell has prepared a series of lectures upon copyright and copyright law. The lectures are to be delivered in London, where Mr. Birrell



ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP  
[From a recent photograph]

holds a professorship of law at University College.

The new "Dictionary of the Bible," which has been in preparation for some years, has now progressed so far that the first of the four volumes will be published (in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and in England by Messrs. T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh) during April. The work is edited by the Rev. James Hastings, the editor of the *Expository Times*, in collaboration with a distinguished array of specialists. Every Biblical student has felt the need of a comprehensive dictionary, recording the results of present-day scholarship, and every effort has been made to supply that need by this very inclusive work. Among the British scholars who have contributed articles, with their subjects, are the following: Professor Sanday of Oxford, Jesus Christ; Principal Chase of Cambridge, St. Peter, St. Jude; Professor Dods, Galatians; Professor A. B. Davidson of Edinburgh, Hosea, Jeremiah, Prophecy and Prophets of the Old Testa-

ment; Professor Strack of Berlin, Text of the Old Testament; Bishop Westcott of Durham, the Revised Version; Professor Driver of Oxford, Law, Priests and Levites in the Old Testament; Professor Bernard of Dublin, Miracles, Nature; Professor Armitage Robinson of Cambridge, Communion; Professor Laidlaw of Edinburgh, Psychology; Principal Stewart of St. Andrews, Bible, Grace, Theology. And among the American contributors are: Professor Warfield of Princeton, Faith; President Harper of Chicago, Minor Prophets; Professor Thayer of Harvard, Language of the New Testament; Professor Adams Brown of New York, Cross, Peace, Millennium, Salvation; Professor Purves of Princeton, Crown, Darkness, Logos, Pilate, Pentecost; and Professor Stevens of Yale, Holiness and Righteousness in the New Testament. The titles in history, geography, and natural history have been placed in charge of equally noted specialists, including Dr. Sayce of Oxford, Professor Flinders Petrie, and Dr. Post of Beirut.

The latest publication of the Dunlap Society is "A Group of Early American Theatrical Caricatures," a monograph by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman upon the twelve drawings made by W. J. Gladding, in 1867. We reproduce two of the caricatures, by permission of the Dunlap Society.

In the last number of *THE BOOK BUYER* a misplaced letter gave the title of Maurus Jokai's novel (which the Harpers have just issued) as "The Liar of Janina." Of course, it should have been "The Lion of Janina." The name refers to the great Ali Pasha, whose evil fame for cruelty and ambition was widespread many years ago. Ali Pasha was included, we believe, by Dumas, in his "gallery of celebrated criminals."



GEORGE L. FOX

[From the caricature by W. J. Gladding]

The latest publication of the Caxton Club, of Chicago, will be called "Some Letters of Edgar Allan Poe to J. B. Patterson of Oquawka, Illinois, with Comments by Eugene Field." It contains six facsimiles from the originals by Poe.

"Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History" is the title of a new volume of poetry by Mr. George Meredith soon to appear. There are three odes: "The Revolution," "Napoleon," and "Alsace-Lorraine." A popular edition of Mr. Meredith's is also in preparation by the Scribners. The text used will be that of the expensive definitive edition recently published, which was revised by the novelist's own hand.

Among the attractive announcements of the Harpers are Du Maurier's "Social Pictorial Satire: Reminiscences and Appreciations of English Illustrators of the Past Generation;" a book of travels in the



EDWIN BOOTH

[From the caricature by W. J. Gladding]

far northwest, called "Through the Gold Fields of Alaska," by Harry de Windt; "The Gods of Our Fathers, a study of Saxon Mythology," by Herman I. Stern; and Laurence Hutton's first-rate gossip about a certain sandy-haired Scotch boy who used to live near St. John's Park in the days when that was a fashionable neighborhood, called "A Boy I Knew, and Four Dogs."

New fiction from the Harpers includes "Spun Yarn," by Morgan Robertson; "The Golfcide," by W. G. Van T. Sutphen; "Dreamers of the Ghetto," by I. Zangwill; and "Four for a Fortune," a tale by Albert Lee.

Two novels of war and alarms are announced by the Appletons. "The Broom of the War God" is a tale of the recent war between the Greeks and Turks, by Henry Noel Brailsford; and "The Disaster" is a romance of the Franco-Prus-

sian war, by Paul and Victor Margueritte. The author of the first story fought in the Greek army; the joint writers of the second are sons of General Margueritte, who fell at Sedan. The book contains a character study of the ill-fated Marshal Bazaine.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are to bring out early this spring two new novels, "Hassan, a Fellah," by Henry Gilman, and "The King's Henchman," by John F. Fraser. The first is a romance of Palestine. "The King's Henchman" is also of the romantic school—a novel of the sixteenth century, for which the wars of Henry of Navarre furnish the background.

"The King of the Town," by Ellen Mackubin, and "An Elusive Lover," by Virna Woods, two novels fresh from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are the first issues in a series of "dollar novels" made by this house. The stories have no illustrations and depend entirely on their literary excellence for success, in a generation of low-priced and generally attractive "series" of the kind.

In "The Imported Bridegroom and Other Stories," Mr. Abraham Cahan has made studies of the Russian Jewish quarter of the East Side in New York. His volume of short stories will appear this month from the Riverside Press.

A new story by Mr. Stockton, called "The Girl at Cobhurst," is announced for early publication by the Scribners. It has not appeared serially. It is concerned with the love affairs of a man who is the victim of a matchmaking old lady's attentions, and Mr. Stockton's whimsical fancy makes the most of the situation. Other pieces of fiction in the Scribners' press (not previously announced) are

"Young Blood," by the Australian novelist, Mr. E. W. Hornung, and "Tales of Unrest," by Joseph Conrad, a new writer, whose stories are said to be marked by romantic and dramatic power.



The volume of Mr. John Jay Chapman's essays, just issued by the Scribners, includes essays on Emerson, Browning, Whitman, and Michael Angelo's sonnets, which are more or less familiar from their magazine publication; but the essay on Stevenson has not been published heretofore, and is a pungent piece of criticism, in which the author takes different ground from most writers who have chosen the author of "Treasure Island" for their theme.



The Macmillan Co. have just issued a constitutional history of France, written by John E. C. Bodley. The first volume deals with the Revolution and modern France; the second, with the Constitution and the Chief of the State.



The best answer to those who cling to the idea that only the great artists are in demand by the great magazines is the fact that every few months, in one or another of the leading magazines, appears the work of an unknown artist. And inquiry will frequently bring out the fact that the new man is well under thirty years of age. As a matter of fact, most art managers are not only willing to give new men a trial, but are on the lookout for hidden talent. They take pride in making discoveries.

It is almost invariably in connection with some one of the great "features" or with the leading serials that new illustra-

tors come to light and make names for themselves. In this way the *Century's* World's Fair articles brought Castaigne into prominence as an illustrator. W. R. Leigh was comparatively unknown until the *Scribner's* "Great Business" articles began, and in the same magazine the previous year the revival of the Olympic Games gave Corwin Knapp Linson his opportunity. "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and the Cumberland Mountain stories have made Louis Loeb. And of course the *Harper's* Western stories and articles were just what Frederic Remington wanted to make himself a famous illustrator.

In the gallery of "Revolutionary Pictures," the original paintings and drawings made for Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution" and Captain Mahan's "The American Navy in the Revolution," the work most admired next to Howard Pyle's is that of Mr. F. C. Yohn, who has



F. C. YOHN

done more of the battle scenes than any of the other artists. His painting in color of "The Battle of Brandywine," and the black and white of the "Camp Scene" at Valley Forge (with a single figure in the foreground which tells the whole story of the American army that memorable winter), have won so much attention, wherever the pictures have been exhibited, and his skill throughout in depicting dramatic scenes of intense action has proved so striking, that many have been asking who he is. He was born in Indianapolis, and studied three years at the Art Students' League in New York, and that was about all of his career up to the present time. There has hardly been time for more. When he began this Revolutionary undertaking he was twenty-two.

Mr. Walter Appleton Clark, who made "The Surprise at Trenton" and "Bunker Hill Monument from Copp's Hill" in the same collection, is not so old as that; he is twenty-one. His start, however, will not be identified so much with "The Story of the Revolution" as with a series of articles on "Life at Girls' Colleges," which is to be published this spring. His very first appearance as a magazine illustrator was made last summer while still a student at Chase's school, when the chance was given him to try his hand at some railroad types for Kipling's engine story "007." He made such a success of it that he was



ERNEST PEIXOTTO

soon entrusted with the entire illustration of Miss Elliott's "Squire Kayley's Conclusions," for the Christmas *Scribner*.

Mr. Clark was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, the summer of the Philadelphia Centennial, and went around the world in a sailing vessel when he finished school. Then he came to New York and studied at the Art Students' League for two years, and after that had a few months with Mr. Chase, which brings him up to date. Although so young, he is a thorough draftsman, and his pictures are strong in composition and character.

Ernest Peixotto is the Nestor of this trio, for he is nearly twenty-eight—a great age. He has been an illustrator much longer, and can tell these younger men the traditions of illustration in the early nineties, though, to be sure, he had hardly

left his studies in Paris at that time. He is a Californian by birth, as was told in a former number of *THE BOOK BUYER*, and has come to New York very recently, his first illustrations having appeared in the East-



WALTER APPLETON CLARK

ern magazines less than a year ago. His Congressional Library drawings won him first notice, but in his case, too, the fascinating subject of the Revolution has given him his opportunity for showing what he can do. His share of the work has chiefly been studies of still life, old battle-fields as they are to-day, celebrated rooms where celebrated scenes occurred, and historic buildings with a delicious feeling of Colonialism about them. Mr. Peixotto does most of his work in pen and ink, and sometimes wash and pen work combined in a way of his own.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has been in Washington for several weeks, making preliminary arrangements for an unusual literary expedition. Early in April he intends to start for the Klondike, where he expects to find plenty of "subjects made to his hand;" studies of men among conditions stern and elemental. His brother will accompany him. We believe they expect to return next October.

Somebody has written to *THE BOOK BUYER* asking about the authorship of a poem called "The Two Mysteries." Since this question refers to a too prevalent mistake, we take pleasure in reprint-

ing the poem, which was written by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and in giving several facts in the case not generally known.

Here is the poem :

### THE TWO MYSTERIES

In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he; adding, "We don't, either."

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep  
and still;  
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so  
pale and chill;  
The lids that will not lift again, though we may  
call and call;  
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles  
over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate  
heart-pain;  
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it  
again;  
We know not to what other sphere the loved who  
leave us go,  
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we  
do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they  
should come this day—  
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not  
one of us could say.  
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;  
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and  
see.

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and  
blessed is the thought!  
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we  
may tell ye naught;  
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of  
death—  
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of  
breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowl-  
edge or intent.  
So those who enter death must go as little chil-  
dren sent.  
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is  
overhead;  
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Perhaps the reference to Whitman in the note may have caused some misunderstanding as to the authorship of the poem. It was included in a collection of "Favorite Poems, from English and American Authors," published by Belford,

Clarke & Co. early in the 'eighties, and there was wrongfully credited to Whitman. Since then it has been reprinted in the newspapers hundreds of times, sometimes credited to Whitman instead of to Mrs. Dodge; and she has received a great many letters, first and last, asking for information on the subject. To all of her correspondents she has replied, in effect, that she wrote the poem in the summer of 1876, and it was first published in *Scribner's Monthly* (now known as the *Century Magazine*) in its issue for October, 1876. Later, the poem was included in a volume of her poetry, called "Along the Way," published in 1879 by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In 1876 the names of writers were not signed to their contributions in *Scribner's Monthly*, and accordingly no name stood at the end of Mrs. Dodge's poem. Her name was given in the table of contents and in the index to the volume, but it did not stand upon the same page with the poem. Thus, doubtless, arose the first chance for misunderstanding.

The tenderness and sympathy of the poem have endeared it to many thousands of readers. Somebody has made a collection of newspaper clippings, and concluded that it had been copied far oftener, than any other poem of Mrs. Dodge's. And since we are on the subject, we are glad to be permitted to print an interesting letter from Mr. Thomas D. Harned, one of Whitman's literary executors:

*My dear Mrs. Dodge:*

My attention has been called several times to the fact that your beautiful poem entitled "The Two Mysteries" has frequently appeared in print over the name of Walt Whitman, as if he was the author of it. In justice to yourself, this ought to be corrected and the true author's name attached to it at all times and places. As one of Walt Whitman's literary executors I would be glad of the opportunity to aid you in having the correction made. Walt thought it very lovely of you to make so much out of a simple incident which he





Very sincerely  
R. H. Peary, U.S.N.

never supposed would have been noticed, and he talked about the poem to me, and appreciated it highly. He always counted you among his friends.

Very cordially,

THOMAS D. HARNED.

It appears that M. Brunetière's American success last spring has appealed to some of his countrymen. M. René Doumic, his associate on the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is expected to arrive in America early this month, and will lecture at Johns Hopkins and at Harvard. The subjects of his lectures have not yet been announced. When M. Brunetière became editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Doumic took charge of the department of literary criticism. To have followed M. Brunetière as a literary critic, acceptably to the audience which the latter had held, is an achievement. M. Doumic has published several books upon the modern stage and contemporary writers. He was born in 1860, and is said to have been "the pride of that 'Ecole normale supérieure' to which France owes many of her chief writers, from Edmond About to Taine. His contributions to the *Journal des Débats* are widely appreciated, and he, too, is one of the men who is said to have been destined for the Academy.

The striking portrait of Mr. Robert E. Peary, which is published herewith for

the first time, is made from the most recent photograph by Mr. Rockwood, by whom the portrait is copyrighted. Mr. Peary's publishers, the Frederick A. Stokes Co., have his book in preparation and will issue it probably in April.



RENÉ DOUMIC

Mr. J. M. Barrie is about to receive the degree of LL.D. from St. Andrew's University. It is also announced by cable that Mr. Alfred Austin has severed his connection with the staff of the *London Standard* in order to devote himself wholly to poetry.

Thursday, February 12th, was Mr. George Meredith's seventieth birthday, and he received a letter of congratulation signed by some thirty of the most noted men and women of letters in England. The address was highly eulogistic. All the London newspapers referred to the event editorially. In the course of a long article the *Times* bestowed this high praise:

"It seems a strong thing to say, but it is a defensible position, that the only English artist who has left the world a richer gallery of fair women than Mr. Meredith is Shakespeare himself. . . . To perform that task one must have some share of Shakespeare's qualities; something, at least, of his subtle insight and of his magical utterance."

*The Rambler.*



BRONSON HOWARD

[From a photograph by Rinehart, of Denver]

## BRONSON HOWARD

**M**R. BRONSON HOWARD is generally regarded as the leader among living American playwrights, and his claim to the position can be justified on the score of length of service and the persistent devotion of his time and faculties to the practice of dramatic writing, as well as on the grounds of his professional and popular success. Mr. Augustin Daly, who, probably, has prepared more plays for the stage than any other man of his time, is entitled to recognition, chiefly, as an ingenious adapter; while of the other contemporary writers of more or less original theatrical work, from Messrs. Howells and Aldrich to Mr. Clyde Fitch, there is none who, in respect of quantity as well as of general quality, can contest Mr. Howard's superiority. It may be as well to note that the reference here is to prose writing only, and is not

meant to include occasional experiments in the poetic drama, such as "Francesca da Rimini" and "Ganelon," for instance, nor is there any intention of asserting dogmatically that Mr. Howard has written a better play than any other living American author. The "Mercedes" of Mr. Aldrich excels anything of his, both in literary and dramatic power, and other examples of less recent date might be quoted. But among the makers of modern plays dealing with American personages and American social life and incidents he stands at the head of the list.

The most satisfactory feature of his work is the slow but steady improvement exhibited in it—in spite of occasional lapses into unimaginative farce and rather clumsy melodrama—during the twenty-five years and more that he has been be-

fore the public. There is an immense difference between such juvenile efforts as "Fantine," "Moorcroft," and even the successful "Saratoga," which first brought his name into prominence, and such a ripe and capable piece of writing as his "Aristocracy," which, although not entirely free from his besetting weakness of exaggeration, must be allotted a high place among the best comedies produced on either side of the Atlantic during the last ten years. Though long in coming it completely justifies the confidence which induced him to adopt play-writing as his profession in life. Like so many others of his calling, he is a graduate of the school of journalism. Born at Hartford, Conn., in 1842, he was prepared for Yale, but was compelled by failing eyesight to abandon his studies. Later on, between 1867 and 1872, he attended a course of special lectures, and afterwards was connected for some years with different newspapers, including the *Evening Mail*, *Tribune*, and *Evening Post* in New York, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London. It was in 1864 that he made his first attempt to gain theatrical honors with "Fantine," founded on episodes in "Les Misérables," which was played in Detroit and was received with favor. Then followed a period of silence and discouragement. It was a long time before he could persuade any manager to give a hearing to "Saratoga," which was to lay the foundation of a fortune for others as well as for himself. The piece was only a rollicking farce, little better than a caricature of the society which it professed to portray, but it had an abundance of life and motion in it, was full of amusing, if not very credible, complications, and was performed—interpreted would be too serious a word—by a company capable of rattling through it with all the requisite lightness, dexterity, and rapidity. It is a melancholy reflection that

there is no company to-day, at all events in New York, that could repeat the achievement. The substantial merits of the piece were the ingenuity and compactness with which it was put together, and the sense of effective theatrical situation which it displayed.

In "Moorcroft," which was played in 1874, Mr. Howard essayed a more ambitious flight, taking for his theme the evils of slavery. He could not have chosen a more distinctively American subject, or one more rich in dramatic possibilities. Unfortunately his inexperience and his anxiety to make as strong a case as possible betrayed him into exaggerations which defeated his object. Neither his personages nor the incidents in which they figured bore the impress of truth. The excessive villainy of the elder half brother and his opportune repentance, such ancient devices as a forged will, eavesdropping, the reading of private letters by persons of presumably decent character, and other theatrical tricks of a similarly obvious and unskilful description indicated the hand of the novice; while the dialogue, although of fair general quality, was too diffuse. Of the so-called comic drama "Hurricanes," which was produced here in 1878, and a little later in London under the name of "Truth" (a local adaptation by James Albery), it is not necessary to say much. It was a sufficiently brisk and amusing farce, put together with some dexterity, but trivial and insignificant. "Old Love Letters," on the other hand, which was played at the same time, was a work of far superior calibre. This was a charming little comedy, neatly made and capitally written, true to nature, humorous in conception, and pleasant in sentiment. The fact that in its general motive it resembled Gilbert's "Sweethearts" detracted nothing from its merit. It excited pleasurable anticipations, which were more than ful-

filled in the much more ambitious and dramatic "Banker's Daughter," which followed it a few weeks afterward. This was recognized at once as a distinctively American play of decided value, with definite purpose; a strong, interesting, human story; a number of striking, well devised, and fairly plausible situations and vigorously sketched personages. The only really weak point in the scheme was the improbable silence of the heroine at the time of her marriage, a silence arbitrarily imposed upon her by the dramatist because the explanation which would have been natural in the circumstances would have put an end to future complications and the play. It may be urged in extenuation of this bit of dramatic license that the belated explanation, when it did come, furnished an uncommonly impressive scene, but this is scarcely a legitimate excuse. At all events the flaw is worth noting as an illustration of Mr. Howard's tendency to be more careful about his situations than the causes which lead up to them.

Of "Wives," a five-act comedy compounded out of "L'école des Femmes" and "L'école des Maris" of Molière, produced in 1879, it may be said that it succeeded better than might have been expected, but not well enough to encourage further experiments in the same direction. The borrowed scenes were blended with considerable ingenuity, and a good deal of the humor and spirit of the original were preserved; but the interpolations were less happy, and the general impression created by the play was that of misdirected cleverness. The parts were better than the whole, the work lacking coherence and proportion; but revealing, like its predecessors, literary facility and an appreciation of theatrical situation. Both of these last named virtues and several others were prominent in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," which was

played first in 1882. This play was worthy in every way of the author of "The Banker's Daughter." It had a serious motive—the practical illustration of the manner in which domestic happiness may be imperilled by a too persistent devotion to the mere business of money-getting by a well-meaning and affectionate husband—was well written and simply and clearly constructed, and proceeded logically from sufficient premises to a reasonable crisis, which was solved happily in the end by a familiar but always touching and sufficient expedient, a revival of conjugal love by the memory of a dead child. It dealt with fundamental human emotions in a direct and natural way, presented a truthful and interesting picture of contemporaneous life, and so fulfilled one of the main purposes of genuine comedy. The individual characters, although modelled after conventional types, were cleverly and freshly sketched; and one of them, Mrs. Dick Chetwyn, a shrewd, loquacious, and good-hearted woman of the world, was conceived in a vein of brisk and vivacious humor, illumined with flashes of real wit, that afforded admirable relief to the graver passages. Altogether the play was a workmanlike and artistic achievement, and a notable addition to the literature of the American theatre.

The three next productions of Mr. Howard, "Baron Rudolph," "One of Our Girls," and "Met by Chance," were designed to meet the requirements of particular performers of limited capacity, and it would not be quite fair, perhaps, to test them by any standard of exact criticism. They were of distinctly inferior quality to the best of their predecessors, obtained only a moderate degree of success, and may be dismissed without further consideration. "The Henrietta" (1887), although also written to suit the personal and professional peculiarities of certain

actors, belongs to a rather different category. It was probably intended, in the first place, to be a sort of dramatic sermon upon the demoralizing effect of Wall Street gambling, but degenerated finally into a medley of farce and melodrama, which could not be credited with any more artistic purpose than the entertainment of the crowd. To this end it was designed adroitly enough, the arrangement of the scenes showing the hand of the practised playwright; but regarded as a study, or even a sketch, of actual life, it was full of exaggeration and distortion, and all the more disappointing on account of the occasional suggestions which it afforded of misapplied literary and dramatic capacity. "Shenandoah," which came two years later, was of superior quality, dealing, as it did, with national and historical conditions, and being truthful in many of its particulars; but in its essence it was panoramic rather than dramatic, and although it presented a succession of stirring incidents, these were of the kind common in theatrical stock, and lacked the element of inventiveness. They were introduced, however, with skill and theatrical effectiveness, and the personages concerned in them possessed vitality and contrast. As a means of popular entertainment, the piece, with its rapid movement, strong coloring, and its appeals to patriotic feeling, was a clever and attractive bit of theatrical composition, but it was not the stuff of which literary and dramatic reputations are made.

The success which attended this venture warranted Mr. Howard in taking plenty of time for the preparation of his next play, "Aristocracy," which was not presented until the winter of 1892. This excellent comedy more than fulfilled the pleasurable anticipations excited by "The Banker's Daughter" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and, taking it altogether, may be pronounced the best American play of

this generation. Among its distinguishing merits may be enumerated a strong and interesting story, well differentiated characters, and a number of effective and generally logical dramatic situations all tending to the illustration of personal character and in harmony with the central motive, the contrast between the vices and meannesses of a degenerate or mock aristocracy as compared with the ruder but nobler characteristics of true but less polished manhood. Undoubtedly he exaggerated his case. Good manners are not always the cloak of villainy, nor are all rough stones diamonds. Moreover, there are many things in the older civilization which the younger civilization would do well to copy. But, on the other hand, the modern passion for money as a means of gratification of the vulgar love of display, and for social notoriety, is a great and growing evil which Mr. Howard assailed in this piece with excellent literary and striking dramatic effect. His dialogue was direct, vigorous, humorous, and witty, his characters life-like, and his imaginary complications fresh, ingenious, and, on the whole, reasonable. It is true that one of his most telling scenes was obtained by a rather characteristic disregard of probability, but a good deal of latitude in the direction of human conduct must be allowed to the dramatist, and, in this case, it would be ungenerous to do more than allude to a defect which, after all, is inconsiderable when accompanied by so many substantial merits.

It will scarcely be disputed that Mr. Howard's artistic reputation, which, of course, is something entirely apart from his position as a popular playwright, rests for the present upon "The Banker's Daughter," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Aristocracy," and "Old Love Letters;" and it is worthy of notice that these were separated by considerable intervals of time. The inference is that he does his

best work slowly, and that another representative play, marking yet another advance in skill and power, may be expected before long. Nothing that he has done thus far has suggested dramatic or literary inspiration, or the possession of great imaginative or inventive power. He has not, for instance, the fancy of Pinero, the humor of W. S. Gilbert, the brilliancy of Grundy, or the technical craft of Sardou; but he has keen perception, a broad and well cultivated intelligence, quick adaptability, a good literary style, which, at its best, is both vigorous and flexible, a sense of character, and a thoroughly practical knowledge of theatrical possibilities. He is apt to put too much dependence upon

action and situation and too little upon the development of character, and is not so careful as he ought to be concerning the due relations between cause and effect. He is also open to the charge of making too free use of old material; but, on the other hand, he shows discrimination in the selection of it and good workmanship in making it over. Best of all, he is exhibiting progress, and as he ought to have a good many working years still before him, there is every reason to hope that he may yet write the great American play for which we have all been waiting so long. He will come very near to it if he can redeem the implied pledge of his "Aristocracy."

*J. Ranken Towse.*

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### THE LOST EDEN

But yesterday was Man from Eden driven.  
His dream, wherein he dreamed himself the  
first  
Of creatures, fashioned for eternity—  
This was the Eden that he shared with Eve.  
  
Eve, the adventurous soul within his soul!  
The Sleepless, the unslaked! She showed him  
where  
Amidst his pleasance hung the bough whose fruit  
Is disenchantment and the perishing  
Of many glorious errors. And he saw  
His paradise how narrow: and he saw,—  
He, who had wellnigh deemed the world itself  
Of less significance and majesty  
Than his own part and business in it!—how

Little that part, and in how great a world.  
And an imperative world-thirst drove him forth,  
And the gold gates of Eden clanged behind.  
  
Never shall he return: for he hath sent  
His spirit abroad among the infinitudes,  
And may no more to the ancient pales recall  
The travelled feet. But oftentimes he feels  
The intolerable vastness bow him down,  
The awful homeless spaces scare his soul;  
And half-regretful he remembers then  
His Eden lost, as some grey mariner  
May think of the far fields where he was bred,  
And woody ways unbreathed-on by the sea,  
Though more familiar now the ocean-paths  
Gleam, and the stars his fathers never knew.

—From "*The Hope of the World, and Other Poems*," by William Watson. By permission of Mr. John Lane.





From "Audubon and His Journals."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

AUDUBON

[From the portrait by Henry Inman, now in the possession of the family]

## AUDUBON'S JOURNALS

THE winter's books have offered no surprise so complete and none so delightful as these journals of the great naturalist who "loved all things from God to foam bells dancing down a stream." We must go back several years to find rivals of them. There was one in the "Journal" of Scott, and perhaps another in the autobiographies and letters of Gibbon. With Audubon, as with Scott and Gibbon, some small part of the material had before been printed; but the new matter is so large in extent that

the complete work takes on wholly fresh and permanent interest. Very important additions have been made to our knowledge. Each one of these publications has constituted an event in literature and biography. But there are differences. Scott's "Journal" had already been wisely used by Lockhart, and Lord Sheffield had given us the best of Gibbon's several autobiographies. With Audubon, the hands which formerly had dealt with the journals, or with some parts of them, had manifested the very poorest judgment of values, nothing whatever that could be called literary sense.

Strange has been the history of these journals since that January day, forty-

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AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS. By Maria R. Audubon. With zoological and other notes by Elliott Coues, and many illustrations, including three new bird drawings. Charles Scribner's Sons, two volumes, 8vo, \$7.50.



seven years ago. when, in that part of Manhattan Island since called after Audubon, the fires of life went out of this man of nature—this gifted and devoted historian of the four-footed and winged creatures of the earth. A part of each of these volumes is taken up by a journal of Audubon's tour of the Missouri River in 1843—a journal which had been "lost in the back of an old secretary" until August, 1896, when found by two of his granddaughters. An autobiography which Audubon wrote for his children was found "in a barn on Staten Island," where it had been hidden away for many years. About fifteen years ago some of the journals—there are nine in all—came into Miss Audubon's possession; others have since been added; but

all had been "virtually lost for years." Researches have been made meanwhile in San Domingo, France, and New Orleans, the material collected making a mass perhaps five times as great as these two volumes contain—and yet other journals that Audubon wrote have been destroyed by fire in Kentucky. In the light of this ample store, the marvel is that Buchanan made so poor a book—"practically useless to the world and very unpleasant for the Audubon family."

Audubon's life is in itself a romance. He was truly a citizen of the world; he knew many lands, but never lived long in any one. He was everywhere at home. The freedom and soaring instincts of birds seem to have been Audubon's. And indeed there was something in the very



From "Audubon and His Journals."

EAGLE AND LAMB

Charles Scribner's Sons.

[Painted by Audubon in London, 1828. In the possession of the family]

soul of him that partook not of material things. He was strikingly unworldly in all his ambitions and tastes. He dwelt in the finer upper air. His most marked earthly attachments were domestic. The more sordid things never entered his heart. He recalls Wordsworth's lines :

'Type of the wise who soar  
but never roam,  
True to the kindred points  
of heaven and home.'

What a record of travel and adventure these journals disclose! Born on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain in a house lent to his father for the occasion, a house in which a future King of France, Louis Philippe, found refuge, he went with his parents to San Domingo as a child, only to escape the death that overtook his mother during an uprising of negroes. Going to France with his father, he was left alone with his second mother while his father returned to America to serve against England under Rochambeau and Lafayette. With his home in France during the most of Napoleon's wars, he was sent out of that country when there was danger of his being drafted into military service, and then settled in Pennsylvania near the Schuylkill. Here in the adjoining mansion home of her father, an Englishman, he met the woman whom he married. His children having been born, he found himself ruined in



From "Audubon and His Journals."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

*John, J. Audubon*

[From the miniature by F. Cruikshank, published by Robert Havell, January 12, 1835]

fortune, and turned to portrait-painting in Louisville and dancing lessons in New Orleans as a means of livelihood. Out of his very misfortunes, however, eventually came the circumstances which led to his world-wide fame. We are told, in a scriptural sense, that he who loses his life shall gain it; but with Audubon the saying was true as applied to an earthly career. Audubon had loved birds and beasts from his youth. He would always



From "Audubon and His Journals."

Charles Scribner's sons.

AUDUBON

[From the portrait by John Woodhouse Audubon. About 1841]

have been a hunter, a lover of forest shades and running brooks. But he scarcely ever would have done the world the magnificent service he did had trade prospered with him in Kentucky.

The eminent men of his time whom Audubon knew strike the reader quite as forcibly as does the wide range of his travels. He not only knew the streams and forests of his own country from Maine to Florida, from the Ohio Valley to the mouth of the Mississippi; he not

only explored the valley of the Missouri and the barren regions of Labrador, but he knew Daniel Boone and Dr. Parkman; in Edinburgh he met Scott while Scott was writing the life of Napoleon, Jeffrey while he was editing the great organ of literary criticism of that time; in England, Bewick and Sir Thomas Lawrence; in France, Cuvier and the Duc d'Orleans. Wherever Audubon went, he found his way. Jeffrey alone appears to have regarded him distantly: "He never came near me and I never went near him, for if he was Jeffrey I was Audubon."

Miss Audubon has published these choice memorials out of love for her father, and as a tribute to the love her father

bore her grandfather. Seldom has any among the daughters of men had a rarer privilege than this, and few are they who would have performed the task with the same abounding love, joined to such sanity of judgment and such gentleness of touch. Handsome as the volumes are in point of manufacture, there is something here that is finer still—the beauty of honorable pride and affection joined to the beauty of knowledge and good sense.

*Francis W. Halsey.*

## OTTO ZAHN AND HIS BOOKBINDINGS

**I**N all the sisterhood of the fine arts, nowhere is conscientious fidelity to detail more necessary, and that careful elaboration which marks true devotion to art for its own sake, than in the work of the bookbinder. The most delicate skill is required; the rewards of ambitious endeavor are to be found in recognition by a much smaller public than that which cares for a painting or a statue.

Although the field is thus restricted, it is gratifying to know that the modern

binder of fine books, whose work is found worthy to take place with the classic examples of the art, does receive proper appreciation, and that the number of men and women who can achieve distinction in this work is steadily increasing.

Among these workers, Otto Zahn, of Memphis, Tennessee, by steady application, patient study, and unaffected sincerity of purpose, has won himself a high place among bookbinders in America.

Mr. Zahn's work was first brought to the attention of lovers of fine bookbinding by his brilliant display at the Agricultural Hall, London, in 1893, where his bindings were commended by the best judges of the art. The next year he was selected by Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, of London, to bind a copy of Morris's "King Florus," Mr. Zahn being one of the seventy-five binders so selected from all parts of the world for skill and ability. His book received more compliments, perhaps, than any other of the series, and, with seven of the other most noteworthy bindings, it was selected for an autochromatic reproduction in the Tregaskis catalogue. This was called to the attention of some of the best judges of such work in New York, and materially added to his reputation among lovers of the bookbinder's art in this city.

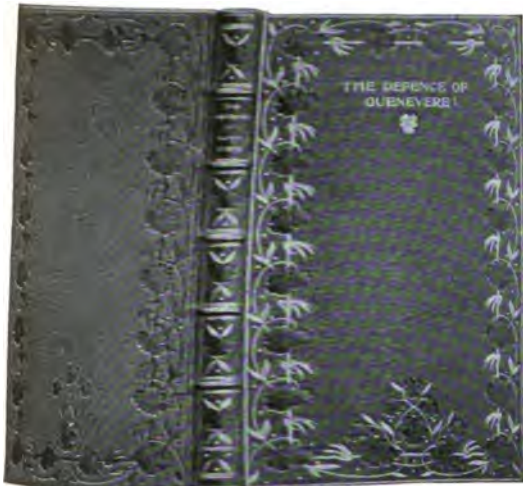
In the spring of 1897 he exhibited at the Grolier Club, in New York, a number of brilliantly tooled designs which called forth much praise. In the autumn of the same year, at the Scribners' annual exhibition of fine bookbindings, he made a most creditable display. During the same year his books took the first prize at the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition for superiority in style, design, and workmanship. His patrons are now many, and include some of the most prominent



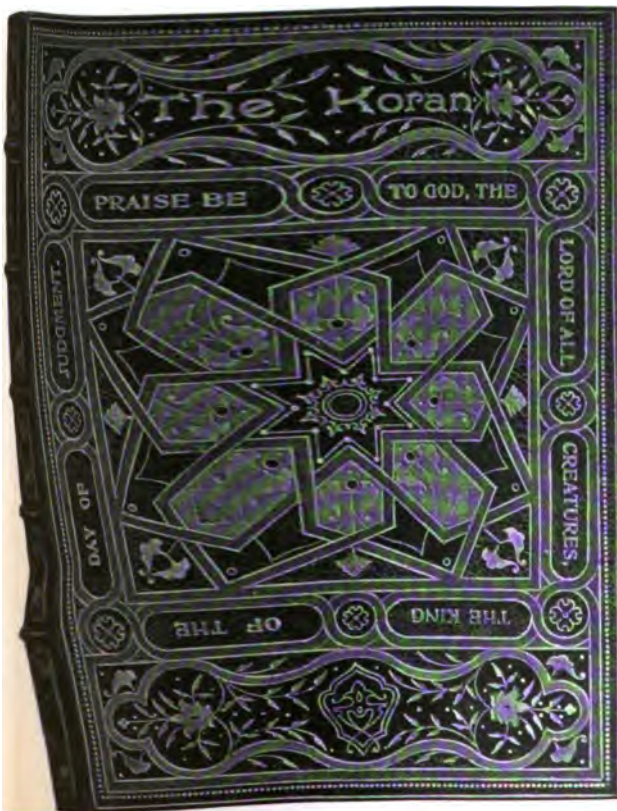
*Otto Zahn*

[From a photograph by F. M. Somers of Memphis]





YELLOW CRUSHED LEVANT ; BLIND AND GOLD TOOLING



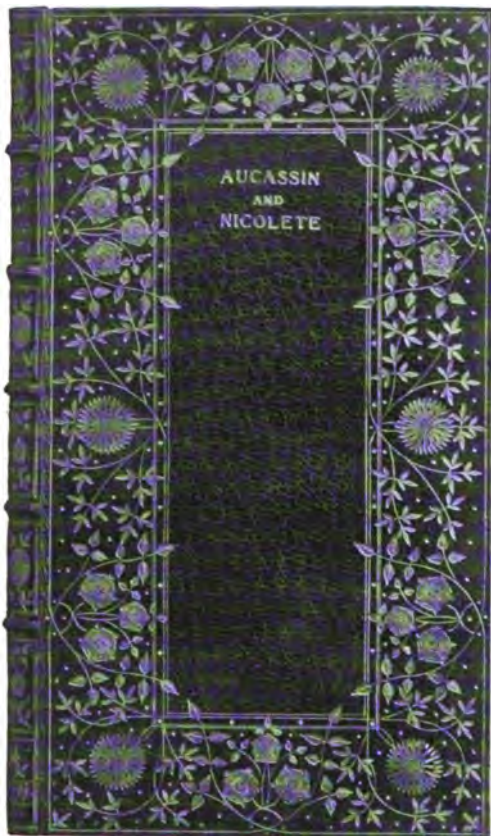
PLUM-COLORED CRUSHED LEVANT, MORESCUE STYLE, INLAID WITH PALE AND DARK BLUE, CRIMSON, WINE-RED, AND CITRON

collectors of fine bookbindings in France, Germany, England, and America.

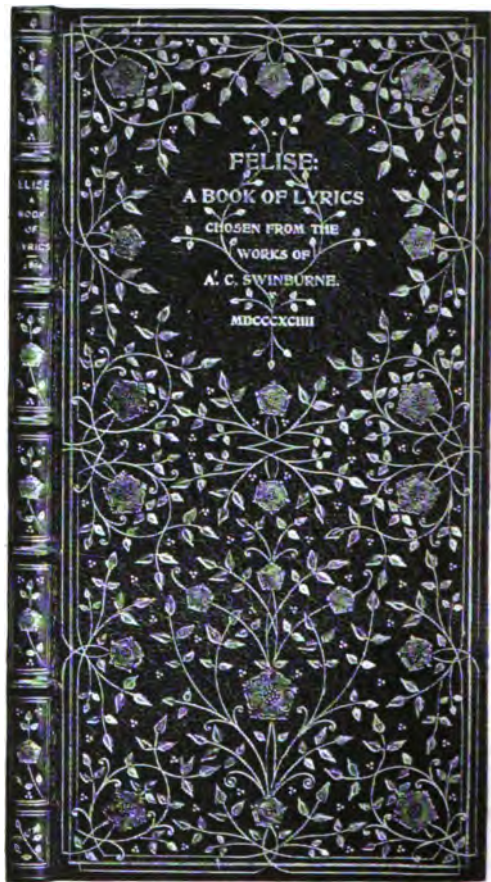
Mr. Zahn was born forty-one years ago in the principedom of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Germany, and was the son of a Protestant clergyman. He received his schooling there, and was placed in a small bindery at Arnstadt, in the same principality, where he learned to fold, sew, bind, and finish, and to make portfolios, pocketbooks, albums, and other articles required for the fancy stationery trade, which in Germany is generally combined with that of bookbinding. After this apprenticeship, in the year 1873 he set out on his travels, and for ten years pursued a most interesting and eventful career, incidentally finding his way into some of the best binderies of Germany, Italy, Egypt, Switzerland, France, England, Brazil, the West Indies, Mexico, and the United States.

He settled at Memphis in 1884, and since that time has quietly followed his work there, executing many bookbindings and contributing articles to various book-makers' periodicals in Germany, England, and this country.

While he greatly admires the superb bindings of the sixteenth century, he is yet an earnest advocate of the modern school. But though he believes in modern methods and designs, his work is not to be classed with that school of ornamentation which is derived from the Japanese, and he makes no poster-bindings. He prefers to follow his own inspirations, and in so doing considers conventionalized floral forms the most suitable motives for nineteenth-century decoration. These forms, as he conceives, must be represented in



BROWN CRUSHED LEVANT



BROWN CRUSHED LEVANT

organic design, and one will, therefore, never find any capricious or arbitrary arrangement in his bindings. In his judgment, the best bookbinding is an art in which only he will succeed who is at the same time the forwarder, the designer, and the finisher of his work. Hand and mind must work together, and one mind must conceive and direct the making of the binding in all its details. It is the merest commonplace to say that neither sewing nor forwarding should be neglected for the decoration. Fine bindings must have flexible silk sewing, hand-sewn silk headbands, broad, untrimmed margins, inlaced boards. They must be bound in the best material obtainable—which is French levant morocco—and

handled in every stage of their construction with the utmost care.

To quote Mr. Zahn's own words: "Any style of any period will prove worth making, provided the artist knows just what he is about. In considering the elements of a design it must be remembered that style does not merely relate to decoration, as is too often supposed, but originates in construction, to which decoration is only subsidiary. Style implies some dominating influence, reflecting the mind of the age in all its works, and therefore presumes a certain unity of character throughout. The design must have regard to construction, and consequently to the proper use of materials, prior to the con-



sideration of its ornamental decoration. As construction necessarily implies a purpose, utility must take precedence of decoration.

"Construction necessitates proper choice of materials, and as each material has its own mode of manipulation, and is wrought by separate and varied processes, design must necessarily be bad when it applies indiscriminately the same forms or ornamental treatment to materials differing in nature and application.

"The man who would cover a ledger with velvet, and ornament it with silver mountings, would be no more guilty of violating that law than he who should ornament his leather-bound books with the fronts of cathedrals, stone tracery, etc.,

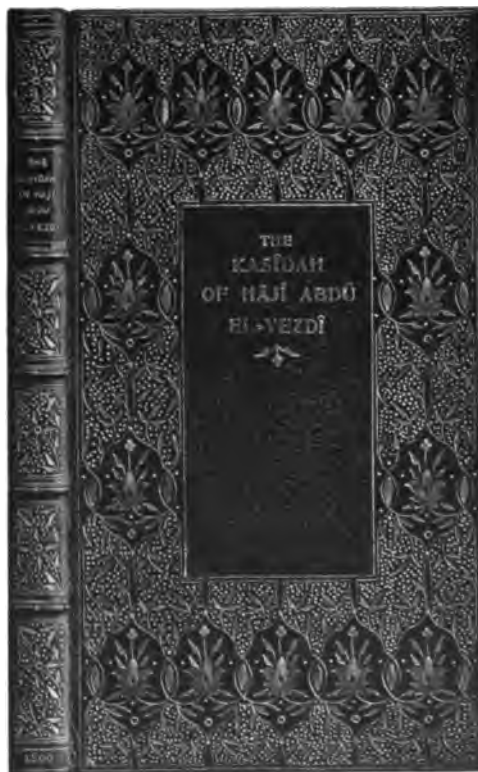
or be satisfied with a mere imitation of natural objects for decorative purposes. 'No art is noble which in any way depends on direct imitation for its effect on the mind,' but he who ornaments must learn something of restraint, and guard against over-ornamentation by seeing how nature restricts her true ornaments, the flowers, to the most salient and culminating points, and sprinkles them sparingly, and in contrast with the foliage."

The bindings of which photographs are reproduced are good general examples of Mr. Zahn's work. Entirely free, as they are, from any affectation or attempt to "create a school," they show the hand of the master craftsman, the conscientious and painstaking artist.

*Walter Malone.*



CRIMSON CRUSHED LEVANT, INLAID



GREEN CRUSHED LEVANT, INLAID WITH CRIMSON

## THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE first month of 1898 has dealt death very heavily in the world of letters. I think nobody has been more regretted than Lewis Carroll, whom a few Oxford people and mathematicians knew as the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, divine and don. Somebody recently declared that "Alice in Wonderland" will be the only English book of our generation popular a century hence. Certainly it has got right into the minds of Young England, for its humor is charmingly childlike. Young England has also lost another friend in the scholarly Dean Liddell, for every schoolboy knows Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon "outside in."

The promise of the year is largely in the direction of biography. The recent heavy death-list alone would create that, but there is really a revived interest in biography, due perhaps to the dearth of absorbing fiction. Mr. Murray will be well to the front with a life of Susan Ferrier, the novelist, whose striking novels were at first believed to be the work of Swift himself. Another interesting book announced from Albemarle Street is a life of George Borrow, the author of "Lavengro," by Professor Knapp. The memoir of the Duchess of Teck, by Mr. Kinloch Cooke, should be popular, for the princess was beloved by everybody. Mr. Cooke is a journalist who has been connected with many endeavors.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, who is to publish a continuation of his entertaining diaries through Mr. John Murray, is one of the most remarkable figures in political literature of the reign. He is just seventy, all but a year. His father wrote the standard "History of the Mahrattas"; and his brother, who has taken the name of Ainslie, is a scholarly country gentleman, who has translated, among other things,

"Reynard the Fox." During the time he sat in Parliament (1857-1881), Sir Grant occupied some of the greatest positions of state, rounding off his political career by becoming Governor of Madras (1881-1886). For a long time he lived at York Lodge, Twickenham—immortalized by Pope—which he sold to the Duke of Orleans, from whose father he had bought it. Sir Grant's kinsfolk have become famous in the persons of Mary Duff ("Byron's Mary"), and more notably the Duff-Gordons, who have been succeeded in the old Scots estate of Fyvie by a rich Scoto-American, Mr. Forbes Leith. The Duff-Gordons afford an extraordinary example of hereditary literary tastes, for Miss Lina Duff-Gordon, a young lady of four and twenty, is about to publish a book on Perugia, on which she has collaborated (for Messrs. Dent) with Miss Margaret Symonds, the daughter of John Addington Symonds. Miss Duff-Gordon's grandmother was Lady Duff-Gordon, who translated "The Amber Witch," and wrote many classic books of travel. Her ladyship's daughter, Mrs. Ross, has written "Three Generations of a Norfolk Family," a charming book, and her mother was Sarah Austin, the translator of Von Ranke, and the daughter of Samuel Austin, the jurist. It is not often that one comes across a family so imbued with the instinct to express themselves in literature of some sort or another. I may add that Sir Grant's new volumes will cover the years 1873 to 1881, and will include notices of Tourguénieff, Hans Andersen, Renan (whom he has already treated in a separate book), Taine, Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Kinglake, and, in fact, everybody who was anybody at that time.

The *Academy's* awards on the best books of 1897—£100 to Mr. Stephen Phillips



and £50 to Mr. Henley for his biographical sketch of Burns—have been received very favorably on the whole. But for the fact that Mrs. Craigie's father, Mr. John Morgan Richards, owns the paper, and that, therefore, "The School for Saints" was not entered for competition, I think that clever book would have had a good chance. As it is, the money will be very useful, both for Mr. Phillips, who has really waited long for recognition, and for Mr. Henley, for whom strong efforts have been made for Government recognition. The *Academy* has certainly strengthened its position in point of popularity by its two recent booms. Mr. Lewis Hind, its editor, has surrounded himself with clever people, of a certain school, just as he did on the *Pall Mall Budget*, which he conducted till Mr. Astor stopped it in a summary way.

Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye, whose book on a journey through Northern Russia has been dedicated to the Tsar, comes of an old English family who have an extraordinary instinct for adventure in any shape or form. Some of them have distinguished themselves in the army. Mr. Trevor-Battye himself, with strong scientific tastes, has turned explorer, his best book being "Ice-bound on Kolguev." He has done a good deal of natural-history journalism. Messrs. Constable, who publish his new book, also issued the account of the travels of the Tsar himself. Indeed, they seem to hesitate in fixing on a specialty in publishing, for, while they have gone in for expensive books in exploration (notably Nansen's), they have also taken up pure literature, like Francis Thompson and Mr. Meredith, the latter, presumably, because his son is a partner in the firm.

I am assured that Mr. Le Gallienne's new book, "The Romance of Zion Chapel," which Mr. Lane is to publish on both sides, is absolutely without offence. Mr.

Le Gallienne has rather played with his publics—the public that liked "The Religion of a Literary Man" being quite different from the audience for which "The Quest of the Golden Girl" has a charm. He is going to America, under the direction of Major Pond and Mr. Lincoln, and will remain with you, I understand, for a year. I may note that his brother-in-law, Mr. James Welch, one of our cleverest character actors, is very pleased with the short trip which he has recently made to America on a matter of theatrical business.

Though *Literature* has raised its eyebrows at the persistent twanging of the Celtic harpstring, the young Irish party are so far from being dismayed that they are to launch out with a sort of Independent Theatre Society, and produce plays of their own. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is one of the leading spirits in the movement, is a tall thin young man of thirty-two, with a scholarly stoop in his shoulders, and a dreamy, preoccupied air, which strikes you as being out of date if you meet him in a bustling London street. His father and his brother are artists. He himself has clung to the path of poetry, where he first found his *métier* with "The Wanderings of Oisín." If his theatre can find plays as poetic as his "Land of Heart's Desire," it should succeed, though a public with the Cockney view-point will not book seats for it on an unlimited scale. Meantime, the Irish Text Society has got some excellent material in hand. There is no reason why it should not succeed as much as the Scottish Text Society, which Lord Rosebery helped to found, and which he eulogized the other day in a great speech.

Mr. Andrew Lang has been laboriously shadowed by a Dundee bibliographer, Mr. C. M. Falconer, who has compiled a "Catalogue of a Lang Library." No fewer than 658 volumes are enumerated

as owing their existence solely or in part to Mr. Lang. But that does not represent anything like his output, which is enormous, because it is steady. A great deal of it has been done anonymously, and, as Mr. Lang cannot be proud of it all, he is not likely to put a bibliographer on the track of everything he has done. Indeed, I question whether he himself could recall it all. As I mentioned some months ago, Mr. Frank Murray, the publisher of Derby, is at work on a bibliography of Mr. Austin Dobson's contributions to literature. That should prove a far easier task. Mr. Dobson, I may remark, is one of the few authors who still find enjoyment in visiting their publishers constantly.

Two new journals have appeared—the *Outlook*, a threepenny weekly, which has taken the place of the *New Review*, and the *Long-bow*, which is being edited by one of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's late colleagues. The editor of the *Outlook* is Mr. Percy Hurd. He is one of a young band of men who, brought up in a little London suburb, called Crouch End, have all risen to editorial chairs. The best known of them is Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and other periodicals, and the biographer of Brontë. Another, Mr. C. H. Grinling, edits the new Sunday paper called the *News of the Week*, and is much in evidence at this

moment as the author of a "History of the Great Northern Railway" (Methuen). Mr. Hurd is the London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, and also of a Canadian journal.

The future fortunes to be found in journalism lie, I think, in the direction of Sunday newspapers. The grim Puritanic character of the English "Sabbath" is slowly being attacked from many sides, and it will ultimately give way in favor of a Sunday paper which can be read by everybody. The latest effort in this direction is the *Sunday Special*, which, while directed by, and in the interests of, Jews, appeals to the great outside public that is unaffected by the claims of Zionism or the sorrows of Dreyfus. The number of papers owned by Jews in London is already large. The *Daily Telegraph*, the most widely read morning paper, is the property of Sir Edward Lawson, who is of Hebrew origin. The *Daily News* is believed to owe something to Jewish capital, while two old-established Sunday papers, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, are owned by a Jew and edited by his wife, Mrs. Beer. The *St. James's Gazette* is also a Jewish property, while the *Critic*, which recently attacked Mr. Labouchere, and the *Diggers' News*, both of which, from different standpoints, look mainly on South African affairs, are owned by Jews.

J. M. Bullock.

## SEA FOG

HERE danced an hour ago a sapphire sea :

Now, airy nothingness, wan spaces vast,

Pale draperies of the formless fog o'ercast,

And wreathed waters grey with mystery !

The ship glides like a phantom silently,

As screams the white-winged gull before the  
mast ;

Weird elemental shapes go flitting past,

Which loom as giant ghosts above the quay.

The vapor lifts ! Again the sea gleams bright ;

The heavens have hid within their chambers far

Cloud-stuff of gossamer, from which are spun

To-morrow's skyey pomps inwove with light,

The belted splendors for the rising sun,

And rosy curtains for the evening star.

—From "At Minas Basin, and Other Poems."

by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. By permission of Mr. William Briggs, Toronto.



From "The Decoration of Houses."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

ROOM IN THE GRAND TRIANON, VERSAILLES  
[Example of simple Louis XIV. decoration]

## HOUSE DECORATION

**T**HIS book has come at an opportune moment. At the World's Fair it was proved beyond peradventure that when architect, sculptor, and painter work in harmony the result is good. Since then, terms hardly known before in America have become familiar: "mural painting," "architectural sculpture," "the allied arts," and on all sides one hears of the "Decorative Art movement."

Societies have been formed in behalf of the allied arts as applied to the treat-

ment of great public monuments. Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Codman have in turn stepped forward as the protagonists of harmony in the treatment of that lesser but perhaps even more important monument, the private house; they show us the *room* as a part of the art evolution, that proportion governs here as elsewhere, that every part of the room or its furnishing, from the great chimney-piece to the smallest tabouret, is an enlisted soldier in the service of a general effect, that not a chair nor a table can be autonomous but rather that all must be disciplined. In sum, they show us that

**THE DECORATION OF HOUSES.** By Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr. With 56 full-page illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, \$4.00.

a room must not only relate to its own uses, but that all of its parts are interdependent and that it is in itself as much a composition as is any picture. To this wide field for the enunciation of principles, the balancing of relations, Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Codman have brought sincerity, enthusiasm, taste, technical knowledge, and clearness of presentation; once within the entrance hall of their house, they establish themselves firmly upon proportion as their guiding principle.

The lesson of their book is that, within this governed circle, invention, even inspiration at times, may find room for being, but that without it there is at once a disequilibrium which soon degenerates into chaos. Governing principles cannot be too plainly enunciated in a country which, like America, is in its æsthetically formative period. In a land which has art traditions, where the background is centuries old, the decorator working from a full mind may be pardoned many fan-

tasies, the all-compelling sense of tradition will bring him back after he has had his fling; but in a new country, the man or woman who has just returned from Europe finds it hard to realize that the orderly confusion of the best houses there is the result of evolution, not of eccentricity. It ensues that in the new country barbarisms will abound, the result of an ignorant eclecticism which takes as readily from a decadent period as from one of upgrowth, from the Second Empire as from the *cinque*



From "The Decoration of Houses."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

MANTELPiece IN THE VILLA GIACOMELLI, AT MASER, NEAR TREVISO. XVI. CENTURY  
[Showing iron doors in opening]



From "The Decoration of Houses."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

MANTELPiece IN DUCAL PALACE, URBINO. XV. CENTURY

[Transition between Gothic and Renaissance]

light and may be looked from, that fire-places may contain fire and should not be draped with silks nor even with woollens. They lead us by hall and stairs, and show us that a place of passage differs in its requirements from a place of rest; they note "the mixed ancestry" of the modern drawing-room, half *bourgeois*, half *gala* in character (we all remember its caricature, "Boffin's Bower," where the husband's end of the room had a sanded floor and deal chairs, while that "highflyer at fashion," Mrs.

*cento*. Even when a good thing is chosen an untrained would-be-decorator will often push it too far, and for the sake of his special effect will sacrifice the ensemble. Against all such procedure Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Codman set their faces resolutely. They lead us through the house from room to room; they remind us, and the modern householder has need of their reminder, that walls are meant to support something, that doors are for entrance and exit, that windows should give

Boffin, had gilding and upholstery at her end of the Bower). They take us through ball-room and gallery, and show us that the spacious magnificence of Italian state apartments was intended by their creators to relate not to the garish daylight which accompanies the modern tourist, but to torches and candles; and on their way through the music-room they plead for more grace in the form of the piano, which has so suffered from "its elephantine supports" and the "weak

curves of the lid." In the library they note the decorative value of books, and in the dining-room demand that light-colored walls shall help to light the whole room and thus to minimize the heat produced by artificial over-lighting; in the bedroom they denounce the upholstering into fixtures of stuffs which should be movable and washable; last of all, in the nursery they find that the child who is to grow into the man or woman is well worthy to be influenced by an æsthetic environment.

Some readers may sigh that they cannot live up to such an ideal house as is here described, may say that in the economy of their æsthetic ordering they are forced by exiguity of space or by other considerations to run counter to some of the rules laid down by the authors; but the latter do not assert that the ideal is possible always or to all—their business is to enunciate principles and they do so emphatically and consistently. They would probably admit that their very consistency may sometimes, though rarely, force them to a conclusion unsuited to American conditions. Thus they say on page 41, in speaking of decorated walls, that many "artists who are wasting their energies on the production of indifferent landscapes and unsuccessful portraits might in the quite different field of decorative painting find the true expression of their talent."

Given adherence to the principles laid down by the authors, this is logical enough, for such adherence builds up a school on sound traditions. The mural-painter of Pompeii, the Renaissance painter of unimportant wall surfaces, might be a fourth-rate man, yet do yeoman service, for he was born of tradition and fostered upon principles, but in America to-day even the second-rate painter would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be the very one who knows and cares nothing

about traditional principles in wall-painting. His "decorations" would be intolerable, and we may nowhere demand more severity of training than in the man whose work is to be mural, that is to say, immovable and constantly before our eyes. Probably no one would subscribe more readily to this dictum than would Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Codman, who, throughout their book, insist first and last upon limitations within certain lines, subjection to certain principles.

Every chapter of their book contains sentences potential in their corrective value, and the text is accompanied by many clearly printed reproductions in regard to which the authors are careful to remind us that if, as the advocates of severity rather than of luxury, they have seemed to take their examples from palaces and peculiarly pretentious buildings, they have chosen such because rooms which have been visited by the average tourist are, from their familiarity, more easily comprehended and therefore more elucidative than would be less well known interiors.

The book is a thoroughly welcome one and should be a very present help to the many who realize that the material environment of home life has a real influence, and who will be only too glad to find that this environment, if properly studied, can be understood, and that, although high art can be comprehended and great art possessed by few, any intelligent and well-to-do person may possess a good room or suite of rooms.

The authors address themselves to two classes, the moderately well-to-do and the wealthy. To the former they show that any well-proportioned room is a handsome room if not deformed by the application of bad detail, bad color, or the introduction of ugly furniture. In regard to the latter detail, furniture, etc., they further demonstrate that the greater

cost of the good thing usually depends upon the fact that it is less commonly used than the bad thing, and show that once popularized it may become as cheap as its rival. In addressing themselves to the wealthy, the authors say quite truly that "every carefully studied detail exacted by those who can afford to indulge their taste will in time find its way to the carpenter-built cottage," and that "once the right precedent is established it costs less to follow than to oppose it."

In fact, the effort of the authors is in the direction towards which every American architect, sculptor, painter, decorator, worthy of the name must tend if we would build up a national school of art; the direction which is pointed by "the sense of interrelation of parts, of unity of the whole . . . the application of principles based on common sense and regulated by the laws of harmony and proportion."

*Edwin H. Blashfield.*



From "The Decoration of Houses."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

STAIRCASE OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, NANCY. LOUIS XV. PERIOD

[Built by Héré de Corny; stair rail by Jean Lamour]

## NEW FRANCE

A FRENCH historian of our own times with "the international and comparative cast of mind," with "workmanlike methods," and "a well-nigh perfect temper"! Show me first, I was about to say, a black swan, or a cat shedding tears. Yet Dr. Shaw has ascribed such characteristics to M. Coubertin, and, *mirabile dictu*, Dr. Shaw is right. These are M. Coubertin's distinctive traits. To be sure, they deprive the volume of that personal note of pose and volatility which has hitherto dominated a great deal of French history and criticism. Nor is there any pressing necessity, despite the author's frequent mention of that philosopher, of dubbing M. Coubertin the Tocqueville of our day, as does the eulogist in his introduction. That a Frenchman should so satisfactorily have met the demands of America for a concise, vigorous, and symmetrical account of the evolution of France under the Third Republic, is indeed wonderful beyond belief, though not more wonderful than that the same work should a few months ago have scored a Parisian success. As it is, no contemporary foreign treatise of the same compression contains an equal amount of observation pertinent to the needs of American patriots and educators. Impossible as it has been to sketch full-length portraits of the many dramatic and interesting figures that move before our eyes, by a succession of skilful touches M. Coubertin has gradually revealed their true character. If you do not believe it, compare his candid and objective method with the heavy brush and stuffed club of M. Rochefort's "Adventures."

As in a good novel, the personages dis-

close themselves in action by degrees; and when one has traced their varying careers, the portraiture is psychologically complete. After Sedan Jules Favre, "in the midst of a glacial silence," proposed the abolition of the Empire. To Germany he answered: "Not an inch of our territory, not a stone of our fortresses." Yet he set his name to the fatal treaty of peace which dismembered his country. Are not these three touches absolutely convincing? Again: Thiers was a bad diplomat and a sentimentalist. He wished in his own person to "present the Republic to Europe," beginning with London. Verily, we know him as well as we do the woman who won't renew the velvet edging on her skirt. When M. Grévy was elected to the presidency, Marshal MacMahon was prompt to congratulate him. "I wished," he said, "to be the first to greet the head of the State." With admirable frankness the third president, who till then had been a plain lawyer, depended on the Marshal for advice; and he possessed the tact, as doubtless the French would say, to resign when his son-in-law was implicated in the scandal of a traffic in crosses of the Legion of Honor. Surely one can paint in the remaining colors. While many lost caste in the sensational revelations of the Panama affair, the illustrious Carnot, we are told, exhibited a rare and exquisite honesty—"so pure, so upright, so absolute, that France sometimes forgot to notice it, as if she found it quite natural to have for chief the most virtuous of her sons."

We have instructive glimpses of many besides these four presidents. There was Jules Ferry, incomprehensible to the masses with his "necessary" and "secondary" measures and his approval of only peace or war with Germany, who

THE EVOLUTION OF FRANCE UNDER THE THIRD REPUBLIC. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. With Introduction by Dr. Albert Shaw. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 8vo, \$3.00.



asked what men were good for if not to be worn out in the service of their country, and indeed was, with Gambetta, the true founder of the Republic; and Gambetta—his vibrating eloquence—the man of destiny who nevertheless skilfully prepared the way for the triumph of his ideas, who described the Commune as a “criminal insurrection” in the same breath with which he proposed amnesty for the Communists; and Jules Simon, who attributed American malfeasance to rotation in office, not to mention the Duc Decazes, Freynet, Clémenceau, M. Ribot, M. Dupuy, the incendiary poet Déroulède, and M. Rochefort, whose insolent triumphs suggest to the historian a “noble gone wrong,” and M. Constans, who hesitated not to oppose Boulangism, the hollowness and audacity of which were emphasized by Boulanger’s flight before the dazzling brilliance of the Universal Exposition, and M. Duroy, the Roman chronicler and minister of public education—ah, there is no lack of biographical interest.

As may be inferred from his advocacy of athletics as a moral safeguard to young France and from his recent recommendation of the reestablishment of the Olympian games, M. Coubertin has definite ideas concerning education and its relation to Church and State, and is not daunted by any

difficulties attaching to the discussion of socialism and colonial government. These matters are dealt with in separate chapters following the history, which concludes with the assassination of Carnot. “A sort of essentially town-bred lounge spirit” prevails in the foreign offices. Tunis, Tonkin, Dahomey, have been a good check upon the relaxation of French youth in times of peace, who are rendered anæmic by the exclusively intellectual and antihygienic education they have received. The presence of foreign students in Paris, too, reacts



From “France under the Third Republic.”

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

AD. THIERS, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

wholesomely upon their hereditary cynicism. To those who would impose religious instruction on the public schools, M. Coubertin replies that "a state of soul" cannot be regulated by law. And teachers are unprepared to impart even moral enlightenment. Nor is there salvation in the mere beatific contemplation of nature, for the human soul is covered with "a sort of animal varnish," which does not permit the very young at once to behold the spiritual beauty of the universe. M. Coubertin deplores, as we

are wont to ourselves, the "reign of pedagogy," and the inundation of books and lectures by the newspapers. Recognizing the distinction between character and "an impress of religious faith," and the fact that no moral education is accomplished by instruction alone, his gospel is that moral education which may be inculcated with physical education. As to the other evil which perennially threatens the State, instability, M. de Vogüé's words, "What have I done to-day for the greatness of France?" are more widely

applicable than to the school boys to whom they were addressed. M. Coubertin adds a few sapient remarks anent the amelioration of French literature, though here it must be said that he has scarcely mastered his materials. He has in mind a "handful of picked men," searchers after the new Grail, on whom it rests to avert an intellectual Sedan. The present ideal of voluptuous levity dates back to Musset, whose writings "contain poison for all ages and all natures." All the historian can make out of the decadents and symbolists is "the pleasure they take in mixing everything up,"—a very crude observation. Overproduction spurs writers on to do their worst, and self-advertisement and log-rolling pervert their usefulness. A very French bit is the following:



From "France under the Third Republic."

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

JULES FAVRE. MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEFENCE



From "France under the Third Republic."

T. Y. Crowell &amp; Co.

ERNEST RENAN, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

"Taine introduced science, Renan baptized it: henceforth it is French." Again, who will accept the statement that "history must be studied either at very short range or at a great distance," when M. Brunetière has been asseverating that the eye-witness is nearly always wrong and Judge Morris has expanded into a fat volume the statesmanship and patriotism of Hannibal? One

hates to discover so level-headed a writer even once or twice dropping into "that silly adoration of logic and of the absolute which has so often rendered sterile the finest and most solid qualities of the French mind."

The book is neatly translated and superbly illustrated with portraits, and will lie benignly open, without spinal fracture.

*George Merriam Hyde.*

## THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT

TO be convincing, history should be so written as to read like fiction. Its fidelity to fact should be like Cæsar's wife, and should not need to assert itself obtrusively. In the histories of Parkman, for instance, irrelevant facts are so skilfully weeded out, and significant facts so unerringly set in their true relationships, that the narrative flows as unjarringly as a romancer's masterpiece, and the laborious accuracy of the author's scholarship casts no shadow of weariness on his page.

One could wish that the story of *The Westward Movement* had been told by Parkman. It is a story as thrilling in many of its episodes, as full of the iridescence of romance, almost as profound in its significance to the world, as that of the great duel for world empire which occupied Parkman's pen. When this duel came to an end with the fall of New France, a new problem began to press for solution. The charters of the Atlantic colonies had a convenient elasticity, by virtue of which they extended across the continent to the Pacific. This extension was vehemently oppugned by Spain, who held to the Mississippi as the western limit of British influence. With Spain Great Britain had then no grave quarrel; but it had suited her to uphold these telescopic charters of her colonies as a bar against the southwestward extension of New France. That rival disarmed, the colonies did not feel, and therefore did not greatly resent, the limit set by Spain. But they were already pushing their young energies over the crests of the Appalachians, and possessing themselves of the

rich Ohio Valley; and when England, closing up the telescopic charters, sought to check the too rapidly growing self-confidence of the colonies by extending Canada southward between the Appalachians and the Mississippi, setting a strait bound to colonial ambitions, the vast shadow of '76 began to lengthen across the land. To see this ample and affluent territory reserved for Indians, and to be themselves shut out from it, was intolerable to the restless border spirits. The colonies began to grasp after their destiny as soon as they thought it slipping beyond their reach.

When the colonies had won their independence the question became still further complicated. What was to be the western inheritance of the new-born republic? France, in spite of her active friendship, was unwilling to see the new power made strong enough to shut her out forever from the hope of regaining her lost empire in the west. She still clung to the dream of reversing the verdict given on the Plains of Abraham. Spain, dreading the young lion's claws, sought to clip them in time. In a word, there was a conspiracy to hem in the infant republic between the Alleghanies and the sea.

While the future of the republic thus hung in the balance, while fortune seemed uncertain whether to make these States a continental or a parish power, it was really England that came to the rescue. Beaten herself, she took her defeat with a magnanimity only possible to the greatest, among nations as among individuals. She apparently resolved that the rebellious children whom she had herself failed to coerce should not be coerced by an alien hand. She yielded up to her victorious and disagreeably elated adversary all those vast western regions which

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THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT. The Colonies and the Republic West of the Alleghanies, 1763-1798. With full cartographical illustrations from contemporary sources. By Justin Winsor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, \$3.00.

she had annexed to Canada ; and shattered alike French dreams and Spanish schemes by giving the union limitless room to grow. It was a far-seeing policy—singularly at variance with the statesmanship of that day—which thus preserved half a continent to be peopled by the Anglo-Saxon stock.

But all this was not accomplished in a day, nor without an infinite deal of plot and counterplot. There was bloody border warfare, with rivalries between sister States to further complicate the problem. Its solution occupied no small part of the nation's energy from the Treaty of Paris in 1763 to the Spanish evacuation of Natchez and the organization by Congress of the Mississippi Territory in 1798.

The story is that of a young giant escaping from the swaddling bands. It is told by Justin Winsor with a careful accuracy, a precision of detail, and a wealth of cartographical illustration that place the book beyond praise as a historical document. The book is one that cannot be dispensed with, for nowhere else has the ground been covered so adequately. It also has some of the qualities of literature. The narrative is often crisp and picturesque ; great figures like Boone and Clark

move heroically through the unfolding events ; and here and there a memorable incident is so vividly presented as to remain sparkling in the memory.

But the fusing power of the creative historian is largely lacking. The reader gets a confused effect. The situation was a complicated one to start with, and it does not grow simple in the author's hands. In the hands of a master like Parkman it would have become pellucid, as a deep stream looks shallow when the water is very clear. In reading the present volume one is content with the workmanship at the point of immediate interest, but is apt to find the perspective becoming involved behind him. To have made it otherwise, to have so unified the scattering forces of the story that it would seem like a logical whole to be apprehended at one survey, the author would have needed to be much more than the accomplished scholar, patient investigator, and well-trained writer that he was. He would have needed to be that rarest of literary products, a creative historian. This last book of his is admirable and invaluable, a monument to his name. But in estimating it one must not forget that History is a Muse.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

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## LOVE

Love is a flower  
In the dim woodland hiding ;  
Love is a rose  
Scenting the morning air ;  
Love for an hour,  
Love for a life abiding,  
Ever it grows  
For hearts that long and dare.

Love is a dream  
That comes by night unbidden ;  
Love is a vision  
Fading with the morn ;  
Love is a stream  
Beneath the rushes hidden,  
Murmuring derision,  
Laughing us to scorn.

—From "*Songs of Flying Hours*," by Dr. Edward Willard Watson. By permission of Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co.

## THE WORKERS

THE existence of the critic and his work is sometimes defended on the ground that Public Opinion cannot be relied upon to form, without guidance, sound judgments concerning works of literature and art. Whatever may be the defects of Public Opinion as a critic, it is unquestionably quick and sure in its recognition of the man who does something worth doing in spite of opposition and difficulties. This is certainly the case with Mr. Walter Wyckoff and his recently published book, *The Workers*. Mr. Wyckoff, who is a lecturer on Sociology in Princeton University, was a year ago unknown to the reading public; his name was not even seen on the lists of contributors to the popular periodicals; and to-day he easily takes his place among the prominent and talked-of younger American writers. It is not often that a new book, and a first book at that, springs into wide and favorable repute so quickly and so surely. But it is not difficult to put one's finger on the exact cause of a success at once so sudden and so sound. Mr. Wyckoff has accomplished something in a fresh and unworked field, and he has described his achievement in the same simple, natural, and straightforward spirit in which he performed it. A difficult and unexpected thing well done, that is the secret.

In a modest preface Mr. Wyckoff tells the reader how he came to undertake the two years' expedition of which his book is the record. While a guest at a country house not far from New York a fellow-guest, a man of affairs and practical experience, genially twitted him with being a theorist in Sociology, with knowing little of the actual perplexities and prob-

lems of the employer and the employed. This criticism was no sooner made than Mr. Wyckoff met it by resolving to enter the ranks of "unskilled labor"; to live by the toil of his hands, the sweat of his brow, and the ache of his back; and thus to investigate for himself experimentally the problems which he had been discussing theoretically as a student. Promptly putting his resolution into execution, he started out with an empty purse in his pocket and a loaded pack on his back, to take up the life of a tramping workman. *The Workers* is the record of this tramping expedition, and relates the author's experiences as a day laborer at West Point, a porter of a summer hotel in the highlands of the Hudson, a hired man at an insane asylum, a farmhand, and a "buddy" in a Pennsylvania logging camp.

Such is the scheme of *The Workers*—on the face of it apparently a very simple one, and announced and narrated in so unassuming a way by the author that the magnitude of the task and the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment are likely at first to escape the reader's appreciation. But one is not long in discovering the real facts in the case. A man of university education, with carefully trained tastes, accustomed to the companionship of cultivated men and women, knowing and appreciating the pleasures of a highly organized social life, proposes to go out and dig sewers, mix mortar, heave stone, cart garbage, eat coarse and often wretched food, and to subject himself to hardships, suspicion, contempt, and vulgar abuse—that is the undertaking stated in plain English. We need read only a page or two of the book before beginning to understand that this is not a mere curious and adventurous



From "The Workers."

Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"WE BREATHE THE HOT AIR, HEAVY WITH THE SMELL OF FRESH SOIL, AND THE SWEAT DRIPS FROM OUR FACES  
UPON THE DAMP CLAY."



attempt to do something out of the common, but a sympathetic and carefully planned effort to study and describe certain phases of human life that escape the ordinary observer.

We entirely believe Mr. Wyckoff when he says of his experiment: "I entered upon it with no theories to establish and no conscious preconceptions to maintain." The impartiality and frankness of *The Workers* bears him out in this statement, and it is this attitude that makes his book of acknowledged value as a study in Sociology. But we cannot help thinking that he started out at least with a vigorous faith in human nature and a belief, like Abraham Lincoln's, in the wholesomeness and integrity of "the common people." At all events, such a faith is confirmed and strengthened by a reading of *The Workers*. And this we venture to consider the most valuable result of Mr. Wyckoff's investigations—not the light they throw on the study of Sociology, not the steps they take towards the solution of the labor problem; but the assurance they give that, in spite of the perils of immigration, degradation, and illiterate ignorance, in spite of the hatred of the rich by the poor and the contempt for the poor of the rich, in spite of the wretched condition of the great masses of laborers, in spite of much selfishness and cruelty and meanness of spirit among both employers and employed, there is nevertheless a latent instinct of human brotherhood in almost every man, no matter how low down in the social scale, that can be aroused if he is properly treated and that constitutes a real defence against very serious social disorders.

It would be a pity, however, to give the impression that *The Workers* is merely a "problem" book. Those who care nothing for social problems will read it because it is an extremely interesting story told with literary skill of a very

high order. Mr. Wyckoff writes in a style that combines in an unusual degree simplicity and directness with imagination and delicacy. His pages are full of bits of quiet humor, of graceful descriptions of scenery, of deft sketches of character, that a reviewer is tempted to quote. Here, for example are two roadside pictures happily drawn in a few telling lines:

There was no wrench on the next morning in parting with the family with whom I boarded, unless my landlady shared my regret at leaving. She was a meek little woman who slaved heroically at household work to support her daughter, who studied stenography and typewriting, and her invalid husband who led the life of a professional invalid. He had tried upon me highly colored tales of his career as a soldier, and of what he would have done in life but for his ill-health, tales which I soon learned to interrupt with small services to his wife, and he gave me up as hopelessly unsympathetic. A baseball game on the Asylum grounds attracted a large crowd one afternoon; and as Hunt and I drove past on an errand, I caught sight of the ex-soldier, who, at his home, was too great a sufferer to contribute even a helping hand at the housework toward his own support, but who here was dancing in vigor of delight over a two-base hit.

I sat on the door-step to rest, and invited the children to look at the pictures, which they did, hesitatingly at first, with timid advances, in which curiosity struggled with their fear of the unfamiliar. But they grew bolder as I invented stories to match the illustrations and presently they were all nestling about me in the ease of absorbed attention. One little girl of four or five, who had eyed me at first with an anxious look of alarm, now stood leaning over my shoulder with an arm about my neck, and her soft brown hair, escaped from her sun-bonnet, touching my face while she looked down upon the pictures, and I could feel her breath quickening as the story neared its climax.

The present volume is to be followed by another recounting Mr. Wyckoff's further experiences in the West, and it is safe to say that it will be welcomed by a large circle of appreciative readers whenever it appears. *Lawrence F. Abbott.*



## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE "GENTILESSE" OF CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER.

Dear Sir: Is sympathy old-fashioned or of this time? There seems to be among a certain portion of the book-buying public a vague dissatisfaction with the "gentle" reviewer, a feeling that new writers are too gingerly handled and too much encouraged to produce their wares—a Malthusian sentiment that the safety of the race lies in the restriction of production. The more exacting of these objectors would have the whole truth about a book before they buy it, neither half truths nor phases of the truth nor one man's idea of it, but the very "Truth that careless angels know." Others, realizing the impossibility of separating the precious from the base according to a fixed standard of worth where a literary product is concerned, would at least have the reviewer look on the dark side of the work in his hands. Let him tell the good if he has time, but let him omit a defect at his peril. There is something, of course, to be said for this point of view. Putting honesty (which we venture to take for granted) out of the question, it is quite possible to train the critical sense so that imperfections are as plain to it, and as distressing, as blots on a white page, while very considerable merits shrink into the background. From a critic thus trained an author may learn much, and the public not a little. But it is interesting to find through a recent reprint of Walter Pater's reviews for the *Guardian* that the most self-critical author of our own time was the most lenient and generous of anonymous reviewers. With the humility that belongs to high endeavor and the sympathy of large knowledge he approaches his contemporaries respectfully, almost with a certain gracious reverence, giving cause to no one to say, as poor Stevenson said: "By writing a novel—even a bad one—I do not make myself a criminal for anybody to insult."

More than this, with "eyes to seek the hidden clue," he finds the subtle virtue of a work and reveals it, enriching by so much the minds of the unobserving. This is the critic's art, if not the art of which Browning wrote:

"For don't you mark  
We're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have  
passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;  
And so they are better painted—better to us,  
Which is the same thing. Art was given for  
that."

In Mr. Pater's own writing no word apparently is set down with unconsidering haste. There are exquisite chapters in "Gaston de la Tour" in which the beauty of the phrasing would seem surpassing in comparison with most of the work of the time, and for which the editor apologizes, saying that "they have certainly not received the revision which the author would have been careful to give them before he allowed them to appear among his published writings." It would be natural for an author less considerate of his medium to fear the judgment of so delicate a craftsman. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for example, so careful of the type, she seems so careless of the single word, might well have supposed that Mr. Pater fresh from his finely wrought sentences would find in "Robert Elsmere" something, perhaps not a little, to object to. And, knowing his careful studies in religion, and his marvellous knowledge of its effect upon the temperament and character of men, she might have dreaded his estimate of her success in the field of the *Tendenz-Roman*. But how much of the charm of tolerance and the beauty of the broad view may be learned from the review of "Robert Elsmere"! "It abounds in sympathy with people as we find them, in aspiration towards something better—towards a certain ideal—in a refreshing sense of second thoughts everywhere." "Robert himself is certainly worth knowing—a really attractive union of manliness and saintliness, of shrewd sense and unworldly aims, and withal with that kindness and pity the absence of which so often abates the actual value of those other gifts." And again: "Mrs. Ward has been a true disciple in the school of Wordsworth and really undergone its influence. Her Westmoreland scenery is more than a mere background; it is spiritual and, as it were, *personal* hold on *persons*, as understood by the great poet of the Lakes, is seen actually at work, in the formation, in the refining of character."

Could all criticism be of this nature there would no longer be any ground for the assertion that people cannot be taught literature—taught, that is, to read. It is the truth, but the truth seen from the "gentle" point of view, in the old Chaucerian sense. Nor is it indiscriminate praise. Mr. Pater does not hesitate to say of the impul-

sive Robert: "It strikes us as a blot on his philosophical pretensions that he should have been both so late in perceiving the difficulty, and then so sudden and trenchant in dealing with so great and complex a question." He does not hesitate to warn Mr. Saintsbury that "there are still some who think that, after all, the style is the man"; he discriminates between the poet and the poetic scholar in writing of Mr. Gosse; but his effort is to draw attention to the virtues in a book in which virtue exists, rather than to faults which

are not of its essence. He judges the work before him not always in its relation to the great best, but with reference to the average, and enters so far as he can into the author's intention. This does not make of a review a sensation, it furnishes only a sober amusement to the reader, it gives little scope for a sarcastic gift; but is it not calculated, after all, to raise the general level not merely of writing, but—what is nearly as important—of appreciation?

E. L. Cary.

## NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

ONE of the questions that is most constantly asked an old collector is this: "What book or books shall I read that will teach me to be a wise and careful buyer?"

Alas, there is no such book written for book-collecting. Like other collecting, it is largely a matter of taste and experience. What can teach a man to observe nature, to know all the joys of an October or June day? What book can teach a man to admire a Raphael or Andrea Del Sarto? Still, although many things cannot be taught by anything but experience, there are some books which are of infinite value to the collector, and which save him many mistakes and help him in a way to formulate his tastes. One essential to the successful book hunter is absolute, accurate knowledge. One frequently hears Lowndes' "Bibliographical Manual" mentioned, and sometimes with asperity; and yet it is conceded, to-day, to be upon the whole the most useful—yes, essential—"tool" the collector can have. Many hundred special bibliographies have been issued since—in fact, almost every field of learning now has its special bibliography, but none that are not greatly indebted to Lowndes. One is reminded of this by the appearance lately of the British Museum Catalogue on "Shakespeare," which can be bought separately. It stands, we believe, as the best and fullest bibliography of the subject. Careful collations of all the original quarto plays, as well as the first four folios, are given, while the list of books relating to Shakespeare is the largest we have ever seen. Excellent as this list is, it has one serious limitation. It is only a catalogue of books owned by the Museum, and one notes many gaps and omissions from its closely printed pages. Second, about as useful a little

book on the general subject of collecting as one can find is Lang's "The Library." It does for the larger books what the primers do—gives in outline the important facts, in a pleasant way, of all that is essential to know as a background. The latest edition contains one or two additional chapters, and Mr. Dobson's contribution on "Illustrated Books" is delightful reading. One could not go far astray if one read this book once a year, and kept its facts clearly in mind while following its advice implicitly.

It may not be generally known that one of Milton's most famous poems appeared in an exceedingly obscure book—a book now greatly coveted by the admirers of his genius. The poem was "Lycidas," and the book is entitled "Justa Edouardo Naufrago ab amicis morentibus amoris."

This small quarto was published in Cambridge and contained poems by various writers on the death of Mr. Edward King. Only one copy, slightly imperfect, came up for sale at auction last year, and that was bought by Mr. Quaritch for £60. In 1886 a very tall copy fetched £101. It will thus be seen that this is a rarer book even than "Paradise Lost," which had the honor of requiring seven title pages of various dates to piece out the original sheets printed at the time of its first issue.

One hears of so many tales of remarkable finds that are not so that one always likes to take each new one *cum grano salis*. A well-known bookseller, dealing principally in old and second-hand tomes, told me recently of an experience which comes seldom enough even to the persistent and industrious bookseller. A man called and told the bookseller that he had a small lot of books for

sale. "Bring 'em around and I'll look at them," was the stereotyped reply made by my friend. Soon the man appeared with eight books tied up with a string—seven of which were old school-books. Glancing them over, the bookseller was about to offer him a few cents apiece, when his eyes lighted on a thin duodecimo with a paper label, and to his astonishment and delight he espied an immaculate copy of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," the little book he tried to suppress.

The rather startling news reached this country on Tuesday, February 8th, that the first edition of Robert Burns's "Poems," printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, had fetched £572. This is the highest price ever paid for it and is to be explained by the fact that it was an uncut copy. Mr. Brayton Ives's copy, sold in this city in 1891, brought only \$430. The previous records being the Gibson-Craig copy at £111, the Menzies at \$155, the Quaritch at £84, and the Ellis & Elvey at £107.

Last year a copy sold in London for £80, and the year before, at Sotheby's, for £121. Thus, prior to the sale of this copy, the highest price recorded at auction was \$605. What should make the difference, then, of \$2,255? It is simply a question of inches. This was the only uncut copy ever offered for sale—or at least in the modern auction-room. It may not be generally known that Mr. Robert Hoe has a copy bound with the original covers, which is practically an uncut

copy. Once more we are reminded of the great estimation the modern collector puts upon the fact of a book being uncut, and shows the additional value set upon original editions in their original form. A bid from America for £450 helped to raise the price of the copy sold in Edinburgh. It is said that Mr. Kalbfleisch originally paid £125 in London for his copy, which was there considered an exorbitant price. Many rich Scotchmen have a desire to own a copy of the first edition of Burns, while all Scotchmen would like to. Thus one dare not prophesy that the limit has yet been reached.

The first American editions of English writers have never commanded a very high price in the auction market, in spite of the efforts of over-zealous cataloguers or enthusiastic booksellers. There are, however, a few notable exceptions to this rule, and Burns is one of them. A rare book need not always be high-priced; the element of desirability must always enter in. Burns has always been a poet who has not only been read but owned. In the Ives sale [New York, 1891] the Philadelphia edition of Burns, 1788, fetched \$120, while the New York edition brought \$110. The cataloguer stated that these American reprints were rarer than the original edition. It is significant that Burns's genius should have found recognition in this country so soon after the issue of his volume of poems.

*Ernest Dressel North.*

## A LYRIC

O THOU art put to many uses, sweet !  
Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in Spring ;  
But yet . . . .

And all the blue of thee will go to the sky,  
And all thy laughter to the rivers run ;  
But yet ! . . . .

Thy tumbling hair will in the West be seen,  
And all thy trembling bosom in the dawn ;  
But yet ! . . . .

Thy briefness in the dewdrop shall be hung,  
And all the frailness of thee on the foam ;  
But yet ! . . . .

Thy soul shall be upon the moonlight spent,  
Thy mystery spread upon the evening mere.  
And yet ! . . . .

—From "Poems," by Stephen Phillips. By permission of Mr. John Lane.

## CURRENT LITERATURE

### DAWN, IN KOREA

MRS. ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, who some years ago won her way into the Royal Geographical Society of England and is, perhaps, best known through "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," has just published another work entitled *Korea and Her Neighbors*—especially valuable at this time when all eyes are anxiously turned to the East. It is the result of her experiences in and near Korea from early in 1894 to the spring of 1897. During this period it was Mrs. Bishop's good fortune to see the passing away of the old régime in the country and the dawn of a new social and political era; and it is our good fortune that these events should be chronicled by such a careful observer and charming writer.

She arrived at Seoul, the capital, in time to see its 200,000 and more inhabitants turn out to salute, in silence, the sad and silent King on the last of the annual processions of the "Kurdong," surrounded by mediæval and barbaric pomp; in which, for five centuries, the King of the "Hermit Kingdom" has shown himself to his people—the King, whose word was absolute, whose name could not be whispered, and who remained secluded from his 12,000,000 subjects the rest of the year in the palace.

She saw the Japanese occupation in 1894; and was received several times by the poor Queen (a fierce, able woman) before her murder, instigated by the Japanese Viscount Miura; though *not*, as

was thought, by the Japanese Government. The description of the details of this plot is derived from unquestionable sources and given by Mrs. Bishop at length. After it, she had several audiences, public and private, with the King and Crown Prince. The murder of the Queen undoubtedly damaged the prestige of the Japanese most seriously, especially among the lower classes, who fairly detest them; and Russia has not been slow to take advantage of it. But as the author sums up the situation (page 452),

1. "As Korea is incapable of reforming herself from within, she must be reformed from without."

2. "The power of the sovereign must be placed under stringent and permanent constitutional checks."

Yes; agreed! But the power of the *Yang-bans* (nobles) and the horde of greedy officials who make life unbearable for the middle and lower classes by extortions of every kind, is apparently a more serious matter. Since the Japanese intervention, as one may call it, the King has given the country a very decent *paper* constitution and promulgated good and liberal decrees reforming old abuses; but, though in the spring of last year, Seoul, three years before unquestionably the filthiest city in the world, had been cleansed, and a "Jap" telegraph had superseded the line of beacon fires which nightly flashed the news from east, west, north, and south to the anxious King in the palace that the kingdom was safe; yet old influences appear to be making head again and the King relapsing into the habits of his effete predecessors. Either the Russian Bear or the vigorous little "Jap" must settle the future destinies of the Korean nation, dating back probably to the twelfth century B.C.

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KOREA AND HER NEIGHBORS. A narrative of travel with an account of the recent vicissitudes and present position of the country, by Isabella Bird Bishop, F. R. G. S., with illustrations from photographs by the author, and maps, appendixes, and index. Fleming H. Revell Co., 8vo, \$2.00.

The question remains to be proved, and possibly in the near future, which it will be.

The axial north and south mountain range, dividing Korea almost in half, with two peaks rising to 6,000 and one to 8,000 feet above sea level, is clothed with forests of pines, oak, ash, Spanish chestnut, and other trees. It contains gold (\$1,390,000 worth was exported in 1896), iron, and other precious metals, with good semi-bituminous coal-beds in the foothills. The plateaus and valleys running from the range grow luxuriantly every temperate product—potatoes, wheat, barley, beans, millet, rice, tobacco, ginseng, and other cereals, fruits and vegetables, but no “tea;” strangely enough an unknown plant or beverage in Korea, when Japan, China, and Russia, the three great tea-drinking nations of the world, are on her borders. There is plenty of water-power and rain, without the violent tropic downpours of Japan. While the extremes of temperature are severe, the climate is, as a rule, perfect. It sustains a population of 12,000,000 in an area of about 80,000 square miles by agriculture alone; and, if developed, could sustain an enormous population by manufactures and home industries; this, however, cannot be under the present régime. Its drawbacks appear to be its nobles, dirt, Dæmonism (its religion), and tigers. Of the latter the Chinese have this pithy saying: “The Korean hunts the tiger half the year; the tiger hunts the Korean the other half.”

But, apart from Mrs. Bishop’s vivid descriptions of the country, its history, religions, products, and governments past and present, she is the only traveller and writer who has penetrated into the secrets of the Korean woman’s life; and sad enough it appears to be.

At seven years of age the Korean girl is secluded absolutely from the sight of men and boys, except her father and

brothers. At sixteen or seventeen she is married to a man she has never seen, and transferred to his or his father’s house; thenceforth to live as secluded as before. Her only visiting time is when the great bronze bell of Seoul booms the hour of eight o’clock in the evening, and, with her husband’s consent, closely veiled in a closed litter, can visit her women friends, to return again ere the bell tolls midnight. Meanwhile the men are kept off the streets; but are entertaining their male friends at home and being entertained by dancing girls of questionable—perhaps we had better say “un-questionable”—morals. The only women allowed any sort of freedom are the low-caste washerwomen, whose name is legion, and the *Mutangs* (sorceresses), without whose advice nothing socially or politically is done in Korea, and to whom the natives are said to pay annually, on indisputable authority, the enormous sum of \$2,500,000, for protection against the “Dæmon” hosts, believed to inhabit every house, road, tree, river, forest, and mountain in the land; nay, the very sea, the circumambient air and universe itself.

F. R. G. S.

#### MR. BRYCE ON SOUTH AFRICA

THIS is a book which it is impossible to read without an admiration that is akin to enthusiasm. One finds in it all the qualities which in less than a dozen years have made “The American Commonwealth” a classic—the same industry and impartiality, weighty and temperate judgment, and firm control over the largest political and social issues. This much one was prepared for. But there are present in this volume some attributes

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA. By James Bryce. The Century Co., 8vo, \$3.50.

which were wanting in Mr. Bryce's famous survey of the United States. There is a greater harmony of structure and arrangement, more thoroughness and finish, a keener zest for speculation, and a literary style which has gained beyond dispute in dignity and persuasiveness. Mr. Bryce has accomplished more than one had any right to expect. In these five hundred captivating pages he has exhausted South Africa without exhausting his readers. The present reviewer, who has travelled over most of the land south of the Zambesi, can think of no question concerning the past history, the present conditions, or the political or economic future of that country which is not touched upon and placed in its proper perspective in this volume. It is, in fact, the most complete work on South Africa yet published and so easily the best that all others may be regarded as merely supplementary to it. Mr. Bryce's journeyings lay through Cape Colony, Bechuanaland, Rhodesia, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and Natal. That is to say, he traversed all the regions which count. The German possessions on the west coast, the northern Kalahari and the low-lying swamps that follow the course of the Zambesi are not likely to contribute anything of importance either to the problems or the resources of South Africa. Mr. Bryce's book would be valuable merely as a record of personal adventures and impressions. His prose, while not so picturesque as Froude's, is always strong and spirited and capably sustained; and being an experienced traveller and a man of varied knowledge, he can enliven his descriptions of scenery and customs with the quickening salt of illustration and comparison. South Africa is not a country for the ordinary sightseer. Dry, bare, and flat, with no forests to speak of, few rivers of any consequence—the ones marked on the maps are mostly carto-

graphic jests—and an appalling absence of greenness, it offers few attractions to the tourist. Such choice spots as it has—Cape Town, Durban, and the mountain ranges of Basutoland, for instance—Mr. Bryce does full justice to; but he rightly dwells on its physical aspects chiefly for their effect on the pursuits and character and distribution of the settlers. The last one hundred and forty pages in the book, and the most valuable and interesting portion of it, are given up to a discussion of the great problems of South Africa—the probable resources of Rhodesia, the politics of Cape Colony and Natal, the relations between black and white, and British and Boer, and the economic destiny of the whole country. He thus covers the entire ground, and indeed it seems as though there is nothing left for future historians but to fill in Mr. Bryce's outlines, amplify Mr. Bryce's notes, and illustrate Mr. Bryce's conclusions.

Apart from this exhaustive thoroughness, one is chiefly struck with Mr. Bryce's impartiality. From beginning to end there is not a single sentence that betrays a national or racial bias. And this is all the more remarkable when one considers the amount of bitter contention South Africa has managed to evolve from her brief history. Yet more valuable for its careful restraint and sober balancing of facts and probabilities is Mr. Bryce's forecast of the future of South Africa. This was the most difficult part of his task and a terrible stumbling-block to a writer of a less judicial temper. What South Africa is, many men have told us, though none so well as Mr. Bryce. What it will be sixty or seventy years from now nobody except Mr. Bryce has endeavored to show with any degree of calmness. The conclusions he comes to are, briefly, that for the next fifty years South Africa can rely on the prosperity that comes from the possession of great mineral

wealth : that after that period it will continue to be, as it is now, a splendid ranching country able to export wool, goats' hair, and hides in paying quantities ; that only a small part of the land can ever be tilled, and that, therefore, little or no agricultural produce except fruit, sugar, and, perhaps, tobacco, will be exported : that there is little hope of it developing manufactures ; that South Africa will always be a black man's land, with only a scanty and perhaps diminishing white population ; that Great Britain will always be the paramount power and that a united South Africa, loyal to the English flag, will enjoy a reasonable amount of happiness and prosperity. The strong and comprehensive arguments on which these conclusions are based the reader must find out for himself. They are marshalled with admirable literary skill and fittingly round off a brilliant and most important work.

*Sydney Brooks.*

## HAWAII, AND OTHER ISLANDS

**I**T is a good thing to have a definite object, beyond the mere record of observation, in mind when one writes a book of travel, and the title of Mr. Musick's gives a very clear notion of his intention to try, at any rate, to make the annexation of Hawaii popular with his readers ; but really it seems hardly necessary to go to the length of his volume to accomplish his object, and the very vehemence of his statements weakens his cause. Earnest the book certainly is, but one can hardly call it gracefully written. Faults of style and even slips in grammar

are unpleasantly conspicuous. It would be difficult indeed for anyone with the least power of observation to visit well-nigh every nook and corner of the group—and Mr. Musick made the most of his time—and then tell the story without giving us a good deal of readable matter. But the best of this book, and we cannot be charged with contradicting ourselves in saying that much of it is very interesting, is a twice or thrice told tale ; the memory of man must run far back to reach the first telling of the charming savages, the lovely valleys, the luscious fruits, and all the delights of the Sandwich Islands. Ever since the physical pleasure of mere living in those islands was first told of they have been looked upon longingly, and if they should be annexed to these United States, they will become even more popular with seekers for winter sunshine.

Mr. Musick's attitude towards the missionaries and the better element of the American colony, is to be commended, but we must take exception to the reflection which he casts upon the methods followed in education and training at our Indian schools ; it is very evident that those he has seen are *not* "a fair sample."

Of very different metal is Mr. Shoemaker's *Islands of the Southern Seas*. No one can complain that the reading of this book does not take him sufficiently off beaten tracks to satisfy the most capacious traveller. Fancy a trip from San Francisco to Honolulu—that in itself is nothing very much out of the common—and thence to Samoa, to New Zealand, to Tasmania, to Australia, to Java, via Torres Straits ! That itinerary will drive ninety-nine people out of the hundred to their atlases to get an idea of the strange countries, the lonely seas, the desolate islands (for there are such mentioned in addition to the countries named) ; and the pleasing, sketchy style of the au-

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**HAWAII, OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.** By John R. Musick. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 8vo, \$2.75.

**ISLANDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.** Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, and Java. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, \$2.25.

thor is as satisfactory as are the pictures he draws ; there is no special stress laid upon the fact that he was doing something unusual. Mr. Shoemaker's ideas of the advantages the United States might derive from annexing Hawaii are somewhat at variance with Mr. Musick's, but it is a case where doctors disagree.

Few people realize that away off in the Southern Pacific Ocean, beyond Australia where the mighty seas roll round and round the globe, there is an island, Tasmania, which in climate, vegetation, and all the comforts and security of life (now that it is no longer a penal colony) rivals England itself. Mr. Shoemaker's description is the best that has lately been written, and since his account of all the rest of his journey is equally interesting, the book is well worth reading, and to follow in his footsteps something to be recommended. It will be surprising to those who are not informed as to the climate of the East Indies, to have what we should call the early summer, that is, from the middle of May to the middle of July, commended as the best time to visit Java ; but when we remember that the island is south of the equator, that the rains are then over, the danger from malaria gone—in part, at least—and the sun at its greatest distance, being over the Tropic of Cancer, we understand the statement that at that season one should have glorious days.

*J. King Goodrich.*

## PICTURES OF COLONIAL TIMES

**A**MERICAN history is being written nowadays with so much detail and circumstantiality that it appears likely

MEN, WOMEN, AND MANNERS IN COLONIAL TIMES. By Sydney George Fisher. J. B. Lippincott Co., 2 vols., 12mo, \$3.00.

SOME COLONIAL HOMESTEADS AND THEIR STORIES. By Marion Harland. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$3.00.

that the next generation of historical writers will be analytical, as the present generation is synthetical. In his admirable work, *Men, Women, and Manners of Colonial Times*, Mr. Fisher has brought together from a great variety and number of sources a store of information which he has arranged in an agreeable form for the reader. In each of the thirteen States that were developed from the Colonies we hear references to their colonial times, and are treated to illustrations from those far-off days as something very precious. In his two handsome volumes Mr. Fisher has depicted in vivid colors the life, times, and people of the colonial period : each colony by itself, and each so naturally contrasted with the other that the result is very like that which a well-ordered picture gallery leaves upon the mind of the visitor.

The author's arrangement opens with colonial life in the Old Dominion, and his chapter bears for its title "Cavaliers and Tobacco." The Massachusetts colonists are described under the chapter heading of "From Puritans and Witches to Literature and Philosophy ;" Connecticut is "The Land of Steady Habits ;" Rhode Island appears as "The Isle of Errors ;" and so on through the thirteen Colonies. These characterizations are picturesque ; but they are somewhat too fanciful for sober history. Indeed, much that Mr. Fisher has to say is not history, but opinion. For example, in his treatment of the Virginians and the people of Massachusetts it is impossible to avoid the feeling that the author intends to present a forcible contrast between the two groups of colonists, with a strong bias in favor of the first-named. In the interest of the Cavaliers he is explanatory, defensive. His attitude toward the Puritans is accusatory, offensive. He tells us that the Virginians were a gambling, horse-racing, fox-hunting, cock-fighting, heavy-drink-



ing, and heavy-feeding race, because their English forebears and contemporaries were. But the general reader will take from Mr. Fisher's work the impression that the New England Puritans were *sui generis*, a race apart from all others in their asceticism, bigotry, witch-hanging, and intolerance. Yet these were distinctively English traits, too. Contemporaneous with the witch-trials in Salem village were similar doings in England. An important text-book in the Salem trials was the report of the proceedings before Sir Matthew Hale, in an English court, when three women were condemned, and subsequently were hanged as witches. If Cotton Mather, for whom Mr. Fisher appears to cherish a personal animosity, was cruelly predisposed to a belief in witchcraft, Sir Matthew Hale, the enlightened English jurist, calmly waived aside all disbelief in that delusion with the remark that human and divine law alike recognized and condemned the practices of witches. Historic personages must be judged by the standards of their times. It is unjust and unfair to call them to account in the light of a later and broader day.

But apart from this tendency to obtrude individual opinion and prejudice, which pervades the book, Mr. Fisher's volumes will be found highly entertaining reading. His panorama, if we may employ that phrase, unrolls before us scene after scene of colonial life—grave or gay, brilliant or sombre—each limned and colored with real, graphic power. It is impossible to rise from a perusal of the book without a feeling of admiration for an author who has gathered his materials with so much painstaking care and skill. The book is handsomely dressed, and is illustrated with several artistic photographs and drawings of colonial homes.

It must be admitted that in her *Colonial Homesteads* Marion Harland sticks to her

text much more closely than Mr. Fisher sticks to his. The lady has chosen for her title one that permits of many excursions, and her wanderings are not few. She has the gift of story-telling. Mr. Fisher, not content with telling us what he knows of the men, women, and customs of colonial times, too often intrudes his own notions of things ancient and modern to the exclusion of the historic material that is promised by imputation in his title. Marion Harland does not philosophize, and she does not venture—as Mr. Fisher sometimes does—to present sharp contrasts between the past and the present, unless it be that this becomes unavoidable in descriptive writing.

But "comparisons are odious," and Marion Harland's work, delicate in fancy and vivid in its lifelikeness, need not be brought to view with that of another's. These two books, treating as they do of the same historical period, are naturally bracketed together. The colonial homesteads here so lovingly described are some of the best known in Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. In some instances, and "incidental to the piece," as the play-bills say, we have here retold such romantic stories as those of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, Aaron Burr's courtship of Madame Jumel, the ghost of the Van Cortlandt manor-house, and the Deerfield Massacre. It is entertaining to note that while Mr. Fisher briefly consigns to the limbo of unauthentic tradition Smith's story of his rescue by Pocahontas, the author of *Colonial Homesteads* adopts it without question. Indeed, this is one of the myths of ancient time without which the world would be the poorer.

Generally speaking, the author of this attractive book has been careful to avoid mere tradition and to follow closely the lines of history in building up the framework of her sketches. Not the least valu-

able and interesting feature of her work is the judicious use made of extracts from old letters and journals placed in her hands by the custodians of these family treasures, and now first printed. The illustrations of the book, all of them of good artistic quality, add charm to the handsome pages. Although wars have played havoc with many of the historic homesteads which time has spared, it is pleasant to know that so many of these fine old houses and so much of their original belongings still exist to point the moral and adorn the tale of the long-vanished founders of the republic.

*Noah Brooks.*

## TWO SCHOLARS IN POLITICS

**HENRY CABOT LODGE** and Theodore Roosevelt, in bringing out each a volume of essays within the same year, on subjects in part political and in part literary, lend emphasis to the association that exists between them in the public mind. Each has been steadily in public life for a number of years, Mr. Lodge in the House of Representatives and in the United States Senate; Mr. Roosevelt in the New York Legislature, the United States Civil Service Commission, the Police Commission of the City of New York, and finally in the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Each is a Harvard man, the author of important historical books, a contributor to the periodicals; each is a public speaker of distinct talent and influence; each is a politician with strong and definite party affiliations, and each—if they will pardon

the term which seems to have a certain unpleasant odor in their nostrils—is a critic, keen and persistent, of public and party policies. They have some fixed ideas and strong sentiments in common, and are recognized as the leading champions in the Republican party of that group of policies generally named by them “American,” which includes a vigorous application of the Monroe Doctrine, the annexation of Hawaii, and the ultimate acquisition of Cuba and other islands in the Caribbean Sea, the possession of which shall be lost or surrendered by the present European owners. They are, in a pronounced sense, the most conspicuous present examples of the scholar in politics, and the fact gives a peculiar interest to the volumes of collected essays they have respectively laid before the public.

It is the scholar that chooses most of the subjects of Mr. Lodge's essays rather than the politician, and the hand of the scholar is to be traced throughout all of them. “The Last Plantagenet,” an examination of the evidences as to the real Richard III., and “The Home of the Cabots,” an inquiry into the English origin of John and Sebastian Cabot, are admirable examples of clear, strong, and persuasive historical discussion. “Shakespeare's Americanisms” and “As to Certain Accepted Heroes” are purely literary, and are executed with singularly interesting directness and ease and that humor that disengages itself from the rapid and logical statement of close but unexpected reasoning. “Dr. Holmes” is at once as to his character and work, an appreciation of distinct value and charm. Briefly and “inadequately” as Mr. Lodge has written of his friend, he contributes to his fame an impression that we should be sorry to miss and for which we may well be grateful.

The politician—the term need have no

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CERTAIN ACCEPTED HEROES, AND OTHER ESSAYS IN LITERATURE AND POLITICS. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

AMERICAN IDEALS, AND OTHER ESSAYS SOCIAL AND POLITICAL. By Theodore Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

offensive sense—treats of “Our Foreign Policy” and “English Elections,” and quite elbows the scholar off the platform in the Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard on “A Liberal Education.” The first is, within its limits, the best statement recently made of the theory of the school of statesmen of whom Mr. Lodge is now easily the leader. It shows the firm grasp which only long and patient study can give, and the style is compact, vigorous, and exact. The second is interesting, but bears marks of a passing and not highly important purpose. The third is an elaborate development of Mr. Lodge’s ideal of the scholar’s proper work in public affairs. There is much in it that is sound; much, whether we agree or not, that is obviously sincere. Mr. Lodge has a hearty liking for the “fighting” qualities; indeed, his address is largely a plea for their cultivation; but he sometimes betrays the fault he so acutely criticizes in Homer’s “accepted heroes”—he does not take punishment coolly.

The essays of Mr. Roosevelt are very appropriately inscribed “to Henry Cabot Lodge.” The sympathy of the two men, as has been pointed out, is very close and strong, and throughout this little volume Mr. Roosevelt gives frequent expression to his loyal and frank admiration of his friend. The contents of the volume are much more varied and extended than those of Mr. Lodge’s essays, and in some cases are of ephemeral interest. Some half-dozen of the fifteen are of a general character, like the one which gives the title to the book, *American Ideals*. In these Mr. Roosevelt is not so happy as in dealing with a specific subject, especially one closely engaging public attention. The essays on “Six Years of Civil Service Reform;” on “Administering the New York Police Force;” and, in a less degree, on “Phases of State Legislation” and “Machine Politics in New York City,”

are admirable examples of cogent and candid treatment of actual experience and observation. It is not impossible to neglect Mr. Roosevelt’s theories of “American Ideals” and “Manly Virtues” as he expounds them abstractly; but the work in which he has had his honorable part, where he has applied those ideals and consistently shown those virtues, cannot be ignored as he describes it and as it really was. It has been some of the very best work in America of the last two decades. His share in it he treats frankly, but without egotism, as is his right and duty, since it was not only an important, but often a controlling, share.

*Edward Cary.*

#### A GROUP OF ESSAYISTS

THE greater essayists have been, as a rule, critics of life; their charm has resided largely in the fact that they have presented thought, not as the result of a process of abstraction but as related in the most intimate and vital way to human experience, and as having subtle connections with that experience. The greatness of human destiny has lent its dignity and pathos to their comments, and the peculiarities and contradictions of human character have contributed variety, vivacity, and humor to their pages. Montaigne, Bacon, Addison, Johnson, Lamb, Arnold, Sainte Beuve, Carlyle, Emerson, and Lowell have materially enlarged our knowledge of life.

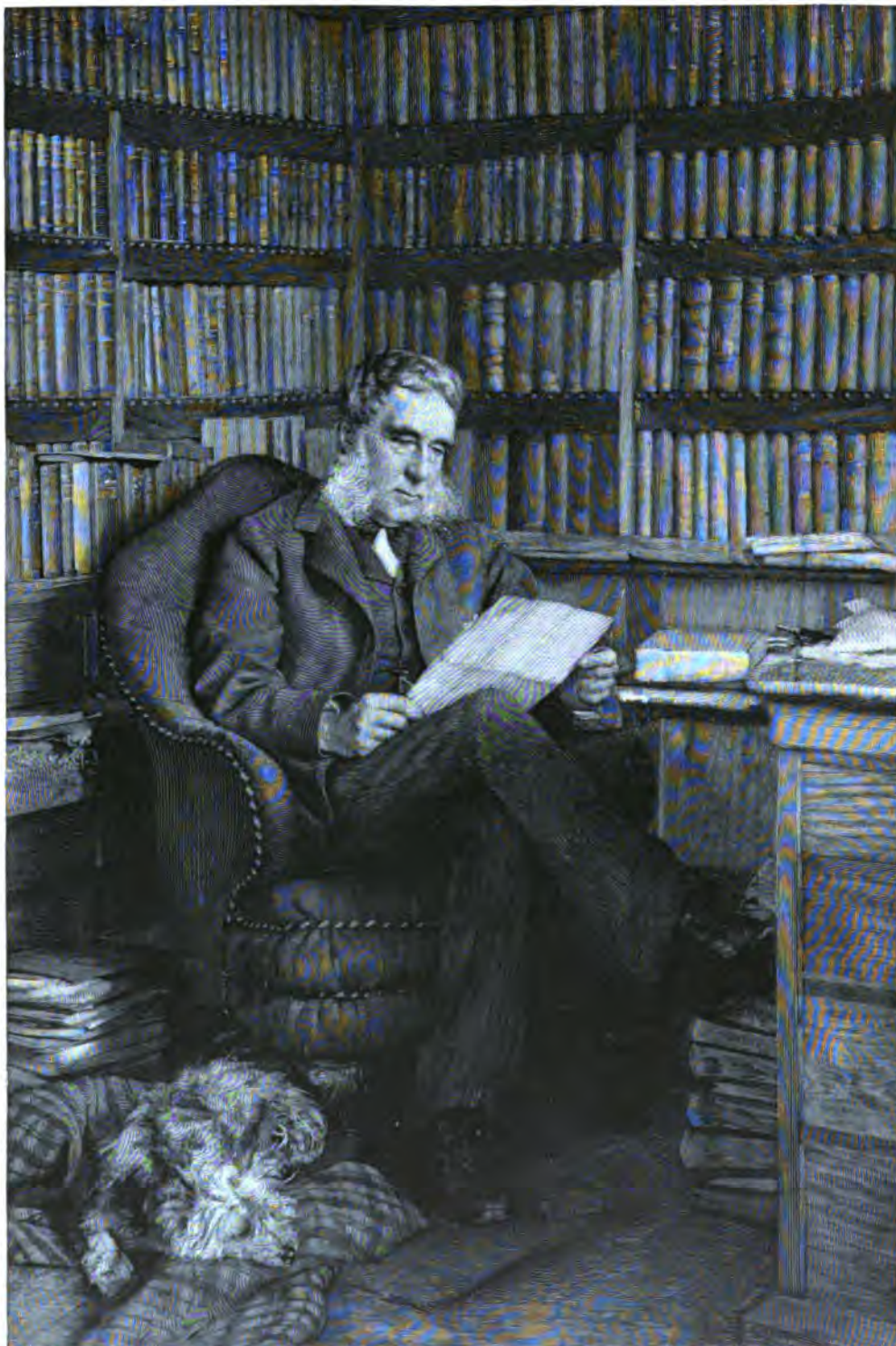
It is interesting to find our later essayists still in touch with vital as well as with

ARS RECTE VIVENDI. By George William Curtis. Harper & Brothers, 16mo, \$1.25.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION. By Harry Thurston Peck. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.25.

VARIA. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.00.

LITERARY STATESMEN AND OTHERS. By Norman Hapgood. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.



From Harper's Magazine.

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GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

literary themes : still gathering wisdom in the highways as well as in the libraries. Mr. Curtis was preëminently a teacher of the higher civilization in this country : an American who saw, in clear vision, the noble possibilities of national life, and who presented the generous aims and the finer resources of life with not only high literary charm but with a beautiful persuasiveness. The latest volume of his essays bears a title which might well be written over all his works ; for he was, in all fields and on all themes, a master of the art of living rightly. In this selection from the "Easy Chair" he everywhere suggests that close relation between morals and manners so admirably illustrated in his own life. The highest standards, the harmony of refined and beautiful manners, health of mind and body, contribute in his thought to that rich and true culture which is the supreme achievement of living. In his wise, brotherly counsel to undergraduates, in his exposition of the ideal gentleman, in his comments on manners, dress, tobacco, and newspaper ethics, he is always the accomplished writer, but he is also the keen critic and the clear-sighted moralist. The charm of his manner invests all themes with a distinction which was characteristic not only of his tastes and his training but of his nature.

Professor Peck's essays bear a closer relation to the aspects of contemporary life; they betray the journalistic interest in the latest developments of temperament and artistic activity. He is attracted by George Moore and Nordau, and by current drifts of American feeling. He has read Prévost, and he has studied the character and policy of Mr. Cleveland. Although a young man, he has explored many fields and his scholarship has wide range. He is acute, suggestive, and courageous. What he thinks he says with frankness. One does not always agree with him and one sometimes misses the deeper insight, but

Dr. Peck's ability is conspicuous and his vivacity and fertility are fully sustained by his force and knowledge. He has learned the secret of being interesting. His very discursiveness makes his reader feel the range of his interests. His versatility is indicative of grasp rather than of the superficial browsing with which it is often accompanied. If he does not always touch the deeper springs of conviction and activity, he has wide knowledge of many things which throw light on contemporary life.

Miss Repplier's work is in striking contrast to Professor Peck's keen, acute, outspoken analysis of his contemporaries and of the aspects of the times. The author of *Varia* has a light touch, a delightful frankness, wholesome tastes, and an engaging style. She has escaped the burden of the age, which lends its depression to so many contemporary books. She still believes in entertainment, amusement, and ease of mood. She is as much the born enemy of Philistinism and a one-sided view of life as Matthew Arnold, but her weapons are lighter and her humor more pervasive. In her easy but effective way she wages war against the prig in literature, religion, and manners. She protests against the unrelieved pressure of the ethical note ; she detests that straining of art to the uses of reform which wearies without converting the reader. She prefers cakes and ale to pharisaism. Her reading furnishes her with abundance of illustration, and her comment is often as good as her text.

Mr. Norman Hapgood brings a more serious temper to his work than Professor Peck or Miss Repplier, but his touch is never heavy and his manner is admirably adapted to his themes. He is thoughtful, discriminating, and sympathetic. His studies of Lord Rosebery, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Balfour are sagacious and interpretative in the best sense. His comments

on Stendhal, Mérimée, and Henry James are in the best vein of contemporary criticism ; they are broad, tolerant, and at the same time clear in their application of moral and artistic principles. Mr. Hapgood's balance and poise, no less than his intelligence, evidence the possession of a consistent and coherent view of life and art. There is much to be anticipated from a critic whose knowledge is so adequate and whose methods are so sound. To this group of books he contributes genuine critical insight and quality.

*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

#### A SUBJECT OF MISCHANCE

MISS MURFREE'S very welcome new novel differs from most of her others in having a well-bred, urban hero, who brings into the Tennessee mountains a distinct flavor of the world and the devil. It is not that the charming young juggler is at all a person of oblique characteristics, or that the bicycle suit in which devious circumstance forces him to make his *début* in "Etowah Cove" belongs too exclusively to polite circles ; it is merely that "Etowah Cove," by its persuasion of satanic powers behind the juggler's tricks and by its frank vacuity regarding knickerbockers, so emphasizes its own rusticity as to make the stranger seem by contrast desperately sophisticated.

It may be doubted if the most exalted artistic ends are ever served in fiction by the introduction of any element which enforces too dramatic a contrast with the material in hand. The fine unity of time, place, and action which has given Miss Murfree's work a completeness almost classic in its noble simplicity will be to some extent missed in *The Juggler* by

reason of this introduction of a different social standard from that prevailing in the scene of the tale. Yet this book, though it seems to fall somewhat short of the perfection of the author's former work, is not without merits of a high order. The parlance of the natives has lost nothing of its rude charm, nor is the environment rendered in anything less potent than those well-remembered and living touches which give scenery, in Miss Murfree's hands, the force of actual illusion. Mist and moonlight, wooded heights and bosky dells, reappear in *The Juggler* with no lessened grace ; and perhaps there are many who will not object to the appearance in these dear and cherished scenes of a youth from St. Louis, with a mysterious past and a talent for parlor magic.

It is indeed a little curious,—the degree to which this youth's outing garb and his knack at legerdemain vitiate his integrity as a tragic and dignified whole. He seems altogether too light and facile a creature to invite peculiar doom. Nature does a man an ill turn to furnish him at once with an equipment for light comedy and a tragic rôle. It may be this incongruity in the juggler which prevents him, in spite of his misfortune, from taking hold of one's sympathies ; but there is in him a certain laxity of temperament which is also accountable for this. The young man's vital lacks reflect themselves in the effect he produces. He is quite content, it appears, to take the path of least resistance in life, and natural and common as this tendency may be in human nature, it is never one which wins the enthusiastic regard of the observer. It is not amply demonstrated that the juggler's mischances, had he been capable of an effort, were hopeless enough to have forever cut him off from the world he loved. He sinks passively into an abyss from which it seems as if an adequate ex-



planation of his case might easily save him.

Vitality in evil-doing is a more interesting thing in character than utter supineness of purpose : where is life is hope. But without some progressive tendency, good or bad, development is impossible.

The juggler, with his fatal facility at many things, falls moderately in love with a girl of the Cove. This sentiment, had it any living base, might have reconciled many of the inconsistencies of his character and situation ; but here also his inert temperament asserts itself. His affection for Euphemia fades out like a star at dawn in the splendors of his adoration for a well-dressed lady whom he sees at the Helvetia Springs.

The object of this later regard is presented merely in profile ; she is an outline in pastel, so evanescent in her fineness as scarcely to impress the memory with anything more actual than a rare suggestion of effective pose and costume. Her unconsciousness of the juggler's love is a part of the illogical fate which from beginning to end of the story seems to hound the young man to an arbitrary death. The fact that his innocence of any real wickedness does not inflame one's mind with a sense of deep injustice in the undeserving end which is meted out to him is a proof of the juggler's failure altogether to impose himself as a vigorous actuality.

There is, throughout the whole narrative, a kind of antique sentiment, consisting in its subordination of human will to inflexible destiny. Fate is supreme. The difference, however, between *The Juggler* and the great tragedies of literature is that this supremacy is not, in Miss Murfree's story, made to appear inevitable. There is no element of necessity in the catastrophe. It is not seen to be the necessary result of the action.

It would seem that if the young hero,

with his pretty turn for song, jest, and artistic foolery, has made a trick of life, juggling with his identity, his social and moral obligations, and his emotions as well, none the less has destiny made a toy of him, tossing the bauble aside battered and broken when the play is over.

*Eva Wilder Brodhead.*

## A STIRRING TALE OF THE SEA

DESPITE the imaginative fruitfulness of the age and the literary devices and short cuts which enable the dexterously diligent to enter and possess alien environments and remote periods, no royal channel to the sea novel seems, so far, to have been surveyed and buoyed. This cannot be for lack of literary audacity, as every other field of endeavor is assailed ; nor can it be charged to fear of popular success, because few books are surer of public acclaim than vivid stories of the sea.

In the military novel it is different. Here men and women alike set battalions in the field, and no trick of tactics, no maxim of strategy, appalls them. Their soldiers are always achieving the impossible ; their forts are defended or reduced, despite Jomini, and up unscalable heights, at the mathematically inexact moment, their heroes, in blue and yellow or red and hoddengray, appear strong-armed and equipped for chances which would have made Napoleon an early fugitive and driven Mad Anthony madder still.

Not so with the story of the sea. Men shy at it, and the eternal feminine, who usually rushes in where other angels fear to tread, scurries by it fearsomely or (*chapeau bas madame*) nibbles at it even more fearsomely and with such dire results.

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FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY. A Tale of Adventure by Land and Sea. By Cyrus Townsend Brady, Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

Strangely enough, the faculty is not an especial gift of experience. Where Marryat, the veteran sailor, often failed, Cooper, whose sea training was of the slightest, usually succeeded; and in situations where both were out of tune with the time and temper of their people and scenario, Michael Scott, the landsman of limited experience, gave us in "Tom Cringle's Log" and in "The Cruise of the Midge" a sustained and balanced harmony where no single note fell under the conductor's table.

If one were captious, therefore, the writers of real sea stories might, so rare is the achievement, be fairly counted upon a single hand, and, as a corollary, when a new writer, swimming into our ken, reveals convincing proofs of talent and temperament, he should be welcomed for the precious gift he brings.

It seems to me that Archdeacon Cyrus Townsend Brady has shown this very unusual aptitude in *For Love of Country*, and that under the gown of the clergyman must still beat the eager heart of the midshipman whose earliest love was the sea. In his blithe and breezy story he gives you vivid pictures of certain memorable scenes of American Revolutionary history. His sailors are of the fore-castle and of the quarter-deck, ocean-reared and trained—not mere Abraham men, shore-huggers or crimps—and so distinct, so real in types that their successors are, to-day, stamping noisily to windward, swaying on sheet and halliard or ruling the ardent helm in many a stormy sea. By deft touches he makes you realize how his people lived and died, how they loved and suffered, how they sailed their ships, and justly won their freedom of the deep. He pictures what manner of fights they fought, what gales they weathered, and where, by cunning sea surprise, they caught napping the wildest seamen of their day.

John Paul Jones sails and struggles for

you valorously, not as the ungrateful scorners who looted Selkirk's land, but as the hero who carried the Bonhomme Richard into as gallant a fray as ship was ever blessed with, and fought into a crowning victory the ship Serapis and the man Landais, his faithless ally, combined. In the glorious action between the Randolph, sloop-of-war, and the Yorkmouth, line-of-battle ship 74, he substitutes his hero for Capt. Nicholas Biddle, of immortal memory. With painstaking research and sympathetic fancy he has filled in the lacunæ of that cruise and duel, and gives a happier ending than came to a grieving nation when the ill news of the disaster went blowing down the wind.

To the work ashore Mr. Brady has devoted equal pains and ample sympathy, and the story of Washington's struggles in Jersey is set down with a graphic pen. His fairness to the English is as marked as his appreciation of the Americans, and he tells how "the gallant and brave Cornwallis," who never forgot the surprise at the Assunpink, said to Washington after the surrender at Yorktown: "But, after all, your excellency's achievements in Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them." And to this he adds what Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann when he heard of the affair at Trenton and the night march on Princeton: "Washington, the dictator," declared Walpole, "has shown himself both a Fabius and a Camillus. His march through our lines is allowed to have been a prodigy of generalship."

With such worthies and amid such admirable scenes Archdeacon Brady's story concerns itself. His strong and stirring novel of incident is a healthful protest against the deluded and besotted commercialism which encompasses us. He writes like a sailor and a gentleman, and the lesson he teaches is commended to all who really



love their country so much that, whether right or wrong, they will strive and, if need be, die for it.

A tender and pathetic love story gleams amid the harsher web of gale and battle like a thread of gold, and sweet Kate and her loyal devotion win our hearts as does a home song trilled for us by tender lips in countries far away.

*J. D. Jerrold Kelley.*

### SHORT STORIES

**I**N volumes of college stories we usually look for immaturity. That we do not notice in Mr. Flandrau's *Harvard Episodes*. They are not boyish, but written from the point of view of a grown-up person. I believe they give a pretty faithful idea of some aspects of the contemporary civilization at Harvard. There is a story of a lad who had an ideal of what he would like his mother to be, which that good lady did not fully realize. There was, however, a photograph of her which did agree pretty closely with the son's ideal and which was much admired by him and his fellows. When she came in one day on him and his comrades and the disparity between the lady and the picture was revealed, there was—oh, there was nothing in particular, but the depressing idea is conveyed of how a modern lad in a great college may come to feel that to have a pretty and fashionable mother somewhere is a social right to which he has an honest title.

There is another story, about an instructor, a recent graduate, who came back

from Europe and tried to live in an undergraduate club and on equal terms with his juniors. The embarrassments that ensued were a natural result of attempting the impracticable. What will surprise the reader is that the thing was so nearly possible that it lasted a year before the instructor gave it up.

Another tale is of how a college boy died; of how it fell to one of his classmates, who had no acquaintance at all with him, to receive his mother and be kind to her, and of how half a dozen other lads, not one of whom had known him, appeared at his funeral out of sheer human kindness as his sorrowing friends. There is a suggestion of one of Kipling's plots in this story. It shows how absolutely alone a good lad may happen to live at Harvard, but it also shows that it is because it happens so, and not because Harvard undergraduates have not fellow-feelings.

Still another tale has to do with the prodigious dissipations of a youth, whose anxious chum, a very proper person, failed to bring him to a timely perception of the error of his ways; and another states the case of a well-conducted and intelligent lad who sees himself unattached to any club and left to flock by himself, and all for no fault or defect except perhaps a lack of social initiative. This tale includes an experience with an exceedingly tipsy undergraduate roysterer, which some readers may find somewhat shocking and others amusing.

There are no morals to these stories. What they attempt is to give an idea of what some Harvard lads do and think of, and of how the social system, or the lack of a social system, works there. Some of the talk is unnaturally epigrammatic, but it usually conveys ideas. When one man says to another "Other colleges have societies, whereas Harvard unquestionably has society," one of the chief ideas which

**HARVARD EPISODES.** By Charles Macomb Flandrau. Copeland & Day, 12mo, \$1.25.

**THE MYSTERY OF CHOICE.** By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.

**THE SKIPPER'S WOOING.** By W. W. Jacobs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.

**IN THE PERMANENT WAY.** By Flora Annie Steel. Macmillan & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

Mr. Flandrau has had in mind is put into words.

How the book will strike persons who do not know Harvard, and whether the impressions it makes on them will be just, is a question. It will interest persons who do know Harvard, because it is thoughtful and, with a frivolous manner, rather serious. It is in a measure an attempt in a new field, for the Harvard that has come to be within the last twenty years is a new community, very unlike its old self, and probably quite unlike any other community in the world.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers has a notably strong propensity to write stories. That is a good thing to begin with. If all the story-writers had the same, better stories would be written. As it is, some story-writers seem to write stories merely because that is a convenient form of industry. Not so with Mr. Chambers. He has tales to tell—aye, to burn, as the boys say, and he keeps trying. Perhaps he ought to burn rather more than he does. He prints some that are really *too* crazy. All Mr. Chambers's stories are a little crazy, but many of them are entertaining, whereas those which the reader has to stand on his head to peruse and even then can't grasp at all, merely try the patience.

There are good stories in *The Mystery of Choice*. What the mystery of choice was does not transpire, but mysteries abound in the book, and perhaps the idea is that the reader, having paid his money, is welcome to make his own selection. "The Purple Emperor" is a good story, the said emperor being a collector of butterflies who murders, for entomological reasons, another collector called the Red Admiral; "The Messenger" is a pretty good story, with some pleasant horrors in it; "The White Shadow" seems a little too crazy, because, though there is pleasant reading in it,

the reader cannot tell at any point what has happened or what is going on; "The Key to Grief" has the landscape-seen-through-a-dense-fog effect, which Mr. Chambers's artistic soul rejoices in; and "A Matter of Interest" is a straightforward yarn in which the writer's imagination is put in harness and made to work on the shore of Long Island instead of soaring in the clouds out of ordinary eyesight. There is a suggestion of various pockets of knowledge in this book which is pleasant. The author seems to be more or less familiar with moths and butterflies, bugs, fishing and flies, unnatural history and color. All this erudition helps the stories.

*The Skipper's Wooing* is not exactly a love story, but a narrative of a plain man in the British coasting trade who undertook a commission to oblige a lady whom he wished to marry. It is amusing and in some places downright funny, does not overexcite the mind, and is commended to readers as a cheerful piece of writing, adapted to abate care and dispel pessimism. "The Brown Man's Servant," in the same volume, is more sombre, but not less meritorious. The name of the author, W. W. Jacobs, is new to the present reviewer, though probably familiar, as it deserves to be, to many readers.

It may seem to Mrs. Steel an unkind fate that every one who reads her stories of India should immediately feel constrained to say how they compare with Mr. Kipling's "Plain Tales." They do not compare to entire advantage, and one reason is that they are not quite plain. He who runs may read Kipling and take in all that is set forth, but the process of assimilating what Mrs. Steel has to communicate is a good deal less simple. In her new book, *In the Permanent Way*, are gathered nineteen short stories. There is not much in them about the glory of imperial Britain, not much

humor, few particularly entertaining "Tommies," not much sport. There is a good deal of tragedy, a good many painful glimpses of women sacrificed. Many, though not all of them, are melancholy stories. Yet they seem to be true stories of India, and the impressions they leave on the mind are useful to supplement those familiar impressions that Mr. Kipling has stamped so clearly. There is more of India in Mrs. Steel's studies and less of the English, more grief and less glory, more patience, more endurance, and perhaps a little less rum than in the Kipling tales. They are remarkable stories.

*E. S. Martin.*

## SLOANE'S "NAPOLEON"

### SECOND NOTICE

THE third and fourth volumes of this great work are characterized by the same merits and the same defects as the first two volumes. There is the same splendor of type, illustration, and binding; the same absence of adequate maps to enable the reader to follow not only the campaigns but the treaties which in every successive year after 1805 changed the boundaries of States; and there is the same honest and straightforward desire to show Napoleon as he was—not particularly as a soldier, or a statesman, or a ruler, but as all of these, and above all as a man of flesh and blood and not a legendary hero.

The third volume deals with the events of the six years from 1807 to 1812 inclusive; the years which saw Napoleon at the height of his power as the arbiter of Europe, and the most commanding personality in the world. It opens with the campaign against the Russians, the battles

of Eylau and Friedland, and the unique and ever-famous meeting at Tilsit. The story of this is admirably told; the astute Napoleon, the impressionable Czar, the weak King of Prussia and his pathetic Queen, the splendor of the entertainments, the importance of the subjects under discussion—nothing less than the division of the world—here are all the elements of a dramatic story of the highest interest, and they are skilfully used.

The Emperor and the Czar had divided the world between them, and Napoleon occupied a position of power never rivalled in modern times. But the very instrument which conceded this position to him was the cause of his ultimate downfall, and the collapse of his political system. The license to do as he liked in Spain led to a prolonged contest in which he never gained any substantial advantage. The humiliation of Prussia produced the uprising of the German nation under the lead of Prussia. Finally, the Czar became dissatisfied with his share of the spoils, and in attempting to reduce him to subjection Napoleon sacrificed the flower of French manhood, and gave his allies the chance to become his enemies. It required the combined strength of them all during three long years to crush him, but that result was finally accomplished.

With the fourth volume opens the story of his downfall. For the next two years and a half he was at bay—a dying gladiator of titanic proportions. In spite of failing health and of overwhelming reverses, he displayed at times greater power than at any other period of his career. In 1813 he created an army almost out of nothing and fought at Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, and Leipzig, the bloodiest battles of European history. In 1814 he planned and executed a campaign which with that of 1796 ranks highest in military science. In 1815, returning alone from exile, his mere name

gathered a force sufficient to cope with England, Prussia, and Holland, only losing his final battle because his chief subordinates—the tools of his military trade—were no longer with him. As a mere example of individual power and intellect it is hard to say whether he was greatest in defeat or in victory. The final tribute of the nations of the world to his unrivalled power was in confining him until death on a rocky island, thousands of miles from Europe. At any nearer point they feared to cope with his personality.

As was said in reviewing the first two volumes, the deeds of this man will fascinate readers as long as books endure, and every writer about him will seek to analyze his career, to find the sources of his extraordinary power, to summarize his character, to define him in a phrase. Professor Sloane naturally does so, and the last two chapters treat of him as "Soldier, Statesman, Despot," and of his "Place in History." But like every one else who has attempted this he finds that Napoleon can not be summarily described, and in place of a phrase it takes many pages to form even the most condensed summary of his career and character. It has been well said of Washington that he was "the greatest of good men, the best of great men." No such short title is possible for Napoleon. He was the incarnation of power, and Professor Sloane well says that "his supereminent quality—the quality which endeared him to the French masses as did no other—was that of untiring industry; laborious, self-initiated, self-guided, self-improving industry." In Napoleon's own words: "I have never found the limit of my capacity for work." It is easily safe to say that the deeds which he did in the nineteen years from 1796 to 1815 far exceed in number, in importance, in magnitude, in skill, those done by any other mere man in the world's history. Of his colossal and

unrivalled power there can be no question; this is his chief characteristic, and it is this which most of all attracts the attention of mankind. As to what he accomplished with this power, whether it was permanent or transitory; and as to the manner in which he used it, whether righteously or otherwise, there is less universal thought and a wide difference of opinion. Professor Seeley says that "The work of Alexander, Cæsar, Charles, even of Peter and Frederick, endured for centuries, so that they are remembered as founders and creators; but the work of Napoleon perished within his own lifetime." Is this true? Probably not. Professor Sloane presents a more just and discriminating view, showing that Napoleon laid the foundations of modern France.

"The foundations he then laid rest solid to-day; the now antiquated edifice he erected on them, though altered and repaired, still retains its identity. The Revolution had overthrown the old régime completely, and the ruins of society were without form and void. From this chaos Napoleon painfully gathered the substantial materials of a new structure, and out of these reconstructed the family, the state, and the church."

The organization of the internal government of France, the code of civil laws, the system of education, the system of finance, the relations of the Church to the State; all these, as well as splendid and durable public works in roads, bridges, and canals, were devised by Napoleon and have existed for nearly a century without substantial change.

As to his influence on the world at large, outside of France, he "tore up the system of absolutism by the root, propagated in the most distant lands of Europe the modern conception of individual rights, overthrew the rotten structure of the German-Roman Empire, and in spite of himself regenerated the long-abused ideas of nationality and fatherland."

Surely these are permanent results. His political system of vassal States under the guidance of Imperial France, and the wonderful campaigns by which he made that system possible for a brief period, these did indeed perish during his lifetime ; but not so with the organization of France as a governmental machine, nor with his influence upon the fundamental conceptions of government in general. The first has already lasted for a century and there is no sign of any immediate change ; the second will last forever.

As to the manner in which he exercised his stupendous power, in other words, as to his morals, he was utterly without scruple. He always acted on the principle that the end justifies the means. He felt completely absolved from the rules which govern others. He was licentious with women, he never hesitated at a lie if anything was to be gained by it, he took property which did not belong to him, and encouraged his marshals and soldiers to do the same, he did not shrink from murder. In his will, written twenty days before his death, he justifies the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and declares that in similar circumstances he would do

the same. His statement is that the royalists were trying to assassinate him, and to put a stop to this, he seized and put to death the chief royalist he could lay his hands on. In his earlier years there was no trickery too mean for him to adopt if he thereby advanced his personal fortunes ; and when he came to power he acted in the same manner on a larger scale. Though always to some extent a deist, and on his death-bed expressing his belief in the Christian religion, yet throughout his life he scouted and disdained its principles. He had not the faintest conception of what is termed in modern phrase the instincts of a gentleman. Had he been bound by any such limitations it is certain that he never could have accomplished what he did, and no such thoughts ever entered his head. In this he does not differ greatly, if at all, from any of the half dozen great men who have permanently shaped or directed the channel of the world's history. Washington is probably the only exception. Of Napoleon, the final summary is power without morals, or as Emerson puts it, "intellect without conscience."

*Francis V. Greene.*

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## AMONG THE NEWEST BOOKS

**M**R. FREDERICK IVES CARPENTER has edited a convenient anthology of *English Lyric Poetry* (1500-1700). In an interesting and characteristic prefatory chapter, wherein he has traced the growth of the English lyrical spirit from the first detection of it in the Anglo-Saxon Scôps up to its decadence in the satire of the Restoration period, we are told how "for a full century the exquisite song of the lesser Elizabethan choir lay perdue while the great critics of the classical period, following in the way of the later Aristotelian tradition, solemnly discussed theory and practice in

epic and drama only." English classical poetry is not to be blamed, of course, for clothing itself in the elegance of antiquity and in the critical acuteness of the Stagyrite, but we fancy Mr. Carpenter, seeing how the development of that philosophic spirit crushed out lyrical spontaneity, feels a reproach for it somewhat akin to that which Pellissier felt when he chid the so-called classical poetry of the French with its *politesse stérile et rampante*. The "Ars Poetica" obviously associates the poet with the painter, conceiving him as one who manipulates words for pigments ; but poetry is also to be substantially identi-

fied with another art; it has its relations to music that cannot be ignored. Tyrtaeus's songs and the choruses of Euripides struck the heart of the Greeks with ecstasy, not because they were specially vivid in coloring, but because they came with the effect of a symphony or smote the emotions like a trumpet blast. The pictorial conception of the poet's art was so rigorously accepted in England during the eighteenth century, and verse was so wholly devoid of lyrical utterance, that in a Greek sense, at all events, we suspect it could not be called poetry at all. It was a creature, not of the spoken, but of the written tongue. The lyric, with its bursts of exquisite melody, its wonders of charm, had become a thing of the past. "The history of its lyrical poetry exhibits a strenuous and fervent idealism as one of the constant traits of the English mind," Mr. Carpenter reminds us, and so we find that in the revival of the modern romantic period the lyric came to a new birth. Undoubtedly, as he points out, the publication of Percy's "Reliques," as early as 1765, did much toward restoring melody to English poetry; but it needed a Shelley and a Byron to resuscitate the power of the lyre, and to prove of what effective assonance the English tongue is capable. [Scribners, Importers, 12mo, \$1.50.]

Four little books of biographical essays are issued under the general title of "The Warner Classics," consisting of selections from the introductory studies included in Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature." In the first group, headed *Science and Philosophy*, are included Professor Lankester's sketch of Charles Darwin, of Bacon by Charlton T. Lewis, of Cardinal Newman by the late R. H. Hutton, and the essay on "Aristotle" by Professor Davidson. In *The Novelists* are included Henry James's sketch of Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Honoré de Balzac" by Professor Trent, and "George Eliot" by Professor Waldstein. The book of *The Poets* has "Lord Byron," by Mr. Warner; "Dante," by Professor Norton; and "Alfred Tennyson," by Dr. Henry van Dyke. The fourth volume, of *Historians and Essayists*, includes sketches of Edward Gibbon by W. E. H. Lecky, Carlyle by Leslie Stephen, R. W. Emerson by Dr.

Richard Garnett, and Matthew Arnold by George E. Woodberry. These are but fourteen out of over a thousand biographical studies which appear in Mr. Warner's "Library," and it may be that the welcome sure to meet these four booklets will encourage the publishers to make further selections from their valuable store. These little books are not so large as the volumes in the "Library," and are more easily held in the hand. [*Harper's Weekly Club*, 4 volumes, 24mo, cloth, \$1.00; leather, \$2.00 per set.]

A book of genuine literary excellence, full of charming pictures, is *Social Life in Old Virginia before the War*, in which Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's familiar essay is adorned with graceful drawings by the Misses Cowles, who have caught the very gentle spirit of the older time and the vanished places. Mr. Page says in a prefatory note that the "little essay has been attempted partly to correct an erroneous idea of the Old South"—which has found expression, of recent years, in certain so-called "Southern plays" which are wholly absurd as transcripts of life; "but mainly," he adds, "it has been done from sheer affection." [Scribners, 12mo, \$1.50.]

Two new volumes in the "Centenary Edition" of Carlyle contain the first two parts of the *History of Frederick the Great*. Mr. H. D. Traill prefixes a note in which he says: "It might seem ungracious to grudge the long years that were consumed on the accomplishment of the work. Regret only awakens when we turn away from what we have gained, to consider what we have lost . . . and mentally to enumerate all those memorable events in the world's history which have waited in vain to hear their story told as he could tell it . . . had not he who of all men was best fitted to play their *vates sacer* been 'otherwise engaged.'" There are photogravure plates of "Frederick the Great," "The Little Drummer" (from the Charlottenburg painting), "Friedrich Wilhelm," and "The Electress Sophia." [Scribners, Importers, 8vo, \$1.25 each.]

Another successful attempt to make a complete one-volume edition of a poet,

which shall be neither too large nor too heavy, is the new edition of Mrs. Browning's *Poems*, which contains, besides all the contents of the standard copyright edition in six volumes, all the earlier poems which did not come within the scope of that edition. The only poem by Mrs. Browning not included in this edition is the earlier translation of "Prometheus Unbound"; the translation of 1850 and the earlier "Preface" are included. Certainly the editor, Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon, should be congratulated on so good a book; the arrangement of the poems is chronological throughout, and the text is always that of the author's latest revision. The translations are grouped at the end of the poems. The publishers have printed it clearly on light, opaque paper, and given an engraving of the Talfourd portrait for frontispiece. [Macmillan, 8vo, \$1.75.]

Dr. Edward Willard Watson, whose volume of poems, "To-day and Yesterday," was noticed in these pages two years ago, has put forth another collection of similar verse, to which he gives the title of *Songs of Flying Hours*. Like its predecessor, Dr. Watson's newer book is made up of poems chiefly reflective and meditative in their character. There is a great deal of pictorial art disclosed in these verses, and a reverent gravity breathes through the lines. The book is illustrated with drawings by Miss Agnes Watson. [Henry T. Coates & Co., 16mo, \$1.00.]

The ten monthly parts of the *Cyclopædia of Sports*, which have appeared during the past year, are now gathered into the first volume, covering titles from "A" to "Leo." In his editorial preface, the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire notes that while many books on various sports have appeared within recent years, no attempt has hitherto been made to produce a national encyclopædia of sport; and that the present work, planned upon broad lines, is intended to include "many articles upon subjects which though not in themselves sport, are certainly its corollaries." For instance, "First Aid," "Taxidermy" and "Veterinary Work," are all subjects some rudimentary knowledge of which is not only useful, but often directly neces-

sary, to sportsmen. Contributory articles on natural history have also been included.

Nearly one hundred and fifty titles are included in the present volume, among them such comprehensive words as "Angling" (by John Bickerdyke and William Senior); "Athletics" (by Montague Shearman, with specific chapters by G. S. Robertson, Harold Wade, and others); "Baseball" (by R. G. Knowles); "Bison" (by Theodore Roosevelt); "Butterfly and Moth Collecting" (by C. S. Colman); "Canoes and Canoeing" (by Sir W. Baden-Powell); "Cricket" (by W. J. Ford, with chapters by K. S. Ranjitsinhji, T. Richardson, and others); "Cycling" (by H. Graves); "Football" (by A. Budd, with chapters by C. B. Fry, Caspar Whitney, and others); "Golf" (by Garden G. Smith); "Horse" (by W. Blunt, W. Allison, and others); "Lawn Tennis" (by N. L. Jackson, Miss L. Dod, and Caspar Whitney); "Dogs" (by R. B. Lee and Fred Gresham).

The book is copiously and intelligently illustrated, and some special attention has been paid to getting a score of fine photogravure prints, besides the many serviceable "half-tones" which are profusely scattered through the handsome volume. The illustrations were done under the direction of Mr. Hedley Peek; and Mr. F. G. Aflalo is named by Lord Suffolk as "the founder and architect of the scheme developed in these volumes." That large body of the public which is interested in sport owes them all a debt of gratitude. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, royal 8vo, \$10.00.]

Mr. Thomas G. Gentry, Sc.D., has collected, under the rather ponderous title, *Life and Immortality; or, Soul in Plants and Animals*, a number of brief, entertaining, and instructive essays upon Nature and her manifestations. Such attractive subjects as "Plants That Feed on Insects," "Five Fingered Jack and the Oyster" (the Star Fish), "Book-Lovers" (the book-worm), "Rare and Curious Nests," "Feline Intelligence," "Mind in Animals," and "Nature's Little Store-Keeper" are items in the table of contents, and are treated with abundant knowledge and sympathy. [Buck & McPettridge Co., 8vo, cloth, \$2.50.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS

- Benin; the City of Blood.* Commander R. H. Bacon, R.N. Edward Arnold, illustrated, 8vo, \$2.00.  
*Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times.* Sydney George Fisher. J. B. Lippincott Co., 2 volumes, illustrated, 12mo, each, \$1.50.  
*Student's History of the United States.* Edward Channing. The Macmillan Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.40.  
*Essays on the Civil War and Reconstruction.* William Archibald Dunning. Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$2.00.  
*A God-Child of Washington.* Katharine Schuyler Baxter. F. Tennyson Neely, large illustrated 4to, \$10.00.  
*Christian Greece and Living Greek.* Dr. Achilles Rose. Peri Hellados Publication Office, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen.* Liliuokalani. Lee & Shepard, illustrated, 8vo, \$2.00.  
*B. I. Barnato. A Memoir.* Harry Raymond. E. P. Dutton & Co., illustrated, 8vo, \$2.00.  
*Eighty Years and More.* Reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. European Publication Co., 12mo.  
*Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* 1854-1870. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., LL.D. F. A. Stokes Co., illustrated, 8vo, \$4.50.

### THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

- The Legend of the Thorn Road.* Evelyn Nichols Kerr. James Pott & Co., 12mo.  
*All's Right with the World.* Charles B. Newcomb. The Philosophical Publication Co., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*The Ideal Life.* Henry Drummond. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Christianity and the Progress of Man.* W. Douglas Mackenzie. F. H. Revell Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*How to Make the Sunday School Co.* A. T. Brewer. Eaton & Mains, illustrated, 16mo, 60 cents.  
*Suggestive Illustrations.* Matthew. Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D. E. R. Herrick & Co., illustrated, 12mo.  
*A People's Commentary.* Romans and Corinthians. Geo. W. Clark, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Holy Bible.* Polychrome edition. Judges, Isaiah, Psalms. Edited by Paul Haupt. Dodd, Mead & Co., 3 volumes, 4to, each, \$1.25.  
*Curlier's Sermons.* Rev. S. B. Rossiter. Bonnell, Silver & Co., 16mo, 50 cents.  
*The New Puritanism.* Papers by Lyman Abbott and Others. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*St. Matthew, St. Mark, General Epistles. The Modern Reader's Bible.* Macmillan Co., small 4to, 50 cents.  
*A Short History of the Book of Common Prayer.* W. R. Huntington. Thomas Whitaker, paper, 12mo, 25 cents, net.  
*The New Dispensation. The New Testament.* Translated from the Greek by Robert D. Weekes. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 8vo.  
*Story of the Christian Church.* Rev. George R. Crooks, D.D., LL.D. Eaton & Mains, illustrated, 8vo, \$3.50.  
*The Bible Story.* W. H. Burnett and W. F. Adeney. Macmillan Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.00.

### FICTION

- The Strange Story of my Life.* John Strange Winter. Rand, McNally & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Warren Hyde.* By the Author of "Unchaperoned." R. F. Fenno & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Tim and Mrs. Tim.* R. T. Lancefield. The American News Co., paper, 12mo, 50 cents.  
*A Very Ordeal.* Tusma. Town and Country Library. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
*On the Winning Side.* Jeannette H. Walworth. R. F. Fenno & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Shrewsbury.* Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co., illustrated, 8vo, \$1.50.  
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[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

220.—1. Will you kindly tell me where I can procure information regarding the "Rubaiyat," as to its origin, meaning, etc.; also where a copy can be purchased?

2. Will you also tell me the origin of the expression, "Castles in Spain"? Brewer says the expression arose from there being no castles in Spain; but students of history read of many castles there.

O. A. P.

1. Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat," with copious notes, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Any bookseller can get it for you.

221.—Where can I get a poem on "Plowing," by Charles H. Crandall? What is his life work? Where and when was he born? Where does he now live?

V. M.

Mr. Crandall lives in Springdale, Conn. His poems are published by Putnam.

222.—Will you please try to find out for me who was the author of, and where I can obtain, a little story entitled "The Colonel's Opera Cloak"?

L. R. H.

It is one of the "No Name" series of novels, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

223.—Is J. M. Sherwood, at one time editor of *Hours at Home*, still living? Or can you get for me the name of the writer of the article entitled "Strange Career of an Artist," published in that magazine in October, 1868? Or can you tell me who is the present possessor of the autobiography of Alexander Vattemare, therein referred to as being in the possession of the writer?

A. R. H.

Mr. Sherwood died in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the autumn of 1890. The surviving editor of *Hours at Home* does not know who wrote the article, but thinks it may have been the Hon. John Bigelow.

224.—Please give me the name of the author of the following lines:

"Give me one kiss, and no more.  
If so be this makes you poor,  
To enrich you, I'll restore  
For that one, two thousand score." F.

225.—I have looked in vain for the origin of these lines:

"The mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain,

"Tis the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain."

J. W. F.

See answer to Query 988, First Series, in *THE BOOK BUYER* for October, 1895. The poem is given in full.

226.—Can you tell me which of the magazines contained an account of John Keats's family, with pictures of his brothers and sister and of Fanny Brawne?

L. K.

*McClure's Magazine* for October, 1895, contained an article by J. G. Speed upon the Keats family.

227.—Can you direct me to the publisher of a complete history of the violin, entitled "Smith's Violins," or any other work of like character, or "Hart's Violin" (London, 1875-80)?

A. S.

A new edition of Hart's work on the violin was published in London in 1887. E. Heron-Allen compiled a bibliography of the violin in 1892. Most of the books on the subject are published in Europe only, and are imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

228.—Who wrote the line,

"Thy own wish wish I thee in every place"?

The sentiment is to be found in several other forms.

E. W. J.

It is in "Love's Labor's Lost," Act II, Scene 1.

229.—Can you tell me who the author is of the following lines and in what work they appear?

"For every evil under the sun,  
There is a remedy or there is none.  
If there is one, try and find it;  
If there is none, never mind it." M. C. B.

They are from Mother Goose.

## ANSWERS

120.—If your correspondent had quoted the passage in full, or had but indicated that the *he* referred to was Dr. McCosh of Princeton, any number of your readers could have promptly referred the inquirer to "The Last Irish Grievance" in any modern collection of Thackeray's

Ballads. Originally this ballad appeared in *Punch* for November 29, 1851, with an illustration by Captain H. R. Howard. The ballad was first reprinted in Volume XVIII of the collected works in 1869, page 185, and the illustration appeared for the first time in the *édition de luxe* of the works (1879, Vol. XXI).

F. S. D.

173.—The two verses at the beginning of Part Sixth of "Trilby" are from Victor Hugo's poem, "Le Fou de Tolède," which may be found in any complete edition of his poems. The first line is:

"Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine."

In the copy of "Trilby" which I have consulted there is no allusion to Gastibelza. Nor is Hippolyte Moupon mentioned. He may be the composer who set the poem to music. Mendelssohn speaks of hearing it sung (in his letters, June, 1842).

E. W. J.

179.—This is by Shelley—a verse from the "Fragments of Prince Athanase"; but in many editions it is printed only in a note.

E. W. J.

195.—Jonathan Edwards's account of the spider, written in his boyhood, will be found in full in Chapter II of Dwight's "Life of Edwards."

This Life forms the first volume of the ten-volume edition of Edwards's Works. W. H. J.

207.—I have always supposed that the phrase "purple patch" came from Horace, "Ars Poetica," lines 14, 15, 16:

"Incoeptis gravibus plerumque et magna professi  
Purpureus, late qui splendeat unus et alter  
Assuitur pannus."

W. W. H.

202.—We have received several long communications concerning this query, some of which miss the point. Everybody knows the meaning of the separate words; the question is, what do they mean when thus connected?—What kind of ore is "new spangled ore"? Milton (as printed) does not say that the sun is new spangled, but that it rises with ore that is new spangled. One correspondent proposes to read "orb" instead of "ore." Another suggests the reading "or" (gold).

218.—The author of "Merlin and Other Poems" is John Reade, of the *Montreal Gazette*. J. N.

219.—E. G. B. and S. H. W. answer that the poem is by N. P. Willis.

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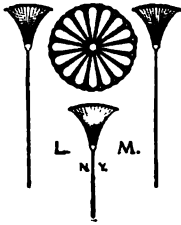
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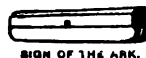
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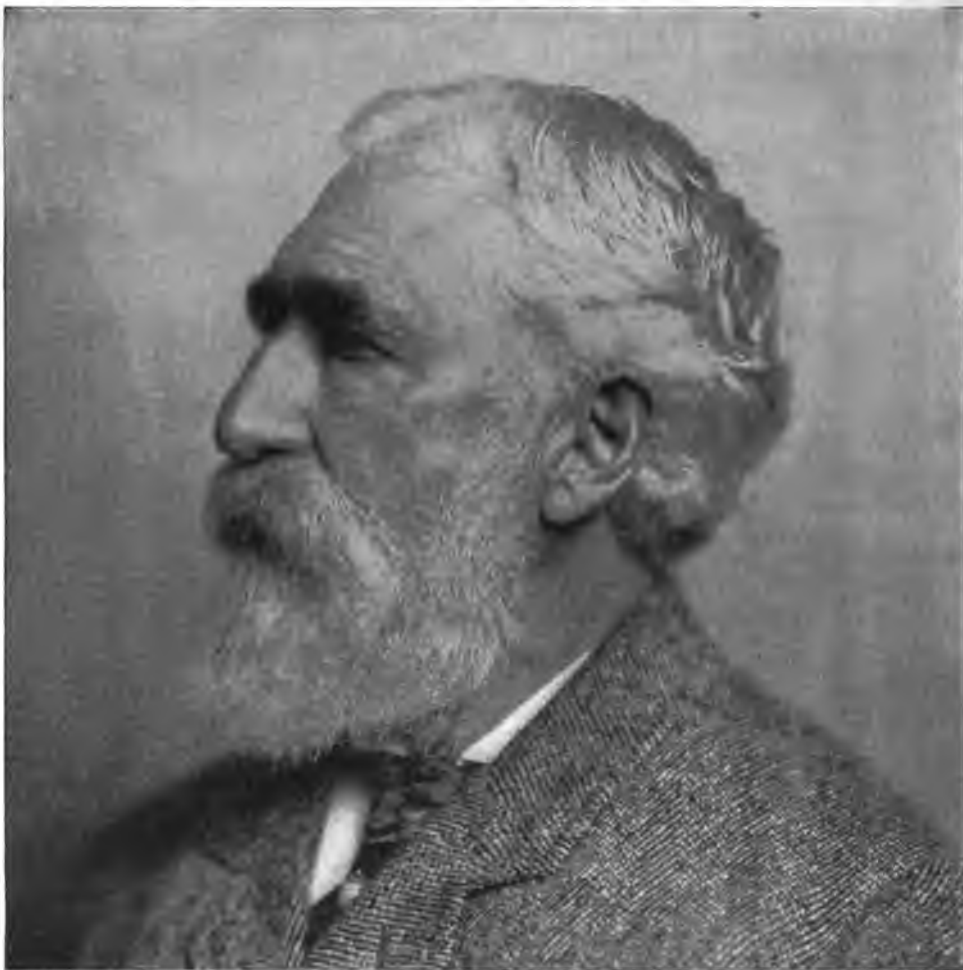
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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. XVI

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1898

No. 3

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## A NOTE ON THE ESSAY

NOWADAYS fiction may seem to some of us the most many-sided department of literature, for it is no longer content to tell a story only; it insists at least in pointing a moral even when it does not undertake also to give instruction in history and in theology. But I doubt if the novel is really as protean as the essay. Mr. Owen Wister is not further removed from Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mark Twain is not more widely separated from George Sand, than Thoreau is from Charles Lamb, or Dr. Johnson from Montaigne. It would be difficult, indeed, to frame a definition wide enough to include the essays of Bacon and Emerson, of Steele and Goldsmith and Irving, of Hazlitt and Bagehot and Lowell, of Stevenson and Mr. Howells. The dictionary declares that an essay is "a discursive composition concerned with a particular subject, usually shorter and less methodical and finished than a treatise." Few things in literature are more methodical and finished than most of Macaulay's essays, and few things are less discursive than most of Matthew Arnold's essays, wherein a skeleton of logical structure is always to be laid bare not far below the surface.

One lexicographer quotes from Bacon his assertion that he chose "to write certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called essays," following this with the explanation that "the word is late, but the thing is ancient." How ancient it is we can see for ourselves when we find another writer seeking its origin in the "dispersed meditations" of Seneca's Epistles to Lucilius, and when we reflect that if the germ of the essay is to be sought in any collection of "dispersed meditations," it can surely be found in the Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, King of Israel—to know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity; to give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion.

So abiding is the influence of Montaigne that a certain doubtful suggestion of desultoriness still attaches itself to the essay, as though it were fit reading only for the days when, in Thoreau's phrase, idleness is "the most attractive and productive industry." A content so modest as this tends to unfit it for the adequate descrip-

tion of writing as strenuous as Carlyle's or as whimsically elaborated as Lamb's, however accurately it may apply to the playful pleasantry of Steele and Irving, for instance. It is hard to draw the line between the essay on the one side and the treatise or disquisition or thesis on the other. It is not hard, however, to discover in the essay itself at least two broad divisions, in one of which we find the names of Montaigne, Bacon, and Emerson, while in the other we have Steele, Addison, Oliver Goldsmith, and Washington Irving. This second group it is that we have in mind when we talk of the English essayists, and yet it is the first group that has the securer title, or at least the earlier.

Wherever Montaigne may have got the hint, whether from Plutarch or from Cicero's Letters or from Seneca, he devised a new literary form, which Bacon borrowed from him, and which Emerson in turn claimed as his own also. These are the three great masters of the wandering and shapeless medley of thoughts more or less relating to a single topic. The charm of their essays is not in any artful arrangement; it is in the pithy sayings partly, and partly in the writer's self-revelation. They were all three of them kindly and frank, tolerant and shrewd, keen-eyed and quick-witted. Montaigne was more a man of the world, Bacon more a man of affairs, and Emerson more a man of the library.

Steele, aided by Addison, took the essay where Montaigne and Bacon had left it, and gave it an unexpected development, influenced perhaps by Walton and perhaps by La Bruyère. The eighteenth-century essay as we have it in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* and in all the cloud of their copyists, seems to me sometimes almost as though it were a definite literary form, as distinct as the short story or the elegy. It has in prose the characteristics

which we ask in rhyme from *vers de société*—the "familiar verse" of Cowper. Like that, it is brief and brilliant and buoyant; it has ease and elegance; it hints its pathos only, and it never insists on its wit; it reveals the gentleman and the scholar, and yet it recalls always the man about town.

In the most of the successors of Steele and Addison the effort of imitation is obvious; a copy has been set which they are trying to follow, often awkwardly and sometimes even clumsily. Dr. Johnson's grace is but elephantine when he tries to dance in these fetters; and even Dr. Johnson's foe, Lord Chesterfield, clever as he was, failed to hit the mark, giving to the essay a metallic hardness and a cynical brilliance not quite in keeping. But Goldsmith was perfectly at ease, and he handled the form as naturally as though he had invented it for his own use. With all his individuality in life, Oliver Goldsmith was in literature of the lineage of Richard Steele; and so also was Washington Irving. It was in the shop Goldsmith had inherited from Steele that Irving served his apprenticeship; but he soon set up for himself; and in its delicacy and its grace and its ease, Irving's best work is quite worthy of comparison with the masterpieces of the elder brothers of the craft.

Slight and airy as the essay was in the hands of Steele and Addison, the service it rendered in the development of the art of character-drawing cannot easily be overestimated. If Steele and Addison descended from Montaigne on one side, on the other they were the heirs of Cervantes also. Sir Roger de Coverley is the great-grand-nephew of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance. This fertile Cervantine tradition they transmitted to those who came after them. The richly colored portrait of the Tory Foxhunter had been hung in Addison's studio years



before Fielding painted the robustious Squire Western. Ned Softly the Poet had exhibited his pleasant pedantry in the pages of the *Tatler* years before Jane Austen had etched the imperturbable Mr. Collins. The "Fine Lady's Journal" had been printed in the *Spectator* years before Miss Edgeworth drew the character of the flighty Mrs. Delacour.

And here, if a discursive inquiry be not debarred, occasion serves to put a puzzling question. When the essay is at its best, it has the spontaneity, the unstudied charm, the pleasantly personal flavor of a good letter. Now, it is notorious that women have ever been the most artistic, as they are the most abundant, of letter-writers. Nowadays at least women are the only masters of the art of epistolary correspondence, since men no longer take pen in hand to gossip leisurely with a distant friend. Men dictate to a typewriter when they are not content to condense their communication into a peremptory telegram. Women also are more interested than men in the minor points of manners and of morals, which are of the essence of the essay; and in detecting these as well as in dissecting them their eyes are sharper. Yet there is no woman's name inscribed high upon the roll of the essayists. The fact is indisputable, whatever the reason for it. Woman never gave her mind to the essay, and so she has left no mark upon it. She waited rather until the modern novel had been invented, and in that she seems to have found the best medium for her self-expression.

Not only fiction was aided in its development by the labors of Steele and Addison and of their allies, but formal criticism also and more than one other branch of literature now flourishing abundantly in our magazines. The eighteenth-century essay was not monotonous; indeed, it was very varied in its attack. From the *Spectator* alone one could pick out a

typical character-sketch, a typical short story, a typical humorous skit, a typical essay in criticism, a typical theatrical review, and even a typical obituary notice.

Mr. Henry James's brief memorial of the late George Du Maurier might have had for its unconscious model Steele's "Dick Estcourt: In Memoriam"; alike in method, the two papers are alike also in the warmth of affectionate regret that prompted them. Mr. Howells's recent "East Side Ramble" may be matched by Steele's "Day's Ramble in London"; and in both essays can be seen a kindred keenness of observation, a kindred interest in the little things of which life is made up, and a kindred kindliness of spirit in the observer who is making the record. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's "Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (or any other of his marvellously matter-of-fact impossibilities) is compounded according to a recipe very like that which served Addison when he wrote out the details of the traveller's tale of the "Frozen Voices." The simple pathos of the two papers in which Mr. Bickerstaff visits a friend, and the homely touches of human nature that make the people real to us and alive—these are qualities we can duplicate in many an American short story and character-sketch—in Mr. Page's "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady," for example; in Miss Wilkins's "Revolt of Mother," in Mr. Garland's "Return of the Private." So also we cannot but see that it was Addison's rather labored and rather empty papers on "Paradise Lost" that helped to make it possible for Macaulay afterward to write his trenchant criticism of Milton.

Perhaps it is this very versatility of the essay as we find it in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* that has misled some of us into thinking that the form is not as popular to-day as it was once. The essay, as it was then, has now differentiated itself into

the short story and into criticism, neither of which is remembered to have had any connection with it ; and the name has been narrowed again to indicate chiefly the paper of "dispersed meditations." It may be said of the essay that the stream flows nowadays with a fuller current than ever before, but as it has worn

several new mouths for itself, no one of them has the prominence or the importance of the old single channel. Yet, even when we take the word in its most reduced meaning, the essay has not lacked masters in the last half of the nineteenth century—Thoreau and Lowell and Stevenson.

*Brander Matthews.*

---

### THE NEW "DE PROFUNDIS"

Out from the mist, the mist, I cry ;  
Let not my soul of numbness die !  
My life is furled in every limb,  
And my existence groweth dim.  
My senses all like weapons rust,  
And lie disused in endless dust.  
I may not love, I may not hate ;  
Slowly I feel my life abate.

O would there were a heaven to hear !  
O would there were a hell to fear !  
Ah, welcome fire, eternal fire,  
To burn for ever and not tire !  
Better Ixion's whirling wheel,  
And still at any cost to feel !  
Dear son of God, in mercy give  
My soul to flame, but let me live !

I am discouraged by the street,  
The pacing of monotonous feet ;  
Faces of all emotion purged ;  
From nothing unto nothing urged ;  
The living men that shadows go,  
A vain procession to and fro.  
The earth an unreal course doth run,  
Haunted by a phantasmal sun :

Thou didst create me keen and bright,  
Of hearing exquisite and sight.  
Look on thy creature, muffled, furled,  
That has no glory in thy world,  
In odours that like arrows dart,  
Beauty that overwhelms the heart.  
I neither hear, nor smell, nor see ;  
But only glide perpetually.

I seem to feel upon my soul  
The slow approach, the gradual roll  
Of Darkness older than the light,  
Of blackness gaining on the bright.  
O wasted is that wine like blood,  
Wasted the flesh that was our food !  
If in the dimness without strife  
I perish, life, O give me life !

—From "*Poems*," by Stephen Phillips. By permission of Mr. John Lane.

## THE RAMBLER

**T**HIS new portrait of Mr. William Ernest Henley, from the bust made by Rodin in 1886, is reproduced from the frontispiece of the single-volume edition of his collected poems just published.

The post of Justin Winsor as librarian of the Harvard College Library has been filled by the election of Mr. William Coolidge Lane, who for about five years has been librarian of the Boston Athenæum. His place there is to be taken by Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, a younger graduate of Harvard, who has made his name as a librarian in the Public Library of Brookline.

A new series of short stories by Continental writers is to be issued by the Scribners during the spring and summer, under the title "Stories by Foreign Authors." There will be three volumes of tales from the French, two from the German, and one each from the Spanish, Russian, Italian, and Scandinavian.

The Brotherhood Publishing Co., of London, has been bringing out in numbers a highly characteristic work by Tol-

stoi, called "What is Art?" His answers to the question are, of course, of the sort to please the ethically minded rather than the disciples of "art for art's sake." An

American edition of the book is now in preparation by T. Y. Crowell & Co. Two other interesting translations which the same firm has in hand are Brunetière's "Manual of the History of French Literature" and the seventh volume of Von Sybel's "Founding of the German Empire by William I." This is the last portion of the great work, completed just before the author's death, and bringing the reader down to the period of the Franco-Prussian War.



From "Poems." Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

"Tennyson's Debt to Environment: A Study of Tennyson's England as an Introduction to his Poems." is the full title of a new book in the hands of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston. The author is Professor William G. Ward of Syracuse University, and his avowed purpose is neither to belittle nor to account for Tennyson's genius, but to show the connection between his writings and his surroundings. This is one of the things to

be learned from the present Lord Tennyson's life of his father, but for the present, at least, the book is hardly accessible to all, and such an enterprise as Professor Ward's should have a certain usefulness.

A new book by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, called "In Kings' Houses," is announced for early publication by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. The story is a romance of the days of Queen Anne.

The London *Spectator*, in the course of a recent review of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's "Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers" and "The Habitant, and Other Poems," by Dr. William H. Drummond, perpend thus:

"Mr. Whitcomb Riley's poem, though not equal to 'The Raggedy Man,' by far his best piece of poetry, is very pleasant and natural. It shows us another charming and wholesome side of American life—that of the New England village. At bottom, of course, Englishmen must sympathise with this life and these people more than they do with that of the French Canadians, for it is so like their own. This very fact renders it, however, superficially less attractive. What we know is not so interesting as what is new. Still, the New England village life is, and almost must remain, very interesting to Englishmen."

Which seems to indicate that the reviewer's Anglo-Saxon sympathies are stronger than his knowledge of American geography. This is not strange, perhaps; but who shall heal the wounds of Boston and Indianapolis?

Two volumes of Burns's correspondence with Mrs. Dunlop, edited by Mr. William Wallace, the Chambers biographer of the poet, are announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. They are said to contain information throwing much light on Burns's religious views, and indicating that a serious effort was made to secure for him a professorship in the University of Edinburgh. The volumes are to be illustrated with portraits and facsimiles.

The same firm will publish Mr. George Gissing's critical study of Charles Dickens; a new volume of essays by Maeterlinck, called "Wisdom and Destiny," and a novel by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton with the suggestive title "American Wives and English Husbands."

A new volume of poems by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, called "The Slopes of Helicon," is announced by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat.

"The Life of General George Gordon Meade, Commander of the Army of the Potomac," by his nephew, Mr. Richard Meade Bache, has just been published by Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co. There are two portraits.

Among the spring books announced by Mr. R. H. Russell are two volumes of poems, one by Mr. Robert Burns Wilson and one by Mr. Madison Cawein; "The Pinero Birthday Book," a day-by-day manual of cynicism for Mr. Pinero's admirers; Mr. Augustus Thomas's play, "Alabama"; and "Two Prisoners," a children's book of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, with a frontispiece by Mr. E. W. Kemble.

As the Phillips Brooks House at Harvard nears completion, the good works with which it is to be associated are furthered by substantial gifts. The widow of an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. W. B. Noble, endows a lectureship with \$20,000; from the estate of a lady in Roxbury comes \$15,000, somewhat more directly for the philanthropic purposes of the house, and the will of a graduate of the class of 1882 is liberally interpreted to yield \$5,000 to the resources of the new enterprise. These things are but indications of the living influence of the dead man.



STEVENSON IN 1888

[From a photograph by Notman. Print by B. F. Kenney, Boston]

This portrait of Stevenson was taken by Notman, with others which have become more familiar, while he was in Boston in 1888. We do not remember ever to have seen it reproduced before.

✱

The *Publishers' Weekly* reprints from the "Annual American Catalogue for 1897" a table which it endorses as showing accurately the number of new books published during 1897 by leading American publishers. This table gives the totals as follows: Appletons, 123; Scribners, 360; Lippincott, 125; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 144; Longmans, 136; Dodd, Mead & Co., 89; Harpers, 91; Putnams, 164; Little, Brown & Co., 48; and Macmillan, 494.

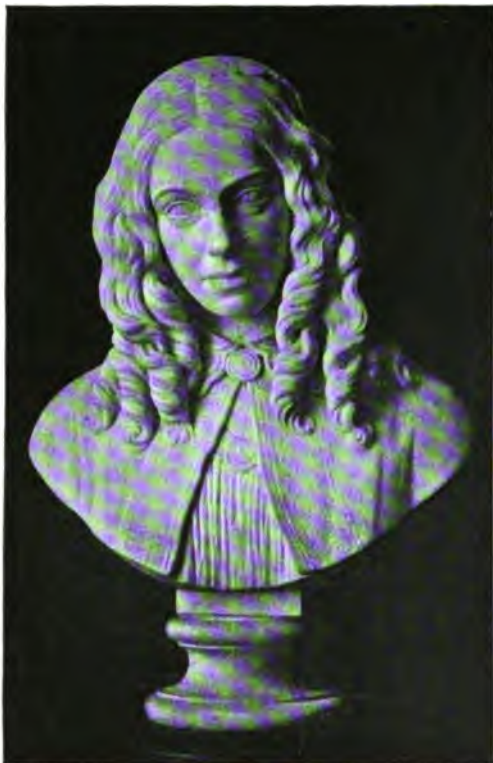
✱

Two volumes of essays on social topics are soon to be published by the Scribners, "Worldly Ways and By Ways," by

Eliot Gregory, and "The Unquiet Sex," by Helen Watterson Moody. Some of Mr. Gregory's papers have become familiar to readers of the *Evening Post*, where they were published over the signature "An Idler," and Mrs. Moody's book includes the articles which have appeared recently in *Scribner's Magazine*, together with a paper published in the *Forum* in 1893, which deals with the curious sociological phenomenon stated as "The Evolution of 'Woman'" presumably from the protoplasmic mass of women in general.

✱

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, of Boston, has recently had the unusual honor of receiving a firman from the Shah of Persia, awarding him a medal in recognition of his variorum edition of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. The document is written in elaborate Persian characters, and suggests in general the days of the



From "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning."—The Macmillan Co.

MRS. BROWNING

[From the bust by W. W. Story, in the possession of R. Barrett Browning]

Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid more than our own.

This photograph of Story's bust of Mrs. Browning is reproduced from the frontispiece of the handsome edition of her letters recently published by the Macmillan Co., and reviewed in this number of *THE BOOK BUYER*.

While some women in Massachusetts are calling others "revolutionists, not evolutionists," because they go on asking the State legislature for the suffrage, one of their sisters, Mrs. Harriette R. Shattuck, is producing a book of "Advanced Rules for Large Assemblies," as a

supplement to her "Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law." Her publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, say that the first book "has not only been adopted as an authority by nearly every woman's organization in this country, but by many clubs comprising men only." Thus it appears that, whatever responsibilities are coming to the woman of the future, she is not to be outdone even by the present administration at Washington. In time of peace she prepares for war.

It has evidently been a consistent purpose of Mr. Bliss Carman to give a distinct note of its own to each collection of his poems. In "Low Tide on Grand Pré" the note was of the north; in the "Vagabondia" books it blended with Mr. Hovey's in songs of wayfaring; the "Ballads of Lost Haven" were full of the sea. Now Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. have another volume by Mr. Carman in the press. Its title is "By the Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies." Besides the opening poem, written when the birthday of Keats was having its hundredth celebration, there are threnodies for Shelley, Blake, Matthew Arnold, Phillips Brooks, Stevenson, Henry George, and others of lesser fame. It stands in proof of the range of Mr. Carman's undertakings that within the space of a few years he can make and help to make five volumes so diverse in their themes.

Through Mr. Carman's business partners of the present, Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, his poetical partner of the past, Mr. Richard Hovey, is going on with the publication of his Arthurian dramas in the series "Launcelot and Guinevere." The forthcoming book is to be "The Birth of Galahad." His earlier works, "The Quest of Merlin" and "The Marriage of Guinevere," are to

be brought forth in a uniform garb, and still later, it is understood, his lyrics and the Arthurian poem "Taliesin" will appear.



We reproduce below a photograph of Dunlugas House, the residence of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, near Banff, Scotland. It is interesting to notice the difference in appearance between a country house in "North Britain" and a similar house in America. One misses the piazzas, the shaded lawns and some other characteristics of the American house, and, in turn, one notes the substantial walls and generous endowment of chimney-pots, of the other. And the reflection is obvious that, whatever criticism Mark Twain or anybody else may make upon New England weather, its greatest rigors are scarcely as trying as those of the Scottish hills.



The hope that a part of the Elmwood property at Cambridge will be secured for the Lowell Memorial Park is renewed by

an extension of time on the option for the purchase of the land. The sum of \$35,000 has been needed, and when the last extension of time ended on the first of March there was more than \$22,000 in the hands of the treasurer of the funds. Now the limit of time is set as the first of May, and fresh committees are organized for the raising of the needed balance. If they can succeed in persuading many persons of small means not to leave too much to be done by a few persons of large means, the projected park will become the reality it should certainly be. Mr. W. A. Bullard, of the First National Bank in Cambridge, receives contributions towards the enterprise.



"The Brothers of the Book" is the name under which a new club has been formed for the issue of privately printed books, of which the "Conclusion" of Walter Pater's essay on "The Renaissance" is to be the initial volume. Applications



DUNLUGAS HOUSE

[Residence of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, near Banff, Scotland. See page 238]



for this reprint may be made to Mr. L. C. Woodworth, at Gouverneur, N. Y.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's poems, "In This Our World," and her volume of essays, "Women and Economics," are announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., to whom we are indebted for her portrait. Mrs. Stetson has become known through her lectures and her paper, *The Impress*, which she published in San Francisco for a year or so. Mrs. Stetson has lived for some time in Hull House, Chicago, and now intends to come to New York to live, and continue her work.

A collection of the poems of Mrs. T. S. Perry (Lilla Cabot Perry), under the title of "Impressions," will make one of the spring books of Messrs. Copeland & Day.



CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

In connection with Mr. Elkin Mathews, of London, they are publishing also a volume by Mr. Lionel Johnson, the author of "The Art of Thomas Hardy." Its title is "Ireland, with Other Poems." A third book, to come from the same firm this spring, will be "On the Birds' Highway," by Mr. Reginald Heber Howe, Jr.—still another contribution to the rapidly growing literature of bird study.

An English correspondent writes that "Ian Maclaren" made a speech lately on "Local Patriotism," and illustrated it with the following story :

"Not long ago I was travelling from Aberdeen to Perth. A man sitting opposite studied me for a minute, and then, evidently being convinced that I had average intelligence, and could appreciate a great sight if I saw it, he said, 'If you will stand up with me at the window, I will show you something in a minute; you will only get a glimpse suddenly and for an instant.' I stood. He said, 'Can you see that?' I saw some smoke, and said so. 'That's Kirriemuir,' he answered. I sat down, and he sat opposite me, and watched my face to see that the fact that I had had a glimpse of Kirriemuir, or rather of its smoke, was one I thoroughly appreciated, and would carry in retentive memory for the rest of my life. Then I said, 'Mr. Barrie was born there.' 'Yes,' he said, 'he was; and I was born there myself.'"

"The Story of the Malakand Force, 1897; an Episode of Frontier War," by Winston L. Spencer Churchill (a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill), is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Among the list of biographical works announced by the same house are "The Life of Admiral Duncan, First Viscount of Camperdown," by his grandson, the present Earl; "The Life and





ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH

Letters of Henry Reeve," the late editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, by Mr. J. K. Laughton; "Drake and the Tudor Navy," by Mr. Julian Corbett; a "Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Creswick Rawlinson," by Canon Rawlinson, of Canterbury; and "Stonewall Jackson," by Colonel G. F. N. Henderson.

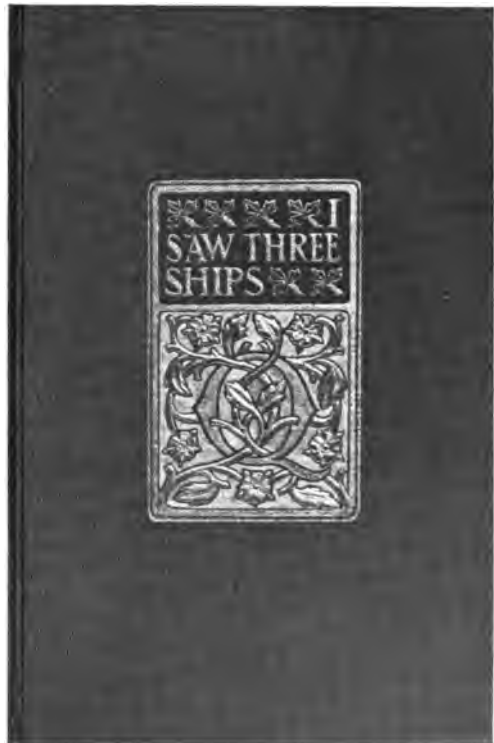
"The Handbook of Solo Whist," by Mr. A. S. Wilkes, an English authority, is announced by Brentano.

If anybody finds his Greek too rusty to define the word "bibliotaph" off-hand, he has only to read a forthcoming book announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Its title is "The Bibliotaph and Other People," and its author is Mr. Leon H. Vincent, a nephew of Bishop Vincent. Mr. Vincent is a lecturer on literary topics, and has contributed more than

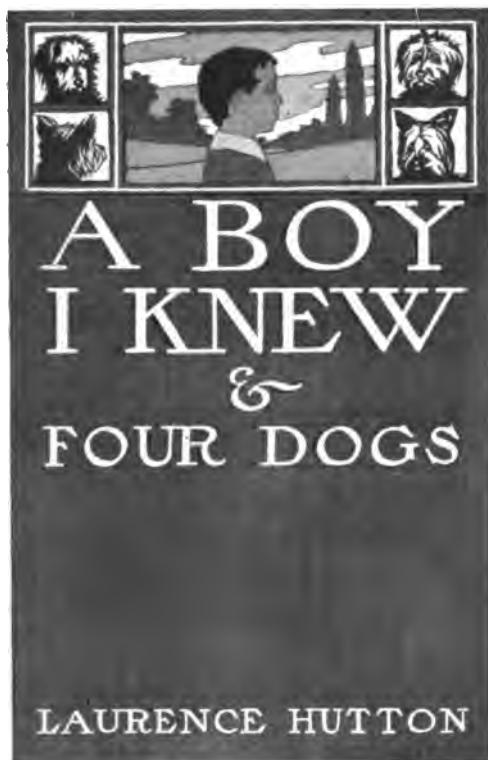
one entertaining paper to the *Atlantic*. The new book is made up, not of his lectures but of essays relating to literature.

Professor Clinton Scollard has abundant precedent for abandoning verse for a time in favor of fiction. He has written an historical romance of Italian life in the fourteenth century, under the title of "A Man-at-Arms," and has given it to Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. for publication.

We reproduce a new portrait of Mr. Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, the Cornish novelist, and the very attractive cover-design made by Miss Amy Richards for the new collective edition of his tales and essays just published by the Scribners. Many persons have been puzzled to understand why the work of this brilliant



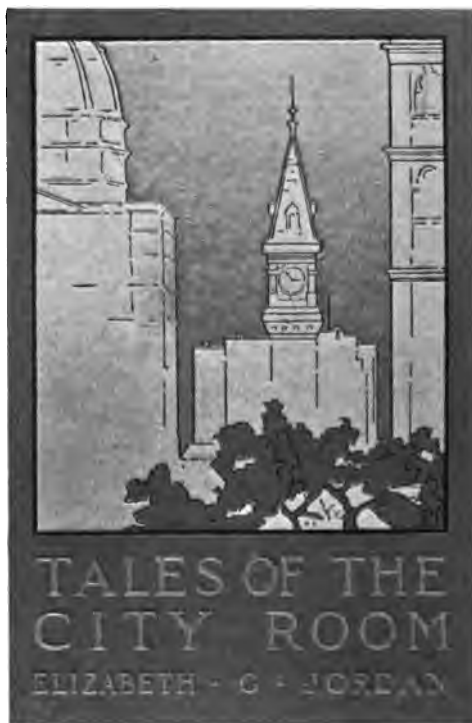
BY AMY RICHARDS



BY T. W. BALL

writer, who is very popular in England, should be less widely known in America. Perhaps the collection of his novels and literary criticisms in the new edition may serve to bring his work to the closer attention of American readers, and few will dispute the fact that anybody who reads a single story by Mr. Quiller-Couch is pretty sure to read them all. His style has great distinction, and every story is interesting from beginning to end. Mr. James M. Barrie was among the first to bestow high praise upon his work, and point out its vigor, quaintness, and delicacy.

When Mr. Quiller-Couch began to write, he assumed the pseudonym "Q," and he still keeps that initial upon his title-pages. (And, by the way, it may be worth mentioning that a bookseller once expressed regret for this fact, saying:



BY BERKELEY SMITH

"People want to see a *name* on the title-page—an initial doesn't tell 'em enough.") Miss Richards has used this initial with fine effect on her cover-design. The stamp is in gold upon a scarlet cloth.

And here are two more cover-designs, very different from the "Q" cover, but equally excellent, though in the field of "poster covers." That of Mr. Hutton's book is by Mr. T. W. Ball, and that of Miss Jordan's book is by Mr. Berkeley Smith. These are among the best "commercial bindings" of the season.

Some of the most effective cover designs (for cloth-bound books) which we have seen lately come from Chicago. The covers of Mr. R. H. Savage's "In the Shadow of the Pyramids" and of a novel by Mr. A. M. Barbour, called "Told in the Rockies," are especially well done, in



BY W. W. DENSLOW

this way. These covers are the work of Mr. W. W. Denslow. Another cover—of Mr. Reuben Goldthwaite's "Afloat on the Ohio," is a first-rate specimen of "poster binding." This is signed "C. Y. B." In each case the design is pictorial and extends across both covers and the back. It is to be regretted that the several delicate pink and gray tints in the cover of "Told in the Rockies" are so imperfectly reproduced in the half-tone plate.

The Jewish possession of lower Broadway hardly prepares one for the entrance of the New York Hebrew into literature through two publishing houses in Boston. Yet amongst the spring books of Messrs. Copeland & Day, the "Songs from the Ghetto," written by Mr. Rosenfeld, the Jewish tailor, whose verses are by no means unknown, will hold a conspicuous place. The book will have the peculiarity of appearing in two languages at once,

with English and German pages facing each other. The second Hebrew book is "The Imported Bridegroom, and Other Stories of the New York Ghetto." It is written by Mr. Abraham Cahan, the author of "Yekl," and is said to reveal an intimate knowledge of the Russian Jews of New York.

A new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose title is not yet announced, will be the leading volume among the spring fiction published by the Macmillan Co.

Mr. James MacArthur and Mr. Tom Hall have made a play of several of Ian Maclaren's stories, with the title, of course, of "The Bonnie Brier Bush." It is announced that the play (which has received the benediction of Dr. Watson) will be produced in Washington, D. C., and in Chicago, early this month, with Miss Marie Burroughs in the cast.

Aubrey Beardsley's death at Mentone, on March 16th, has recalled his remarkable work in decorative illustration, which has lately fallen out of general attention almost as quickly as it won its instant praise. Beardsley was born in England in 1874, and was encouraged to draw by Burne-Jones. His meteoric success in the use of the single line was as marvellous as the uniformly "unhealthy" character of his drawings. Thoroughly distinctive, and even distinguished, as his drawings were admitted to be, and though he may be said to have "founded a school" of the moment, the effect of his pictures was so singularly repellent as to make them definitely unpopular. He was a draughtsman for the few, who saw lines, and not pictures.

This Nicholsonian portrait of Mr. Richard Harding Davis was made by Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws (who formerly worked with Mr. Nicholson in London, though better known in this country by his drawings in *Life*) for a poster in brown and black announcing the beginning of Mr. Davis's new serial, "The King's Jackal," in *Scribner's Magazine* for April.

A new story by Anna Katharine Green, called "Lost Man's Lane," is announced for immediate publication by the Putnams.

A new series of historical works, edited by Dr. Elliot Coues, is announced by Mr. Francis P. Harper. The first volume, now ready, is the "Journal of Major

Jacob Fowler," describing his travels from Fort Smith to the Rocky Mountains, and his return, in 1821 and 1822. It is printed *verbatim* from the author's manuscript. Major Fowler was the first white man to traverse this country. The second volume in the series, to be issued later, will be called "Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri," and is the personal narrative of Charles Larpen-  
teur.



POSTER-PORTRAIT OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

An important biography is that of Chancellor Kent, to be published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. It is compiled mainly from Kent's own correspondence, and contains much new material concerning Alexander Hamilton.

Wars and rumors of wars continue to influence the publishers' lists. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce "All the World's Fighting Ships," consisting of portrait details of more than a thousand warships, with notes and statistics.

"Through South Africa" is the title of Henry M. Stanley's new book to be published at once by the Scribners. It contains an account of his recent visit to Rhodesia, the Transvaal, Cape Colony, and Natal, and contains some spirited comments upon President Kruger. Mr. Stanley does not rate Oom Paul very highly, except as a man lucky enough to have his obstinate mediocrity pass muster as calm genius. There are several illustrations and a map. *The Rambler*.

## MAX MÜLLER'S REMINISCENCES

THE keynote to Professor Max Müller's little book of reminiscences, which he calls *Auld Lang Syne*, may be found in the preface. At the age of seventy-four he stands alone—almost the last of the musical, literary, and scientific men who have made the so-called "Victorian Epoch" famous in the world's history. Personal aptitude for his subject, coupled with the modern facilities of research, enabled him to attain higher fame than any previous philologist; and a successful lifework was crowned by his selection to be a member of the Privy Council of Great Britain. But a sense of loneliness steals over him, as he looks round for "the old familiar faces," and consequently, there is an intense pathos underlying these few pages, pregnant though they be with sparkling anecdotes of brilliant men, noble ideas on the highest subjects, and glittering with keen appreciation of things animate and inanimate.

Max Müller was born in an atmosphere of music and poetry. His father was Wilhelm Müller, a poet whose folk-songs are to Germany what Burns's are to Scotland. His mother came of a family rich in illustrious officers and statesmen, and was a finished musician. Karl Von Weber was his godfather. The reigning Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, where the boy was born, kept up an orchestra and school for music under Friedrich Schneider, whose fame as a composer and leader brought students from all parts of Germany to the quiet little country town of Dessau. Musical celebrities, such as Paganini, Spohr, Sontag, Mendelssohn, Liszt, the Schumanns, and others, came there to

sing, play, or have their compositions performed under Schneider's direction. With these surroundings, it was natural that young Müller's first aspiration was to be a musician. However, partly through the advice of friends (amongst them Mendelssohn), and partly through fear of deafness, which had sometimes appeared in the family, this idea was given up, and his life was dedicated to scholarship. But it was impossible to part entirely from music, and he found time to make himself a musician of high standard and attainment; although this fact is not mentioned in the first chapter of this book, dealing with "Music and Musicians." One of the charms of Max Müller's playing was the almost inspired look on his face, when interpreting some favorite work of Mozart or Mendelssohn; and it is greatly to be regretted that his portrait on the title-page of the book is so unsatisfactory. The face was not truly classic in outline; but when roused by poetry or music, it shone with a light which revealed the purity of the soul within.

To prepare for the life of a scholar, Müller was sent first to Dresden, and next to Leipzig, where he began his Oriental studies. Later, at Berlin, he met Friedrich Rückert, the Oriental poet-scholar of Germany, whom he describes, with other German poets, in the second chapter of *Auld Lang Syne*. And it is probably due to Rückert's influence that the translation of the "Rig Veda" saw the light. The poet "had studied Chinese, was far advanced in Sanskrit and Zend, and in Arabic and Persian had probably read more, though in his own way, than many a learned professor. Such an honest student as Rückert was could do more good to his pupils in one hour than others

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AULD LANG SYNE. By the Rt. Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. Author of the "Science of Language," etc. With a portrait and other illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo. \$2.00.

by a whole semester of lecturing." This description was fully proved in after years by the pupil surpassing his master. In estimating Rückert's poetry, Müller compares him to Wordsworth, and goes on to say :

"I may be prejudiced, yet a poet whose verses Goethe repeated on his death-bed, is not likely to be overrated by me. These are the verses which, we are told, Goethe murmured before he exclaimed 'More light, more light!' and passed away." The title of the poem is "Um Mitternacht," which Müller quotes at length.

While pursuing his studies in Germany he was thrown among the student-poets of the day, many of whom were imprisoned (himself amongst others) for the crime now termed *lèse-majesté*. Yet, did not Moritz Arndt's "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland" become the rallying cry of United Germany thirty years later? From Berlin Müller went to Paris to collate Sanskrit MSS. for a translation of the sacred songs of the Brāhmans, commonly known as the "Rig Veda." Humboldt was so much struck with them that he endeavored to have them brought out in Germany; but the condition of the country did not warrant the undertaking of so voluminous and expensive a work, and in 1846 Max Müller's old friend, Chevalier Bunsen, then Prussian Minister in London, placed the first completed part of the MS. before the East India Company, who accepted it, and the six volumes were published under its auspices between the years 1849 and 1874. The Bodleian Library of Oxford, at that time, contained valuable collections of Oriental manuscripts; Max Müller, therefore, settled at Oxford in 1847, took a degree and in 1850 was elected Professor of Modern Languages to the university. His life-work, thenceforth, lay in Oxford, and the third and

longest chapter of *Auld Lang Syne* is devoted to the scholars, authors, divines, and men of science he met there and in other parts of England.

One of the first of these was Anthony Froude, the historian; who, shortly after, was ostracized on account of having written "The Nemesis of Faith"; a work which now, as Professor Müller says, would attract no comment. But it lost Froude his Fellowship, and more. It was about this time that Froude met Charles Kingsley, and shortly after introduced Max Müller to him. Kingsley and Froude married sisters, whose relations bitterly opposed their marriages to such dangerous men as the author of "Alton Locke" and the author of "The Nemesis of Faith." Nor did the translator of the "Sacred Songs of the Brāhmans" fare much better at their hands, when he fell in love with, and finally married, in 1859, a niece of the two ladies.

The writer's first remembrance of Max Müller dates back to 1858, when one morning at the breakfast table at Eversley, Charles Kingsley came in and announced, "Children, Max Müller is coming here to-morrow and he speaks nineteen different languages and knows I don't know how many more besides. Boy, we shall have to ride over to Cordery's and pick up a quiet 'cob' for him."

"Ah," queried the youngster, "then he can't ride well, eh! But nobody can ride well, except you, daddy."

There came over Kingsley's face that grimly humorous smile, which often lit it up so strangely—a smile of infinite pathetic wisdom, and he said :

"He hasn't had cause to ride 'Odin's Horse,' my lad, as often as I have; and I pray God he never may!"

The expression puzzled the boy for a long time, till he realized the fiery ordeal of criticism Kingsley had passed through, which was thus quaintly referred to. Max



From "Auld Lang Syne."

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

*F. Max Müller*

Müller next day proved as charming as only he could be, and it was then the writer noticed the inspired look in his face, brought out by music or by one of his host's sudden bursts of eloquence.

Some years later, the writer was again at Eversley, when Max Müller and Dr. Benson (the late Archbishop of Canterbury) were present, and the conversation turned on modern Darwinism. Dr. Benson refused to accept the Darwin theory, *in toto*, on ecclesiastical grounds. The rector went as far as Darwin, but no further; regretting that his so-called disciples should make use of the Darwin theory, as a cloak for their unbelief. Max Müller's argument was different; and is reproduced almost verbatim in *Auld Lang Syne* (pp. 194-204), from which I quote:

"I can understand [he says] enough of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' to enable me to admire his power of observation and his true genius of combination. I can see how he has reduced the number of unnecessary species, and of unnecessary acts of so-called special creation; and that possibly he has traced back the whole of the animal and vegetable kingdoms to four beginnings, and in the end to one Creator. Darwin did not go beyond this, he required four beginnings and one Creator. It was left to his followers to carry out his principles, as they thought, by eliminating the Creator, and reducing the four beginnings to one. If you think that this all rests on well ascertained facts, I have nothing to say except to express my surprise that some men of great learning and undoubted honesty are not so positive as to the facts as you are. But with the exception of a Creator, that is a subjective Author of the Universe, all this is really outside of my special province, and I could afford to be silent. Only when Darwin maintains the transition from some highly developed animal into a human being, I say, Stop! Here the student of language has a word to say, and I say that language is something that, even in its most rudimentary form puts an impossible barrier between man and beast."

The philologist had summed it up more tersely than the scientific-rector, or the divine! Again, on page 176, Max Müller

puts the case still more strongly in a dissertation on a sentence of Emerson's:

"Still, it is that Divinity which Emerson meant when he said that generalisation is always a new influx of divinity into the mind because it reveals to the mind the first thoughts, the Divine Logoi, of the Universe. The thrill of which he speaks is the thrill arising from the nearness of the Divine, the sense of the presence of those Divine Logoi, or that Divine Logos, which in the beginning was with God, and without which not anything was made ~~that was made~~. Evolution can never be more than the second act; the first act is the Volition or the Thought of the Universe, unless we hold that there can be effect without a cause, or a Kosmos without a Logos."

Oxford life brought Müller into close touch with all the great men of the day, and it is wonderful how in so few pages he gives such vivid pen-portraits of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Clough, Palgrave, Newman, Ruskin, Macaulay, Thackeray, Kingsley, Froude, Arthur Stanley, Lytton, Faraday, Tyn-dall, Darwin, and the American trio—Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell. These, and others are limned with deft and cunning hand. In each case some personal anecdote, grave or gay, puts the man's personality before us vividly. His weak points are not glossed over, nor his strong ones unduly eulogized. The sketches of Darwin, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, and Froude, are the most highly finished, but there is only space to say something on the last named. It is well known to a number of persons that Froude left a partially finished autobiography, which will never be published. All letters received by him have been either destroyed or returned to their writers since his death, and no authentic biography can ever be written. Therefore, Max Müller's testimony is valuable, as a vindication of Froude (pp. 98 and 102):

"I am the last man to stand up for an unscholarlike treatment of history, or of anything else. But as I do not call a man a scholar who



simply copies and collates MSS., makes indices or collects errata, I doubt whether mere *Quellenstudium* will make a historian. *Quellenstudium* is a *sine qua non*; but it is not everything; and whereas the number of those who can ransack archives and libraries is large, the world has not been rich in real historians, whom it is a delight to listen to, such as Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus, Montesquien, Gibbon, and, may we not add Macaulay and Froude? None of these historians, not even Gibbon, has escaped criticism, but how poor we should be without them!"

"However, these squabbles of reviewers about the histories of Macaulay and Froude are now almost entirely forgotten, while the historical dramas which Macaulay and Froude have left us, remain, and Englishmen are proud of possessing two such splendid monuments of the most important periods of their history."

From English men of letters, the scene changes to the author's recollections of royalties, chiefly interesting as showing the condition of the minor German states prior to 1848, especially life in the Duchy of Anhalt-Dessau, his birthplace; the

revolution in 1848, and United Germany in 1870-71. The sketches of "Unser Fritz," as the lamented Emperor Friedrich III. of Germany will always lovingly be called, add another tribute to the greatness of that noble historical figure, lost too early to the world.

Those not personally acquainted with the translator of the "Rig Veda," have doubtless imagined him to be a dry-as-dust scholar, overborne with the weight of the musty tomes of ages—precise and pedantic to a degree. Those who take the trouble to read *Auld Lang Syne* will find out how different is the fact. It is the work of a brilliant *raconteur*, as well as scholar. "He who hath music in his soul" will find in this book favorite harmonies; the lover of verse, true poetry; the scholar, scholarship; and the followers of John Stuart Mill and Emerson will realize that Max Müller is as truly a philosopher as philologist.

Maurice Kingsley.

## HEBE

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,  
I saw the flash of robes descending;  
Before her ran an influence fleet,  
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees  
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,  
It led me on, by sweet degrees  
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates;  
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;  
The long-sought Secret's golden gates  
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp  
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover  
I sprang the proffered life to clasp;  
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The Earth has drunk the vintage up;  
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?  
Can Summer fill the icy cup,  
Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the Gods;  
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;  
Haste scatters on unthankful sods  
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,  
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;  
Follow thy life, and she will sue  
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

--By James Russell Lowell. From "The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics" By permission of Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.



OLD KING COLE  
[Decoration in the Mask and Wig Club]

## THE WORK OF MAXFIELD PARRISH

THE best of our illustrators have been, and are, men who first of all are painters in intention and methods, who have learned to adjust their art to the particular demands of drawing for reproduction, and at the same time kept a firm hold upon their sense and appreciation of the picturesque. It is this quality that gives life and snap to their work, and separates it by so wide a margin from the work of the camera.

This combination of the painter and the illustrator is everywhere evident in a marked degree in the work of Mr. Maxfield Parrish. With these qualifications he has shown himself the possessor of a fine perception of decorative effects and a delightful sense of humor and sentiment. Mr. Parrish comes of old Quaker stock, and is an artist by right of inheritance as well as by dint of hard work. His father, Mr. Stephen Parrish, has long been known as a painter and etcher of exceptional ability. Among Maxfield Parrish's early drawings were attempts to realize the forms and facial characteristics of the heroes and heroines of the nursery-rhymes and folk-lore tales dear to every

child, and survivals of these imaginings reveal themselves to-day in his work. Several of his well-known quaint and amusing grotesques have been in his paint-box for years ready to come forth at his bidding. They have acquired the



From "Mother Goose in Prose."

Way & Williams.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

interest and personal charm of real people. Mr. Parrish hopes to find time some day to give tangible shape to many of the leading folk of the enduring and ever-popular nursery legends. His purpose is to deal with them seriously, and, as far as possible, from the point of view of the child. What an admirable frieze such a series of drawings would make as a decoration for a nursery.

After several years at Haverford College, Mr. Parrish began his systematic study of art at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where he worked for three years, and then entered the class of Mr. Howard Pyle, at the Drexel Institute. In common with all of the younger men who have come under Mr. Pyle's influence, he is an ardent admirer of his genius, and values highly his always stimulating and sympathetic encouragement. Parrish's drawings all impress one with his positive talent and evident fondness for decorative results. Some of his best work has been especially adapted and planned as mural painting. That he has unusual ability as a decorative artist has been shown plainly during the past two or three years by the number of prizes he has won in competition. Many will readily recall his beautiful and very original drawings for the posters of the August numbers of the *Century* and *Scribner's*, the former a prize-winner; the prize poster for the Pope Manufacturing Company, won over nearly a thousand competitors; and he who walks or rides about New York may see high up on the hoardings another prize-winner in the shape of a hearty and jolly looking little boy who has found contentment in a big bowl of oatmeal. In the same line may be named several striking covers made for the Harpers' publications and the beautifully colored design for the December *Scribner's*.

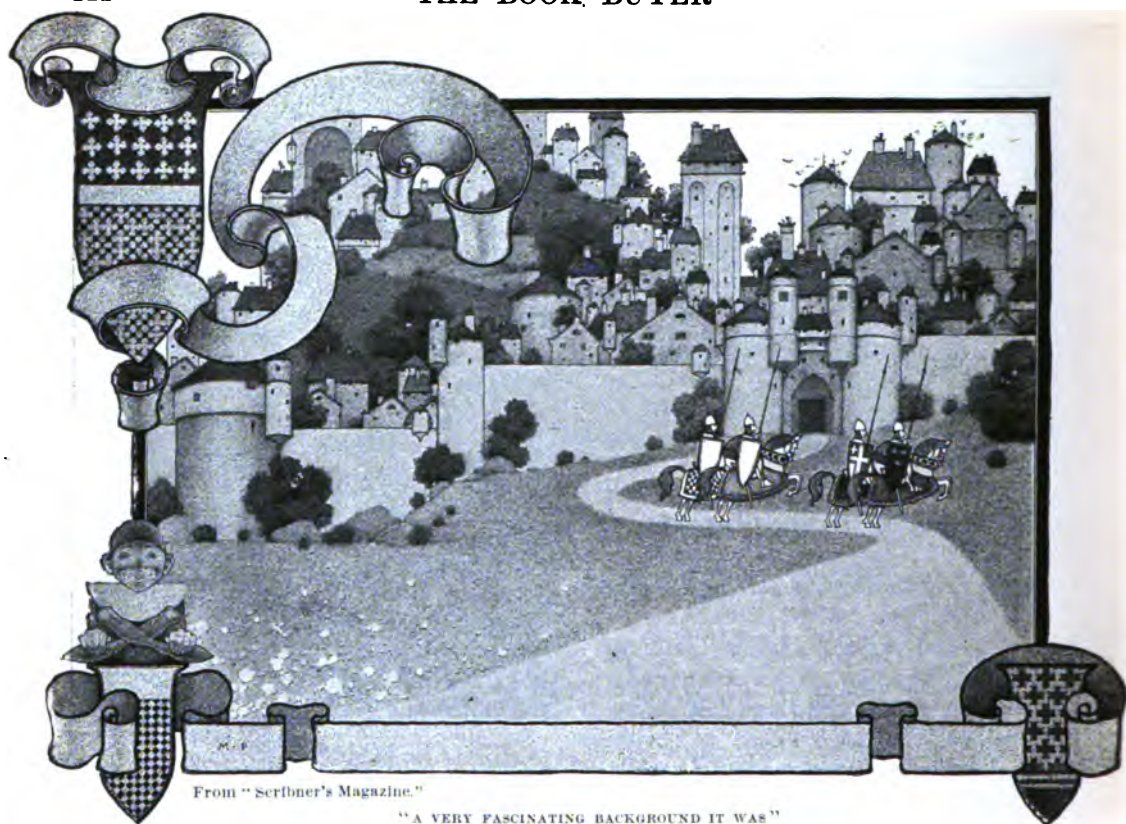
These, perhaps, are but popular mani-



MAXFIELD PARRISH

[From an amateur photograph]

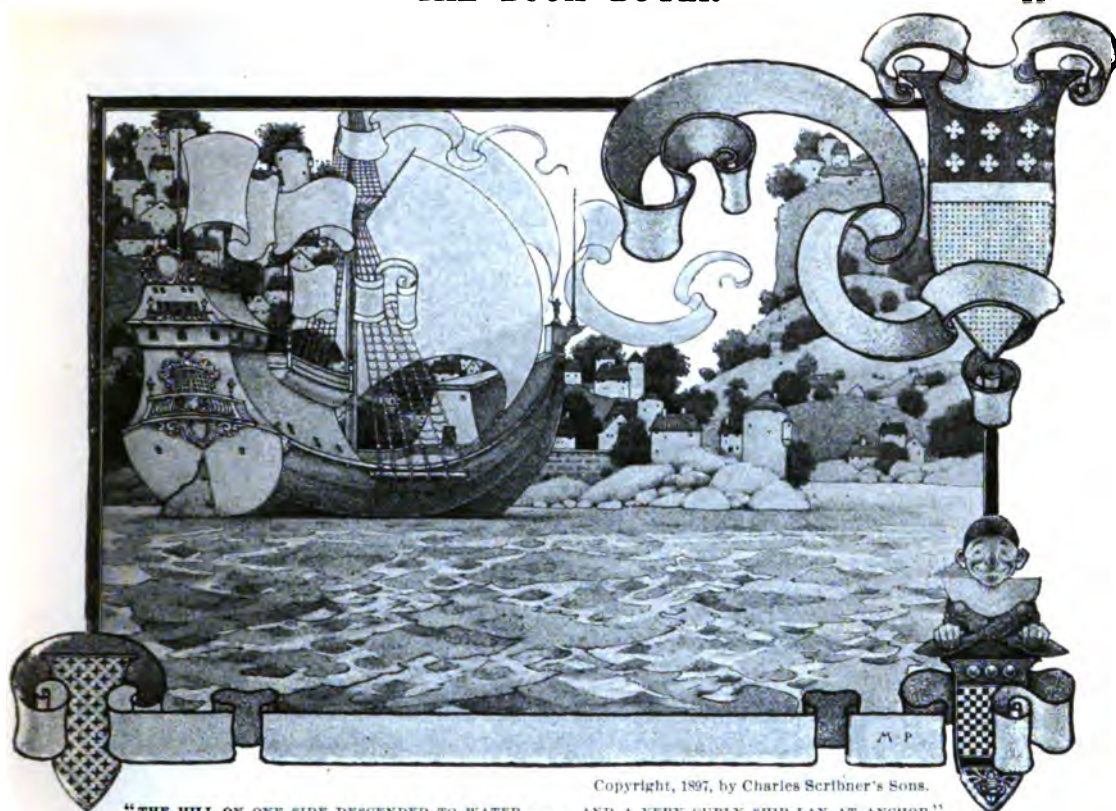
festations of Mr. Parrish's art that reveal his particular taste, though they all bear the impress of the strong individuality that has brought him appreciation and distinction. Those who have followed his career know him also as the painter of a number of charming and poetical landscapes and of the fine mural decoration of "Old King Cole" that adorns the grill-room of the Mask and Wig Club in Philadelphia. This is a larger copy in darker colors of the original sketch which was exhibited at and purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for its permanent collection. It is divided into three panels: the one on the right holds the seated figure of the King, round of body, rosy of countenance, and with a smile and pose that no one could mistake as belonging to other than a very merry old soul indeed; the centre panel contains the famous fiddlers three,



advancing with mincing step, each with bow in hand, their faces delightfully expressive of the true courtier's attitude; and the panel on the left is well filled by the rotund cook, with steaming bowl in arms, and a youthful servitor who looks to have fared well on the good things of the kitchen. In the background you look out through the arches of the court upon a fairyland-like landscape and patches of blue sky mottled with light fleecy clouds. The color scheme is rich in dark reds, blues, and browns, relieved by brighter tones, giving an effect of great richness, and the drawing is permeated with a quaint humor that presents a perfectly sympathetic and whimsical realization of the scene. Other work by Mr. Parrish in the Mask and Wig Club appears in the decoration about the box-office window, the ornamentation of the proscenium

arch, and in the lettering of the names of each member over the beer-mug pegs. Under these pegs he has drawn little grotesque figures in color that would make up a fine new and novel brownie gallery. Mr. Parrish has been a frequent exhibitor at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Two of his paintings that attracted a great deal of attention here—especially among artists—in the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists of which he has lately been elected a member, were "The Sandman" and "A Bulletin Board." They were notably fine in their subdued yet rich color quality and showed the artist as not only a finished draughtsman but a man of imagination. No observer of Mr. Parrish's work can have failed to appreciate the beauty of his line. It is full of delicacy and grace, combined with a sureness of touch that is





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"THE HILL ON ONE SIDE DESCENDED TO WATER . . . AND A VERY CURLY SHIP LAY AT ANCHOR"

convincing, and reveals the thorough workman in everything that he does.

In the drawings that accompanied Mr. Kenneth Grahame's Golden Age story, "Its Walls Were as of Jasper," and later in those illustrating "Mother Goose in Prose," these qualities are shown. In them, too, Mr. Parrish's fine sense of humor is exhibited and his faculty of taking the serious point of view toward his characters that contribute so much to their attraction. It is difficult to recall other illustrations in this vein that are at once so good in themselves and so perfectly in keeping with the written words. How delightfully quaint and appropriately mediæval are the little castles and the droll Dürer-like landscapes that show the country wherein Mr. Grahame's hero wandered, and what a thoroughly human and lovable boy Mr. Parrish has drawn! Here

author and artist appear in perfect harmony. The latter has simply made us see what Mr. Grahame has created and helped us to imagine. The Mother Goose drawings are equally charming and supply by far the most attractive part of the volume. Parrish's use of color has been sometimes compared with Bontet de Monvel's, in that both get their effects by the use of simple flat tints, but I feel justified in saying that Mr. Parrish's methods are the outcome of his own innate and natural instinct for color. That his color sense is highly developed is plainly shown in all of his painting, and his fondness for low rich tones and delicate harmonies is but a natural expression of his own refined individuality. An important commission that he now has in hand is a mural decoration to go above the fireplace in the guild-room of a memorial chapel at

Lenox. The subjects chosen are "Thy Duty toward God," "Thy Duty toward Man."

Some rather unusual technical effects are shown in Mr. Parrish's black and white drawings. He avails himself frequently of the varied applications of Ross board, and his backgrounds and shadings on the figures are often worked in with excellent effect by fine stippling and spatter work. While much that he does has an appearance of novelty, it is the novelty of carefully deliberated purpose. His artistic ambition is distinctly in the direction of mural painting, and his strong taste for architectural effects and color point to success in his chosen field.

Mr. Parrish's studio in Philadelphia is a thoroughly workmanlike place. Besides the artistic matter-of-fact things that one

expects to find, that include a fine collection of old pewter plates, a corner beautifully panelled in time-seasoned mahogany, easels, etc., there is a choice assortment of useful cupboards, a practicable joiner's bench with suitable tools, and several cases made up of the most interesting and curiosity-exciting little drawers with brass knobs. Mr. Parrish has designed most of the frames for his pictures, and finds pleasure and recreation in hammering out a fine old-fashioned brass door-latch, constructing a hall seat, or in putting up a solid and dignified mantelpiece about a big fireplace.

Mr. Parrish holds the creed that the man's work is himself, and his own work bears the mark of sincerity and directness that belong to the man.

*James B. Carrington.*



A CORNER IN THE STUDIO



HENRY ARTHUR JONES

## HENRY ARTHUR JONES

THE serious acting-drama of the Victorian era which has any affinity with the standards of a literary journal is just twenty years old ; and it is practically summed up in the work of Mr. A. W. Pinero, of Mr. H. A. Jones, and—at a hesitating distance—of Mr. Sydney Grundy. Their predecessors, Lytton, Tom Taylor, and T. W. Robertson, are theatrical, and nothing more. Tennyson gave us literature, but not good acting plays. Pinero, Jones, and Grundy alone are living in every sense of the word, and when M. Filon devoted about a third of his brilliant book on the Victorian stage to the trio, his native sense of proportion was not at fault.

In some respects, Mr. Jones is the most interesting figure in the group. He be-

gan working in a more mediocre medium—that of unadulterated melodrama ; and has evolved more rapidly than his comrades. Again, he has codified his dramatic creed in a great mass of controversial literature—in the newspapers, in the magazines, on the platform. In fact, he never tires of lecturing his audience, admonishing it to follow him in his wanderings among the “peaks and the great silences.” Mr. Grundy also can fight, but his controversial skill—sharpened by his knowledge as a lawyer—has been expended rather in defending the old methods than in annexing the new. Mr. Pinero’s inherent reticence has prevented his formulating a creed. He has been content to practise. Mr. Jones not only practises, he preaches as well.

I am inclined to believe that the fact of his having been in the provinces has a good deal to do with his perpetual strenuousness. The son of a farmer, he was born on September 20, 1851, in the tiny village of Grandborough, which lies in the northern corner of Buckinghamshire. Bucks stands for Bœotia. It is founded on the dairy, not the drama; and Mr. Jones's constant girding at stupid people suggests that he has never quite got rid of those first impressions of life which surrounded his boyhood. Strenuousness is developed in the thoughtful under such circumstances, for did not the neighboring county of Bedford produce Bunyan, while Warwickshire made George Eliot what she was? When Mr. Jones was five, his father removed into the adjoining townlet of Winslow, where he still resides, and where the public pump does duty for a water company to this day. He began to earn his own living as a mere boy, and his youth was spent in business at Bradford, which is not the place to foster severe intellectualism. Mr. Jones's constant gibe at the British tradesman indicates a remembered resentment for which Bradford is probably responsible.

But Bucks and Bradford combined could not crush out his strenuousness. He had dramatic aspirations, and they were realized for him in 1878 when, a lad of ~~seventeen~~<sup>22</sup>, his one-act play, "It's only Round the Corner," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Exeter. The little piece has been so forgotten that few of his biographers mention the fact; yet its reception encouraged him to produce three plays in the following year—"Hearts of Oak" (at Exeter) and "Elopement" (at Oxford), each in two acts; while "A Clerical Error" introduced him to London, being played by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the little Court Theatre in Chelsea, where Mr. Pinero's comic spirit blossomed

in the eighties. Other plays followed, and at last, in 1881, at the age of thirty, Mr. Jones gave up his business calling and became a professional dramatist.

His first great success was the six-act melodrama "The Silver King," written in collaboration with the late Mr. Henry Herman and produced at the Princess's Theatre by Mr. Barrett on November 16, 1882. There has seldom been a month since when it has not been played somewhere in the English-speaking world, for it is an excellent melodrama, and shows how early Mr. Jones got hold of character. The villain, known as the "Spider," played magnificently by Mr. E. S. Willard, was a distinct advance on his predecessors. The faithful old servant, Daniel Jaikes, was really a living figure, and the marinerstove-dealer, "Father Christmas," was not a stucco stock-piece. In this field Mr. Jones had a great rival, Mr. G. R. Sims, who had made a hit at the same house with "The Lights o' London" the previous year. But Mr. Sims, as the most typical of cockneys, has not a touch of strenuousness about him; and though his showman, Jarvis, is a fitting fellow to Jaikes, Mr. Sims has never risen to the higher things which Mr. Jones, quoting Tennyson, aspired to in the motto of "The Silver King." That play, let it be said, displayed a good deal of the florid rhetoric—notably the villain's speech, "O God, roll back thy Universe and give me yesterday!"—which Mr. Jones has found a little difficult to discard; but it was such a financial success that the chief author produced nothing in public for two years.

The year 1884 is a memorable one in Mr. Jones's career. He encountered a strange new force, and introduced Ibsen to the English theatre. How little he understood the philosophy of the Scandinavian may be understood from the fact that he and Mr. Herman, adapting "A



Doll's House" under the title "Breaking a Butterfly," substituted for the last scene, where Nora bangs the door behind her, a reconciliation between her and her husband. "I knew nothing of Ibsen," wrote Mr. Jones thirteen years later; but there can be little doubt that his influence on Mr. Jones has been very powerful ever since. Indeed, by the autumn of the same year, Mr. Jones had written in "Saints and Sinners" a drama of such calibre as to draw even Matthew Arnold again to the play-house, which he had abandoned in hopelessness for many years. This play, which the passing of the American copyright act allowed to be printed for book-readers—it was the first modern drama to reach such an audience—showed that Mr. Jones had at last found the true medium for his dramatic talent. Even he was unaware that the public were to accept it; for, before the piece had settled into an assured success, he had "weakly sold" himself, to "the dull devil of spectacular melodrama," laboring against the grain in its bondage until 1889, when he came to himself again in "The Middleman." Since that time he has been writing the plays—on an average of two a year—on which his reputation rests.

The introduction of a parson into "Saints and Sinners" and what seemed (in 1884) its bold annexation of an aspect of life hitherto unknown to the stage involved the author in a controversy, to which he replied in the *Nineteenth Century* of January, 1885, and which undoubtedly gave his tentative ideas of the domain of drama their first formulated shape. Indeed, but for his inherent instinct for the stage, one might be tempted to say that he had written many of his subsequent plays simply to prove his general thesis. In his *Nineteenth Century* manifesto he advanced the general proposition that "the drama claims for its province the whole

heart and nature and soul of man." During the last ten years he has been illustrating this theory in a series of ambitious plays, beginning on the cruder passions of man and gradually working towards subtler issues, as success heartened him to continue his journey. Every now and again the tremendous forces of conservatism in his fellow-countrymen have called him to a halt, which Mr. Jones has bitterly resented and combated, with the vehemence of a spirit caged, cabined, and confined. As soon as he has defeated one antagonist, and advanced, another has risen in the way. Thus, when his introduction of the Church in "Saints and Sinners" was objected to, he inveighed against "the dismal moor of hyper-Calvinism." Anticipating a different sort of objection to the subject matter of "The Case of Rebellious Susan," he adjured Mrs. Grundy not to plant her heavy foot on "the growing burst of life" in the drama. Only last year, with the bitterness of "Michael's" failure still on him, he pilloried the system of "wax-doll morality" which his antagonists demanded, and cried out against the "periodical panics of morality" which sweep over the "British public." That "British public" is a very sore point with him. Seven years ago he declared that "it is impossible to suppose that God Himself can have taken any degree of pride in creating four-fifths of the present inhabitants of the British Isles, and can hardly be imagined as contemplating His Image in the person of the average British tradesman without a suspicion that the mould is getting a little out of shape."

How then, you ask, has he managed to become a financial success with such an audience? For the simple reason that the dramatic instinct in him is as strong as his doctrinaire attitude. His plays are, without exception, excellent as stage stories. If he has become more strenuous

with the years, he has also learned more thoroughly that knowledge of stage effects which Ibsen displays in such a high degree. Thus in "The Crusaders," which he produced under his own management at the Avenue Theatre in the late autumn of 1891, he illustrated a species of idealism by a very good story. "We tilt at every windmill, we dash ourselves on every pike," says the Socialist maiden of the play. "But our madness keeps the world alive! Your sanity stagnates." That is the text of the play, stuck on to the tail end of the last act; but it is so cleverly illustrated by the story of the abortive Rose-village, of the intrigue between Rusper and Cynthia, and by the caricatured Mr. Jowle—Mr. Jones has still the old-fashioned trick of giving the "unsympathetic" character an ugly surname—that the man in the street, that is, the "British public," accepts it, either *plus* or *minus* the philosophic theorem to be proved. Similarly, the story of "The Middleman" is good enough to stand independent of any doctrine about labor and capital. In "Judah" we find the scientific, must-be-proved spirit of the age battering against a pathetic faith in a modern miracle-worker; but the ordinary playgoer is content to follow the surface humor of the situation without bothering himself over its genesis.

Having so far triumphed in extending the domain of drama, Mr. Jones has become more daring, and tackled the question of sex. In writing "The Case of Rebellious Susan" (1894) he just nibbled at the eternal problem, by making Lady Susan Harabin bolt with an emotional young man. The fact that Mr. Charles Wyndham produced the play insured its success, and Mr. Jones went further afield, and wrote "Michael and his Lost Angel." I am one of that minority which believes that he touched high-water mark

here. But the "British public" apparently thought otherwise; for, though the play was a financial success, it was withdrawn after a run of ten nights (January 15-25, 1896), while New York, I understand, suffered it but once. And yet it seems to me the only real living love-story that the modern stage has given us. The whole conception of it was exceedingly clever—the meeting of the strenuous priest and the giddy, bored Mrs. Lesden, glowering angrily at one another from the opposite camps of faith and flippancy; the gradual, involuntary drifting of the two souls to one common emotional meeting place—the priest drifting in utter disregard of conscience and creed, the woman falling into a trap which her cool, worldly common-sense told her was fatal. In point of writing, the play may rank as genuine literature: the mere skeleton story was enthralling; yet the average playgoer was not sufficiently educated to accept Mr. Jones's right to invade such a domain of sheer poignancy.

I have not the slightest doubt that "Michael and his Lost Angel" will yet fall into line, and Mr. Jones's hints at its possible revival confirm this view. Meantime, Mr. Jones, with a touch of cynical bitterness, is producing plays which the public accepts gladly. "The Physician" and "The Liars," this latter now running at the Criterion Theatre, are clever bits of workmanship, but I cannot think they satisfy the author's artistic aspirations. On the surface they are all right, but their intellectual quality is only second rate—which becomes more apparent when removed from the glamour of Mr. Wyndham's interpretation.

Mr. Jones has not exhausted himself. He has mastered the mere mechanism of his craft so that he can write many paying plays like "The Liars." But his inherent strenuousness will always prevent him from becoming a mere workman.

He is only forty-seven, and, though he has written three and thirty plays since 1878, it will be long, I think, before he touches the limit of his possible horizon.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MR. JONES'S PLAYS

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| <p>1878 <i>It's only Round the Corner.</i> (One act.) Theatre Royal, Exeter.</p> <p>1879 <i>Hearts of Oak.</i> (Two acts.) Theatre Royal, Exeter.</p> <p>1879 <i>Elopement.</i> (Two acts.) Old Theatre, Oxford.</p> <p>1879 <i>A Clerical Error.</i> (His first London production.)</p> <p>1880 <i>An Old Master.</i></p> <p>1881 <i>His Wife.</i></p> <p>1881 <i>Cherry Ripe.</i></p> <p>1882 <i>A Bed of Roses.</i></p> <p>1882 <i>The Silver King.</i> (Written in conjunction with Henry Herman.)</p> <p>1884 <i>Breaking a Butterfly.</i> (An adaptation of "A Doll's House.")</p> <p>1884 <i>Chatterton.</i></p> <p>1884 <i>Saints and Sinners.</i> (His first notable play; now published in book form.)</p> <p>1885 <i>Hoodman Blind.</i></p> <p>1886 <i>The Lord Harry.</i></p> <p>1886 <i>The Noble Vagabond.</i></p> | <p>1887 <i>Hard Hit.</i></p> <p>1887 <i>Heart of Hearts.</i></p> <p>1889 <i>Wealth.</i></p> <p>1889 <i>The Middleman.</i></p> <p>1890 <i>Judah.</i> (Now published in book form.)</p> <p>1890 <i>Sweet Will.</i> (One act.)</p> <p>1890 <i>The Deacon.</i></p> <p>1891 <i>The Dancing Girl.</i></p> <p>1891 <i>The Crusaders.</i> (Now published in book form.)</p> <p>1893 <i>The Bauble Shop.</i></p> <p>1893 <i>The Tempter.</i> (In blank verse.)</p> <p>1894 <i>The Masqueraders.</i></p> <p>1894 <i>The Case of Rebellious Susan.</i> (Now published in book form.)</p> <p>1895 <i>The Triumph of the Philistines.</i></p> <p>1896 <i>Michael and his Lost Angel.</i> (Now published in book form.)</p> <p>1896 <i>The Rogue's Comedy.</i></p> <p>1897 <i>The Physician.</i></p> <p>1897 <i>The Liars.</i> (Still running at the Criterion Theatre, London.)</p> |
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*J. M. Bulloch.*

## TO R. A. M. S.

*The Spirit of Wine  
Sang in my glass, and I listened  
With love to his odorous music,  
His flushed and magnificent song.*

— "I am health, I am heart, I am life !  
For I give for the asking  
The fire of my father, the Sun,  
And the strength of my mother, the Earth.  
Inspiration in essence,  
I am wisdom and wit to the wise,  
His visible muse to the poet,  
The soul of desire to the lover,  
The genius of laughter to all.

"Come, lean on me, ye that are weary !  
Rise, ye faint-hearted and doubting !  
Haste, ye that lag by the way !  
I am Pride, the consoler ;  
Valour and Hope are my henchmen ;  
I am the Angel of Rest.

"I am life, I am wealth, I am fame :  
For I captain an army  
Of shining and generous dreams ;  
And mine, too, all mine, are the keys  
Of that secret spiritual shrine,  
Where, his work-a-day soul put by,  
Shut in with the saint of saints—  
With his radiant and conquering self—  
Man worships, and talks, and is glad.

"Come, sit with me, ye that are lonely,  
Ye that are paid with disdain,  
Ye that are chained and would soar !  
I am beauty and love ;  
I am friendship, the comforter ;  
I am that which forgives and forgets."

*The Spirit of Wine  
Sang in my heart, and I triumphed  
In the savour and scent of his music,  
His magnetic and mastering song.*

—From "Poems," by William Ernest Henley. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

## AMERICA'S INTEREST IN SEA POWER

WE are all strategists now. Battle-ships and torpedo-boats invade domestic quiet, and coast defences and the art of war supplant Shakespeare and the musical glasses. We discuss bases with our courses at involved dinners, lay down lines of operations with the *chasse*, and with the lesser gods who rule post-prandial smokes we breathe villainous saltpetre and imagine petards. The evolutions of fleets have become as plain as pikestaffs to us, and venting briny jests upon the tactical blindness of our enemies, we prove that the Spanish destroyers that lower'd upon our houses, stocks, bonds, and railway shares must in the deep bosom of the Caribbean be buried. There is a deal of satisfaction in it all, even if its acquirement has come by the light of nature.

Here and there we discover in surprising places people who have a native talent for the art—and in moments of fat content, when we reckon our host of strategists, intrenched in editorial chairs and in Congressional committee rooms, we may consider the Don as good as done for. Among a thousand shining planets, one particular evening journal of this city, which is nothing if not omniscient, flames with steady brilliancy. Herein we find it settled that Captain Mahan the sailor is all wrong, and that some lively academic Frenchman is all right, in an evaluation of that unconsidered trifle, "the importance of sea power." The editorial umpire has no doubt of this, and as "a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff" (if Wotton will forgive me) accepts the landsman who has not even a bowing acquaintance with billows, and condemns the naval officer as a danger-

ous person, unskilled in all save black magic.

This discrediting of the naval officer would offer some compensation if the larger public denied the seer of the press. But haplessly no—for among the many gifts the good fairies brought to West Point when this first expositor of naval truths was born, honor as a prophet at home was not numbered. Perhaps it was more than should have been expected. For ten years he has been pointing out the importance and necessity of naval power to the integrity of maritime countries. He has examined this question in the light of results achieved, and it has been his privilege to make plain the enormous influence the possession and disposition of fleets has had upon history. Looking further, he has shown what dangers may threaten in the future if we fail to profit by the lessons laid down for us, and through it all he has been no Jeremiah wailing in season and out, but calmly and logically he has arrayed and discussed his facts, and with a charm of narrative and a distinction of tone has reached conclusions which are irresistible in their cogency and strength.

And what has been the practical effect of all this? Almost nothing; for the recognition of the supreme necessity of a navy cannot be general, because no efforts have been made to create one adequate to our needs; the importance of outlying stations as natural bases of defence must be denied, for the country has refused to acquire them; neither have the war duties imposed upon us by our trade relations and rivalries been accepted, nor have the possibilities of the future been reckoned with sanely. Had his words of wisdom been heeded, we would to-day have been in a condition of preparedness to meet any assault launched

upon our littoral, instead of being forced to scurry among the dockyards of Europe in search of ships and guns. And as in the present, so will it be in the future; only then the difficulties we are creating at this hour will be magnified by the enormous development of selfish international interests and by the certain strife that awaits the navy when the Oriental nations burst their barriers eastward, and challenge us to the death-struggle for supremacy.

All these dangers have been shown by Captain Mahan, and in every light, and no patient sifting of authorities or of historical testimony has been neglected to strengthen his case for the layman. In his new book, *The Interest of the United States in Sea Power, Present and Future*, all the characteristics of his earlier works are preserved, and we find the same vividness of narrative, the same telling directness of style, the same orderly array of illustration, and that same clearness of vision which has created a new philosophy of history. The eight chapters, or detached papers, were originally published in some one of four American magazines, and on their appearance received a very general public acclaim, which has luckily been allowed to expend itself, it would seem, upon their literary side.

In "The United States Looking Outward" he enters a plea for closer relations with Great Britain. While she is the most formidable of our possible enemies, "both by her great navy and by the strong position she holds near our coasts, it must be added that a cordial understanding with that country is one of the first of our external interests. Both nations doubtless and properly seek their own advantage; but both also are controlled by a sense of law and justice, drawn from the same sources and deep-rooted in their instincts. Whatever temporary aberration may occur, a return to

mutual standards of right will certainly follow. Formal alliance between the two is out of the question, but a cordial recognition of the similarity of character and idea will give birth to sympathy which in turn will facilitate a coöperation beneficial to both; for if sentimentality is weak, sentiment is strong." These are very timely words just now, when Washington's warning to avoid entangling alliances and in lieu thereof to cultivate international respect and sympathy, are forgotten by many who should know better.

In each of the other chapters some pregnant truth is taught, and in one notably, "A Twentieth Century Outlook," the review unites the precision of the scientist to the knowledge of the statesman and of the seaman skilled in his profession. Probabilities are faced, not put aside because they are disagreeable or discouraging, and with a calm serenity of conviction the outcome is stated. Like all sailors and soldiers who know the horrors of war and the real worth of personal military glory, Captain Mahan is arrayed on the side of honorable peace, and sees in naval and military efficiency the highest guarantee of its security. "Let us worship peace," he writes, "as the goal at which humanity must hope to arrive; but let us not fancy that peace is to be had as a boy wrenches an unripe fruit from a tree. Nor will peace be reached by ignoring the conditions that confront us or by exaggerating the charms of quiet, of prosperity, of ease, and by contrasting these exclusively with the alarms and horrors of war. Merely utilitarian arguments have never convinced nor converted mankind and they never will; for mankind knows that there is something better. Its homage will never be commanded by peace, presented as the tutelary deity of the stock-market."

*J. D. Jerrold Kelley.*

## THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

AT the moment of my writing, the book world is eagerly waiting the publication of the first two of the twelve volumes of Lord Byron's works, which Mr. Murray has had in hand a long time. The ordinary edition will cost six shillings a volume; while two hundred and fifty copies are to be issued at twelve guineas the set. The edition is edited by Lord Lovelace, the poet's grandson, and Mr. Rowland E. Prothero. The latter (who helped Dean Bradley to complete his biography of Dean Stanley) was responsible for the memoir of Prince Henry of Battenberg, issued for private circulation by Mr. Murray a few weeks ago. In passing, I may note that this volume is a small quarto, bound in white buckram, and illustrated with a few portraits of the dead prince. The last word has not been said about him, for I understand that Mr. Seppings Wright, who, as artist for the *Illustrated London News*, accompanied the expedition to Ashanti, contemplates writing a brief biography of the prince, who seems to have impressed everybody by his pluck.

To return to the Byron: Mr. Prothero gave a touch of his quality as biographer, with an article on "The Childhood and School Days" of the poet in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Whether he means to expand this, I do not know, but in that article Mr. Prothero accounted for the forces that shaped Byron's boyhood with little more detail than previous biographers. One fact about Byron's development seems to me worth noting, if the association of names be not considered straining the point. Not only was Byron half a Gordon, but he was brought up solely by his mother, who inherited the proud spirit of her house in an inordinate degree, and was

constantly dinning it into the boy's head. The history of the Gordons, now represented by four peers of the realm, including Lord Aberdeen, is traceable for eight hundred years, and shows a remarkable trend of that half-mad idealism, which made Chinese Gordon, the fatalist, the martyr of his convictions that he was. Then we have Lord George Gordon, the notorious anti-Popery rioter; Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Australian poet, who ended his singing by putting a bullet in his brain; while the same recklessness came out strongly in Lord Aberdeen's second brother, who ran off to sea, and was drowned while serving as mate, under the name of George Osborne, on a vessel sailing between Boston and Melbourne. Surely all this recklessness was exhibited by Byron in a high degree. Equally interesting, however, is the influence of the family of Duff upon him. The Duffs—among whom he owned a great-grandmother, and also a grandmother—have shown remarkable brain power. At the end of the seventeenth century, they were practically nothing. To-day they are proud to count the Duke of Fife, grandson-in-law of the Queen, as one of their branches. This intellectual quality, used by his Grace's family to make money, has been directed to literature by other members of the house, which includes Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, the late Mr. Cotter Morison, who wrote "The Service of Man," and other writers. In fact, I can scarcely recall any family that has been so widely represented in letters as the Duffs—never greatly perhaps, but, still, persistently. So far as I have seen, nobody has pointed out this fact; yet this combination of the brains of the Duffs, and the dash of the "gay" Gordons had as much to do with the shaping of the

boy Byron as the badness of his paternal ancestry.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel is now in India, and her next book will deal with the plague and famine, which have worried the English authorities so much. In this country, Mrs. Steel spends most of her time at Dunlugas House, near Banff, Scotland. An interesting fact about this place is that Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, who could trace his pedigree from the Creation, formerly lived there. It was he who first introduced Rabelais to English readers, and he was responsible for a whole series of quaint books, notably "Logopandecteision," which was a scheme for a universal language. Mrs. Steel is a most methodical writer, beginning her day at six in the morning. The neighborhood of Dunlugas has a peculiar interest in India, for it gave birth to the famous piper, Findlater, who played the slogan when the Highland troops stormed Dargai.

Mr. John Buchan is an industrious young man. He is not thirty, yet he has found time, in the midst of a distinguished academic career, to publish four books. A fifth, "John Burnet of Barns," is now appearing in serial form, and will be published by Mr. John Lane. He also has a Jacobite romance, "A Lost Lady of Old Years," and a collection of short stories, "Grey Days," in hand; while he is writing a history of his college, Brasenose. Mr. Buchan made a fierce attack at the Oxford Union last year on the Kailyard School, which saved its neck by 58 votes to 56. Only the merits of Mr. Barrie, who, as you know, has been made LL.D., by St. Andrew's University, preserved the Kailyard from extinction in the Union. But Mr. Barrie has found the art of satirizing the Kailyard as remunerative as praising it, for he is said to be getting the large sum of £400 a week in fees from "The Little Minister" at the Haymarket.

Nowadays a successful novelist can command good prices in a very short time. Mr. H. G. Wells is the most recent example. A year or two ago, he was practically unknown. Now, he is so much in vogue that even a short story of his fetches a price running into three figures. The competition created by the assiduous literary agent is the cause of this sort of thing, and so far it has worked well; but—Mr. Wells quite apart—I am almost sure that the price thus arranged is often a fancy one. Among the older men, I find that Mr. William Black still holds his audience in a wonderful way. But some of the writers who started in the race with him are losing their grasp upon their publics.

Mr. William O'Brien, Member of Parliament for Cork, has made another essay in literature by writing an Elizabethan romance, called "A Queen of Men," for Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. O'Brien's first book, "When We were Boys," appeared in 1890, the year in which he visited America. In the following year he was imprisoned for the second time. Mr. O'Brien is not so much in evidence in Parliament as he once was, because the Irish movement itself does not retain its old hold on the time of the House of Commons nor on the attention of the country. The Irishman as a man of letters seems indeed to have absorbed the Irishman as a politician, for, aside from Mr. Gerald Balfour's new scheme of local government for the redress of Irish disabilities, the grievances of the Green Isle have little hold on the imagination of the English public at this moment.

Mr. Rider Haggard, though little discussed, still has an enormous army of readers. "King Solomon's Mines" is to be published in sixpenny form, as "Lorna Doone" and "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" have recently been. Thirty editions of "King Solomon's Mines" have already

been issued, the number of copies running into a hundred and five thousand. Quite recently an elaborate ballet, based on "She," was produced in Buda Pesth, so that Mr. Haggard's fame is not merely English. He fortunately published "King Solomon's Mines" on a royalty. Mr. Haggard leads the life of a quiet country gentleman, and does not pose in London's literary circles.

Two or three failures have occurred in the publishing world within the past few months. The only wonder is that more disasters do not take place, for some of the younger firms are selecting very inferior books indeed—books that can have no sale and no hope of a future for author or publisher. Yet such publishers are the noisiest in the business. They are perpetually being paragraphed: but this notoriety, so far from helping them, only handicaps their prospects by creating in advance false impressions of the value of their books. I hear of one publisher who has lost a lot of money with a too-cheap reprint of a series of classics in fiction; while another has budded into divers aspects of the business so quickly that none of them have succeeded very well.

One of the most valuable historical quarries now being opened is the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, which Professor David Masson of Edinburgh is editing. The fourteenth volume of this exhaustive work has been issued, but the Register is not exhausted. It is characteristic of the minute biographer of Milton that Dr. Masson should be filling up the leisure of his retirement by editing this great, yet little known, work. One of the first literary ventures in which Dr. Masson was engaged was the *Banner*, a Scottish weekly journal floated to further the cause of the Free Church of Scotland. A rather curious fact about this journal was that it unfurled itself beneath the Miltonic phrase, "There are no politics

like those which the Scriptures teach." Whether the future Miltonian suggested this motto I know not; but its selection was prophetic of his great work. Dr. Masson is almost the last man of letters that Edinburgh can now boast. The centralization of art and letters in London increases every year.

It is interesting to watch the progress of the printed play. Mr. Gilbert's librettos have long been successful; but it is Mr. Heinemann who has really made his mark with the printed play by publishing Pinero and the Henley-and-Stevenson series. Mr. Heinemann's own drama, "Summer Moths," published by Mr. John Lane, is a distinct advance on his first effort, "The First Step"; but both of them are too serious and too realistic for stage presentation. Mr. Lane has also issued Mr. Laurence Irving's one-act play, "Godefroi and Yolande," which has not yet been produced in this country. The critics praised his "Peter the Great" so highly—though it did not hold the public—that we may expect to hear more of young Mr. Irving. So far, the touch of Ibsen is strong on him. Meantime players themselves are patronizing the publishers. Mr. John McQueen has got a Russian novel, "A Son of Israel," from Mrs. E. S. Willard (the wife of the actor), who writes under the name of "Rachel Penn." Only the other week Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the clever character actor, was feasted by a literary club, when his "Diary of a Nobody," published several years ago, was very highly praised by one of the most competent critics of the day. I may add that Mr. Pinero's stepdaughter, Miss Myra Hamilton, has taken to writing stories, which are finding a place in several magazines. Miss Hamilton is quite young, and is often to be seen at first-night performances with Mr. Pinero. She recently edited a birthday book made up of quotations from his plays.



Mr. James Bowden has been very successful in his short career as a publisher on his own account. He has the assistance of Mr. Coulsen Kernahan as literary adviser, and his own experience as a partner in Ward & Lock and afterward as manager of Messrs. Routledge, has stood him in good stead. Mr. Bowden has been so fortunate as to get a book from Dr. W. Grace, the veteran English cricketer. For every healthy-minded Englishman Dr. Grace is a little god, just as Prince Ranjitsinhji has become. It is seven years ago since he wrote a book on cricket, collaborating with Mr. Brownlee. Mr. Andrew Lang has also included cricket among his other literary diversions. Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's "Encyclopædia of Sport" has been a great success so far as it has gone. The completion of the work is now well within sight. It is to be remarked that old sporting books still increase in value at all book sales.

Several journalistic changes have recently occurred. To begin with, one may expect greater quality (and quantity) of verse from the Poet Laureate, now that he has ceased to be a journalist, for he has severed his connection with the *Standard*, with which he has been long associated as a leader writer, although that great newspaper takes less cognizance of literature than any of its daily contemporaries in London. Mr. Austin's

health nowadays necessitates long visits to Italy; and, in any case, Fleet Street is not the ideal place for a man's mature years, despite Dr. Johnson's opinions. Mr. David Williamson, who made the *Windsor Magazine* a great property for Messrs. Ward & Lock, has resigned his position. What Mr. Williamson has done is to prove conclusively that a great circulation in this country can be built up, not on "smartness," not on sensationalism, not on historical researches such as your magazines revel in, but on the eternal note of innocent domesticity. He has eschewed the theatre entirely with all its paraphernalia, and produced a magazine eminently fitted for the fireside—which is, after all, the very marrow of Britain. For that reason, I anticipate a great success for *Ian Maclaren's Magazine*, which will do in 1898 what Norman Macleod and *Good Words* did thirty years ago. Messrs. Dent, I believe, mean to make *The Idler*, till recently Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's magazine, a sort of rival to the *Pall Mall*. The *Ludgate Monthly*, which has been edited by Mr. H. D. Lowry, has been bought by Messrs. F. V. White & Co., who own several old-fashioned magazines. I may note that "Frances Macnab," who has just written "British Columbia for Settlers" (Chapman & Hall), is a descendant of the founder of the famous *Fraser's Magazine*.

J. M. B.

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### SONG

APRIL, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears,  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,

If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears.

—From "*Hope of the World, and Other Poems*," by William Watson. By permission of Mr. John Lane.

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## NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

IT is not to be wondered at that the pedigree of the uncut "Burns" should be looked into with much care. The following facts are stated with regard to it. In 1820 the copy was owned by a Glasgow family named Drummond. When they moved to Rochester in 1850, their books were sold at auction. The "Burns" was bought by a school teacher named William Burns, who was urged to present it to his native town, Forfar. He finally was persuaded to give the proceeds of its sale rather than the book itself. It was advertised for sale in a Dundee paper and bought by a certain Mr. Simpson, a well-known collector, for £6 6s. In 1879 he sold it to Mr. A. C. Lamb (with some other books for £124), in whose possession it remained until February 7th of this year. The five books brought respectively as follows: "Burns," £572; another copy of a later edition with autograph inscription, £31 10s.; MS. Horæ, £47; two Dundee imprints, £3 10s.; making a total of £654 for what Mr. Lamb had paid, nineteen years before, £124. Still there are people who insist on it that rare books are not a good investment.

As was anticipated, the Deane sale in Boston brought together a large number of buyers. The condition of the books was not as immaculate as the modern collector demands, so that the prices were not in any way phenomenal, the interest chiefly centering about the Americana. Some prices follow:

Thos. Ash's "Carolina," London, 1682, \$80; "Brief Relation of the Discovery and Plantation

of New England," London, 1622, \$450; Browne's "Booke which Sheweth the Life & Manner of true Christians," Middleburgh, 1582, \$66; Calef's "More Wonders of the Invisible World," London, 1700, \$80; "Cambridge Platform," London, 1653, \$30; Clap's "Memoirs," Boston, 1731; Codrington's "Demonstration of True Love," etc., etc., N. P., 1674, \$125; Cotton's "Milk for Babies," London, 1646, \$85; Robert Cushman's "A Sermon preached at Plimouth in New England, December 9th, 1621," \$1,000 (this was fully described in THE BOOK BUYER last October); Thos. Dudley's "Massachusetts," Boston, 1696, \$76; Eden's "Decades of the Newe Worlde," London, 1555, \$185; Eliot's "Christian Commonwealth," London, N. D. [1659]; Eliot's "New England's First Fruits," London, 1643, \$190; Eliot, "Further Account of the Progresse of the Gospel, etc.," London, 1660, \$130; George Fox's "An Answer to Several New Laws and Orders made by the Rulers of Boston in New England, 1677, etc., etc.," N. P., 1678, \$65; Fox & Rous's "Secret Workes of a cruel people made manifest, etc.," London, 1659, \$108; Fox & Burnyeat's "A New England Fire Brand Quenched, etc.," Providence, 1678, \$85; Gorges' "America Painted to the Life," London, 1659, \$60; Hakluyt, "Divers voyages touching the Discoverie of America, etc., etc.," London, 1582 (maps in facsimile), \$150; Hamor's "True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia," London, 1615, \$105; Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England," Boston, 1677, \$316. The total for 1,988 lots was \$13,241.87. Ernest Dressel North.

## CURRENT LITERATURE

### FALSE GODS

**M**R. ALLEN has essayed an excursion into the haunts of primitive man; in the customs and superstitions connected with the disposition of the dead he fancies he has found abundant material for constructing the idea of God. He arrays a number of facts to prove that the early savage, in regarding a departed spirit with uncanny awe, came to fear him, to pray to him, and to propitiate him; and also that the spirit of a chief or a mighty warrior would hold superior sway in the community of shades as he had done while on the earth. He would also be regarded as supreme over all others. The gods of one tribe would be brought into comparison and conflict with the gods of a neighboring tribe. One nation, the Hebrews, had so magnified their deity as to exclude all others from this divine hierarchy, leaving the Jehovah God as the only living and true God. Mr. Allen's proof for this evolution is the contention that all primitive forms of religion are cults for the dead. His assumption is contrary to the large body of facts with which every student of the history of religions is familiar; namely, that many primitive religious customs exist without any association whatsoever with rites for the dead. In these the Great Spirit is one with the mountains, the forest, the thunder, the sun, the sea, with living nature rather than the ghosts of the past—a religion and an idea of God which has another origin than the fear

of departed spirits and an exaggerated sense of their wisdom and might.

M. Guyau's outlook is toward the future, as Mr. Allen's is toward the past. One would evolve the idea of God out of nothing, the other would reduce the same idea to nothingness. According to M. Guyau religion is doomed. To him it does not possess any of the elements of permanency. He maintains that, as the mind of man broadens and deepens, the religion of creed and dogma becomes no longer indispensable, and that this is the general tendency of the present day, having been realized actually and to a great extent in France; but, indeed, there is an anomaly here, in that the fire has burned so many ages without fuel. He himself has caught the French Revolutionary spirit; as the traditions of the past emphasize the enfranchisement of man in reference to the trammels of State, so a like spirit looks to the complete emancipation of man in reference to the Church. His *Non-Religion of the Future*, however, seems more a protest against creed, dogma, and ecclesiasticism than against the spirit of religion; for, according to M. Guyau, the individual is to have a religion in each case self-constructed: it is to be a synthesis of the best in art, philosophy, and morality, with a deepening and a closer cementing of the social ties existing between man and man. Thus the best in religion is to be conserved. The difficulty is, that M. Guyau wishes to have the fruit and flower of religion without the vine and root. His religion, moreover, is concerned wholly with the things of this life. Immortality is to him simply the living again in the grateful memory of humanity. In spite of himself, he has a deep religious nature. There seems to be throughout this book an indefinite long-

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEA OF GOD. An Inquiry into the Origin of Religion. By Grant Allen. Henry Holt & Co., 8vo, \$3.00.

THE NON-RELIGION OF THE FUTURE. A Sociological Study. Translated from the French of M. Guyau. Henry Holt & Co., 8vo, \$3.00.



ing which his own speculations do not satisfy; he feels profoundly the burden and mystery of the world. The following incident on page 389 will indicate the nervous tension of his daily life. "One day when I was seated at my desk my wife came up to me and exclaimed: 'How melancholy you look! What is the matter with you? Tears, *mon Dieu!* Is it anything that I have done?' 'Of course it is not; it is never anything that you have done. I was weeping over a bit of abstract thought, of speculation on the world, and the destiny of things. Is there not enough misery in the world to justify an aimless tear? And of joy to justify an aimless smile?'" When we remember that he had the bitterness of facing a premature death—closing all too soon his brilliant career—we are surprised at the optimistic strain of a necessarily hopeless book.

*John Grier Hibben.*

#### MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS

**E**VEN to one into whose hands these volumes have not yet fallen, the general course of the story they unfold is familiar; and yet, such is the lyrical quality of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's letters, such is her power of absorbing and assimilating language, that there is scarcely a sentence one could wish left out, scarcely a touch or trait that does not add to our conception of her character as a whole. Between the evening when Wordsworth recited a translation by Cary of a sonnet of Dante's and Landor gave Miss Barrett two Greek epigrams he had lately written—between that evening (describing which her vivacity materializes into a point of wit: "I never walked in the skies before, and perhaps

never shall again when so many stars are out!") and the day a few weeks before her death when Andersen, the Dane, whom the children know, kissed her hand, and "seemed in a general *verve* for embracing," we get many glimpses, and sometimes valuable sketches—as in the case, for example, of George Sand—of those of her contemporaries who have won laurels in the field of literature. But, after all, it is the quality of the woman's own soul that attracts, and brings us to know her, as it were, intimately. A lively sense of the becoming and of the absurd, a curious delicacy of candor, a rare fineness of sentiment—we feel the force of these humors, and find them exquisitely engaging. She wins upon one by that which did so charm Amiel—a marriage of contraries: in the daily intercourse of her life she must have been the simplest of women; one feels sure she did not converse exclusively of edelweiss and myosotis; she had her doves to feed, her little dog to care for, her plants to water, her bit of broidery work to do. At the same time, one sees in her an elegance of mind, a shy sense that the manner and life of the classic and great is hers. With what graceful naïveté she writes to Napoleon III in behalf of the author of "Contemplations" in exile! "I never approached my own sovereign with a petition, nor am skilled in the way of addressing kings. Yet having, through a studious and thoughtful life, grown used to great men (among the dead, at least), I cannot feel entirely at a loss in speaking to the Emperor Napoleon." Then there is the paradoxical note to be observed in her, which is always fascinating. Just as you are about to take her in some high key, just as you are about convinced that she lives on ambrosia and hydromel, you are surprised by little revelations of some very human qualities, invested with a comic charm. In writing to Mrs. Martin,

she exclaims one day: "I envy you your before-breakfast activity. I am never a *complete man* without my breakfast—it seems to me some integral part of my soul."

Up to the time of Elizabeth Barrett's fortieth year, up to the time when "Browning the poet, Browning the author of Paracelsus, and king of the mystics" appeared, her life was one in which there were few outward circumstances to record. The first twenty years were passed among the beautiful Malvern Hills, where the girl found so much to minister to poetic fancy, as is shown in "The Lost Bower," "Hector in the Garden," "The Deserted Garden." Then came Sidmouth in Devonshire, that "nest among the elms," where she liked "the greenness and the tranquility, and the sea." And after three years, London, where "the place and the privileges of it" did not "mix together" in her love, as among the hills and by the seaside—she was inclined to wonder if even Dr. Johnson, in his paradise of Fleet Street, "loved the pavement and the walls."

"I lie all day, and day after day, on the sofa," she writes, "and my windows do not even look into the street." So she lives, "with visions for her company instead of men and women," until that "most gracious singer of high poems" came into her life. But she was not one to be a slave to any vicissitude, and in being thus thrown back upon herself she was thrown back upon a splendid imagination. Poetry had always been her "*pou sto*—not to move the world but to live on in"; it was her "eagle with both grappling feet still hot from Zeus's thunder," and she pursued instinctively and irrepressibly the study requisite for its development within her, in spite of adverse conditions. "Did anybody ever love it and stop in the middle of it? I wonder if anybody ever did?" she cried one day, with sweet artlessness, and

she was well able to say: "I have *worked* at poetry; it has not been with me reverie, but art." Of course, she had levelled against her the whole train of offences wherewith each original poet is charged: She was inexact in rhyme, forsooth; she was allegorical, fantastic, philosophical, "obscure"—*that*, to be sure! One of her own thoughts suggests itself. Commenting on the *Athenæum's* criticism of Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics" two years before she met the author himself, Elizabeth Barrett exclaims: "It is easier to find a more faultless writer than a poet of equal genius. Don't let us fall into the category of the sons of Noah. Noah was once drunk, indeed; but once he built the ark."

Virginia L. Wentz.

## WELLINGTON

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS has written an excellent work on *Wellington, His Comrades and His Contemporaries*, which has been sumptuously got up by his publishers with numerous fine photogravure and other full-page illustrations chiefly taken from the Apsley House collection. While the book is written by a military man, it avoids the tedious details of the Peninsular campaigns, and presents only those broad outlines which can be followed with appreciative understanding by any intelligent civilian. Major Griffiths also succeeds in bringing out in relief the personal characteristics of the "Great Duke" in a manner which will interest the general American reader.

"The fool of the family; fit food for powder," was Lady Mornington's verdict of her younger son. Lady Aldborough

WELLINGTON, HIS COMRADES AND CONTEMPORARIES.  
By Major Arthur Griffiths. Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo, \$4.00.

found the young subaltern "a gawky youth and but poor company." This was an unpromising lookout for Arthur Wellesley during a period in British history when the favor of fine ladies meant promotion and advancement in every department of life. It is easy to see now how Wellington as a youth puzzled these *grandes dames*. In the artificial age when Sheridan's comedies were written, when polite lying was esteemed one of the highest social virtues, Arthur Wellesley, born in the peerage and educated at Eton, spoke plain truth, took his profession seriously, tried to earn his pay by performing his duties efficiently, and, when almost every man drank heavily, remained abstemious. His mind was alert, rather than comprehensive or far-seeing; his memory for detail and for military illustrations often supplied him with the key to his adversary's movements or intentions; his habit of writing endless careful and accurate despatches burnt the past, the present, and the probable future into his retentive mind.

No military lesson was ever lost on him. Family influence made him the colonel commanding a regiment when he was twenty-four years old, six years after he entered the army. In this capacity in 1794 he accompanied the Duke of York—the "gallant" one who used to march his thirty thousand men up the hill and down again—in one of his disastrous expeditions to the Low Countries. When the Duke began his retreat, Colonel Wellesley was found to be the most competent officer to cover the rear. What he learnt then several of Napoleon's best marshals, including Massena and Soult, found out to their cost by rashly following Wellington in full retreat in the Peninsula.

He was the father of modern commissariat arrangements, in which his greatest successor was undoubtedly our own Grant. "If I had rice and bullocks," he said to

Rogers, many years afterward, speaking of his Indian campaigns, "I had men, and if I had men I knew I could beat the enemy." But if he fed his men, and looked after their comforts, and saved them in every way until the actual hour came when they were to be "food for powder," he also flogged them unceasingly and shot them unsparingly for breaches of discipline. At one time he speaks of the British soldiers in the Peninsula as the "scum of the earth," and said that "all English soldiers enlisted for drink or to escape the consequences of evil doing." Yet of these same men he said afterward that "with them he could go anywhere and do anything." It is easy enough to reconcile these apparently diverse expressions: Wellington was an aristocrat to the marrow of his bones—even to a blind obedience to the motto, *Noblesse oblige*—and he always differentiated between the personal character of his men and their fitness to accomplish any purpose which he had in view. This trait comes out curiously in the two divisions of his staff; one of these he kept entirely for social intimacy and as companions in the hunting field, the other for hard practical duty on the footing of a general's subordinates.

While Wellington as a statesman was a failure, for reasons that are almost obvious—in politics he could neither estimate the effectiveness of the enemy's forces nor that of his own—he was trusted by the sovereign and people of England as no man ever has been before or since. At one time he was the whole government of England for three weeks while Sir Robert Peel was hastening home from Italy, and everybody knew everything was all right because "the Duke" was in command. Major Griffiths has told many good stories about the Duke of Wellington, to which we are tempted to add two that he has omitted, as both are authentic. Greville gives the only comment that the

Duke would ever make on Napoleon: "He was not a gentleman, sir." Mr. Reginald Brett, in a recent essay on Lord Melbourne, tells how that embarrassed Prime Minister went to the young Queen Victoria to talk to her about its being necessary for her to choose a husband. Approaching the topic very gingerly, he at length said: "There is surely someone for whom your majesty has an affection above that which you have for other men?" "Oh! yes," replied the Queen, smiling brightly, "the Duke of Wellington."

*E. H. Mullin.*

### GORDY'S NEW HISTORY

**A**BOUT five years ago Messrs. Wilbur F. Gordy and Willis I. Twitchell gave to the teaching profession their "Pathfinder in American History," a book of the greatest value to teachers in elementary and secondary schools. Mr. Gordy has again made the profession his debtors in preparing for them this school history.

The author follows the division spoken of by the Committee of Fifteen: 1. Discovery; 2. Exploration and colonization; 3. The Revolution, the Confederation, and the Constitution; 4. Reconstruction and the New Union. Owing to the clearness and simplicity of his diction, and the excellent manner of arrangement, following largely the intensive method, the memory and logical faculties are equally exercised; which is as it should be, for no subject can be better employed to develop the reason and judgment than can history.

In his treatment of the Colonial period, cause and effect are clearly shown, and

illustrative facts are plentifully given, so that the struggle between the French and the English for the possession of the continent can be readily and rightly understood by the pupil. Of great value, too, is the delineation of the characteristics of the colonists, who for this purpose are divided into three typical groups: the Southern, the New England, and the Middle. The influence of soil upon race, climatic effects, relations with the Indians and with one another, are all noted, and the navigation laws are treated so that the student easily traces the growth towards the community of interest and unity of sentiment that made the Revolution possible, in fact inevitable.

The exposition of the several wars through which the country has passed is made a feature. The causes and results of each are stated fully and fairly, but descriptions of battles are indulged in but sparingly; enough, however, being given to let the reader understand the character of the fighting. Three pages suffice for the Mexican War, and not even the name of a single battlefield is mentioned; but those three pages contain a clear and impartial account of that iniquitous event in our history—so clear, indeed, that the average boy or girl could master the matter in half an hour or less.

"The critical period," as a rule so hard for young students to understand, is here made very plain to them. The weakness of the confederation, the bickerings over interstate trade, the financial troubles of the Congress, the conflicting claims to the Northwest Territory, are the topics treated under this head; and when the constitutional period is reached, "States' rights" and "centralized government" are kept before the reader, and the difficulties between the North and South shown to have begun when the constitution was making.

Western settlement, Western life, and

what Western expansion meant to the life of the nation are admirably discussed. The author has not written in a sectional spirit, but in a spirit of broad Americanism. He has laid great stress, therefore, on the moral element in men. That idea is uppermost in the biographical sketches, of which there are a large number in the volume, making them of great value in the inculcation of ethical truths.

Each chapter has references to "Outside Readings," "Fiction," and "Poetry," saving the teacher who uses the book considerable time that otherwise would have to be spent in research. The references and collateral reading

have been selected with great care, and I am therefore surprised to see that Mr. Gordy has omitted John Boyle O'Reilly's masterpiece, "The Pilgrim Fathers," from the poetry suggested to be read in the chapter on "Pilgrims and Puritans." The suggestions to the pupils cannot fail to be a benefit both to them and to the teacher, and there are a few pages on "methodology," though the author does not call his suggestions by that name, that are invaluable, because they are the results of the life-work of a painstaking, earnest, truthful teacher. The book is fully illustrated and well indexed.

John W. Davis.

### THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS

**I**N *The School for Saints*, Mrs. Craigie has neglected no element of a great novel, combining with the brilliancy of epigram and analysis which has hitherto distinguished her work a richness of sentiment, a deep religious feeling, a consistency of characterization, and a historic background of varied action which bespeak courage and a determination to reach beyond the bounds of mere cleverness. But the fact that one delights singly in these ingredients and is tempted to write an essay upon each of them, indicates, perhaps, that they are not kneaded together as in a "great" novel. The very fineness and minuteness of the effects striven for, and the dependence of the narrative on diaries and correspondence where it is most thrilling, detract from its vigor and continuity. One gets the main facts of the story in driblets, and occasionally has the sensation of marking time against one's will. And the documentary form, supplemented by footnotes and Meredithian italics, invites one,

as with Balzac, to confound fact and fiction, which Dr. Hale, perhaps a little rashly, asserts should, in a historical novel, be distinctly labelled. That Mrs. Craigie has with rare insight delineated the interior life of her hero, has vividly pictured Disraeli and General Prim in a number of interesting scenes, and successfully sketched two radically different types of womanhood in Brigit and Lady Fitz Rewes, is undeniable; and yet, so intense is her sympathy with other motives than that of love, that the political or the Catholic note is often by a swift transition obtruded, and we have, for instance, Brigit and the Very Presence conjured up in the same paragraph. Which shows, at least, that Mrs. Craigie has grasped the wide-ness and complexity of human interests. A less considerate reader, however, will go away confirmed in the Goethean belief that "thought broadens but lames." It is possible that Mrs. Craigie has missed a unified, powerful impression through sheer embarrassment of riches.

Like Father Gaspara in "Ramona," Robert had a nature at once fiery and ro-

mantic. He might have been a soldier, a poet, or a priest. Circumstances made him each of these in turn, although the priestly vocation, as far as the present volume permits one to follow him, was still unrealized except as it took on the form of statecraft. The dreamer boy Robert, wandering alone on the rocks and sands of St. Malo, fancied himself ruler of a "kingdom under the sea"; and when Madame Duboc one day appeared on the cliff, she was the Oriana of whom he had read. Nor could he believe his eyes when he walked to Paris and found her name on a flaming theatre bill. The former scene is idyllic—like that between Richard and Lucy in "Feverel"; and one sympathizes keenly, almost humorously, with the first disillusionment of the youth when "madame" explained to her "little saint Robert with the grave, grave eyes, and the firm, firm mouth, and the square, square chin" that prayers were a novelty in stageland, and that the locket she had given him did not, after all, mean love and tears—at least, to her. Thenceforth Paris was a city of books by the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Hercy Berenville, whose "companion" he was, called him a Platonist, which signified "a devilish hard fellow to live with." Disraeli, chancing to like him, advised him to marry Lady Pensée Fitz Rewes, a young widow "ideally strong in love and weak in argument," who could help his political prospects. But he had already met the daughter of Madame Duboc and of the Archduke, *la petite Brigitte*, who, through her loveless marriage to a velvet buffoon, Parflete, and her instinctive reverence for her mother's memory, appealed to his highest nature. "He had not yet been called by a voice he could believe in," she gently said, and forthwith she became his guiding star, and he her counsellor and protector, urging her, during life, to "obey" her cowardly, at-cards-cheating, necklace-steal-

ing husband; enlisting in the Carlist plot to fight for her, but not till even Pensée sacrificed all to be her friend, admitting to himself: "I love her, and, right or wrong, there's an end on't."

Thanks to Mrs. Craigie's gift of picturesque satire, there are no lay figures in this novel. Hercy, trying to "paint like a gentleman," is an unnecessarily sorry figure, and suggests that his creator has no love for Bohemia. The rest are far from caricatures, though etched in strong lines. Prim, we are informed, was the kind of person to shoot a man and then invite the mother of the corpse to dinner, saying, "Have you another son, Madame? If so, I will give him an appointment." Lord Reckage was "absent in the country, paying court to an heiress and making notes for an address on Erastianism." Lord Wight, who was a man of strong historical convictions, carried a miniature of Mary Stuart on his breast, and an unfinished essay on the iniquities of Elizabeth in his portmanteau.

Disraeli has the self-conscious air of a man conserving his reputation for epigrams. The idea of leading the aristocratic party in England seems to tickle his sense of humor. He describes himself as too imaginative to be of use anywhere but in a life of action.

Lest the incessant watcher for apothegms feel that he has been turned away without an appetizer, I append a few, which will show that Mrs. Craigie's wit has not abated:

"To be seriously mad is a fine thing; it shows that the gods have had something to say to you."

"A gadding wife would be the devil, and a pretty one is downright wear-and-tear!"

"With ideas and vitality there is little that men cannot achieve."

"If one wants independence, one must keep on the side of the angels!"

"When most people speak of the soul, they mean the five senses."

"Wrap your soul in the linsey-wolsey of moral-

ity, and then you may order your hair-shirts lined with silk."

"You will become a Roman Catholic because you will find nowhere, out of Rome, poetry and the spirit of democracy and a reverence for authority all linked together in one irrefragable chain."

*George Merriam Hyde.*

### WEYMAN'S "SHREWSBURY"

IN spite of Mr. Weyman's fine sense for romance, there is more pleasure for the reader in the accessories of his latest novel than there is in the story itself; and this is largely due to the fact that Richard Price, the biographer whom he has chosen for *Shrewsbury*, is—so unlike the biographers of "Under the Red Robe" and "A Gentleman of France"—a pale mollicoddle who seems to do but two things well—to quote Latin phrases and to weep, and against whom we can quite fancy Henry Fielding roaring his familiar "Milksoy!" Young Price, who, among his other negative qualities, possesses a loose notion of *meum* and *tuum*, has broken the eighth commandment; but it was for love of a beautiful girl (who forthwith fled with the sixty ill-gotten guineas and a town lover), and then he goes to London, this "cropeared" country usher, where he falls under Robert Ferguson's power, and really displays a genius for getting mixed up with revolutionary plots and blood-money, and for playing the sneak, the rogue, and the coward. Price, then, does not take hold upon us; and having read more than seventy pages we are almost despairing that Mr. Weyman will ever get his craft under weigh, when we are introduced to the young Duke of Shrewsbury: once launched, however, the little boat is borne

fairly enough along before a not altogether unfavorable wind.

Inasmuch as the motive which prompted *Shrewsbury* was a desire to vindicate the Duke's loyalty to King William, and to clear him of complicity in the Jacobite intrigues, only so much of the great prince's history is contained in this biography as is covered by the reign of the "First Orangeman"—of his offices under Anne and George I, nothing is noted. But the history of those English days immediately after the "bloodless revolution" had completely changed the constitutional basis of the state, having broken forever with the divine-right theory, and introduced the period of parliamentary government, is full of interest, and it goes without saying that Mr. Weyman makes good use of his historical background; every once in a while, indeed, he finds it necessary to remind himself that he has "a story to tell, not a history to write." The interest of the work centres in Shrewsbury himself—and he quite wins upon us, this Duke, who "never gave but his smile doubled the gift which his humanity dictated"—but there is somewhat besides. These are the days when Marlborough is going in and out St. James's with that air of careless sweetness which won the favor of Lady Castlemaine; and as Mr. Weyman makes him stand forth we can quite believe what Chesterfield tells us, that he "engrossed the graces"; but you recognize in him, as well, the temper of the man who some years later is to remain on horseback for fifteen hours at Blenheim.

If the exceptional reputation acquired by "Under the Red Robe" and "A Gentleman of France" is not increased by Mr. Weyman's last novel, yet certainly that reputation will survive a good many backslidings, and *Shrewsbury* shows many of his best qualities as a writer, and here and there one of his best passages.

## AMERICAN HISTORY IN ROMANCE

THE ideal practice of the writer of historical romance is set forth in the preface of the second of the three books under consideration. The author of *The Latimers* says that in prosecuting his purpose, "Local histories have been read. Papers, manuscripts, pamphlets, church and county records have been examined. The scenery described has been personally visited, photographed, and sketched, and topographical plots and maps copied and drawn. The flora and fauna and weather conditions have been noted. The biographies of leading and typical men and women of the various sections have been read. The dialect has been especially studied." It is well worth while to encounter such a list of goodly offices, if only for the purpose of setting up against it the one needful thing without which any amount of labor in research will be vain. The penalty of writing historical fiction is that the most violent labor of this sort does not remove the fundamental need of all good fiction, the creation of human character and human interest. What the reader of historical romance cares for is first the romance and then the history.

Of the three tales brought together here the first in chronological sequence seems to stand first in the measure of this success. The historic background of life in a manor-house of colonial New York at the beginning of the eighteenth century is full of picturesque possibilities, and the author of *Free to Serve* has mastered the details of the scene well enough to use

them with an effective ease, and not to seem burdened with the responsibility of imparting a deal of historic information. As the background produces an effect of reality, so, in no mean degree, do the persons who appear against it. The chief of these is Aveline Nevard, a charming young English girl of gentle birth, who is brought to America by a brother, unpromising in deeds rather than words. His abuse of his sister's trust in him, finally justified, is to pay for their passage across the Atlantic by permitting the captain of the vessel to sell her as a bond-servant on their arrival in New York. The well-to-do Dutch couple into whose hands she falls treat her almost as a daughter, but their two sons, one excellent and the other vicious, are incapable of regarding her as a sister. Their rivalry for her hand, especially after their parents' death, involve both them and her in a train of misfortunes and adventures which serve to bring out all that is most revolting in the wicked brother, all the best in the good, and all that is strongest and most tender in the heroine. The story is abundantly interesting, which is an occasion for gratitude in fiction of this order.

*The Latimers*, to its disadvantage, is an inordinately longer book. Its time is the last decade of the eighteenth century, when frontier life had transferred itself from the banks of the Hudson to the neighborhood of Pittsburgh. The historic background is provided by the "Whiskey Insurrection" of 1794. It is the author's evident purpose to extenuate, if not to justify, the conduct of the pious Scotch-Irish rebels against the newly established government. But it is not easy to enlist the reader's sympathy completely with the good Calvinists who would have sung with glee "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," and were willing to assist in such a removal by the means of violence and blood-

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**FREE TO SERVE.** A Tale of Colonial New York. By E. Rayner. Copeland & Day, 12mo, \$1.50.

**THE LATIMERS.** A Tale of the Western Insurrection of 1794. By Henry Christopher McCook. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, 12mo, \$1.50.

**A HERO IN HOMESPUN.** A Tale of the Loyal South. By William E. Barton. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.



shed. It is clear that there were good, though misguided, men amongst the rebels, but the best of the characters in the story, especially the hero, John Latimer, a Virgil-reading scout, were loyal. His adventures are many, and at their end he finds himself not a Latimer at all, but the son of a distinguished man in Philadelphia, and realizes, happily but late, that he loves the frontier girl who has always loved him. The book is crowded with adventurous incident, and the narrative is not unskilful. Many real persons figure in it, even the Father of his Country, unbending to the point of eating maple-sugar candy; yet one feels that the preponderating interest of the book lies in its contribution to one's knowledge of an unfamiliar episode of American history.

It is quite another scene and a time much nearer our own into which *A Hero in Homespun* takes us. The "loyal South," with which it deals, is confined to the region of eastern Tennessee. The condition

of its people, as presented in the narrative, was pitiable indeed. Many of them were in sympathy with the North, yet were either forced into the Southern army or subjected to ill treatment by Union soldiers, who could not believe them to be loyal. The leaders of the Union army are shown to have failed in understanding their needs and feelings. It readily appears that the individual fortunes of a Union soldier from this region, serving throughout the war in the midst of his own people, might abound in romantic episodes. The trials and triumphs of such a soldier, in war and in love, form the chief material of this story. The military operations of the forces of both sides also enter largely into the narrative. The speech and manners of the mountaineers, such men and women as Charles Egbert Craddock's, have their own important part to play. It is by the aid of such books as these that the complete history of the country will gradually be written.

*M. A. De Wolfe Howe.*

#### FOUR NEW NOVELS

**A**SPIRING prophets begin to tell us that a reaction will soon set in against the historical novel. The story of analysis and introspection having been succeeded by the story in which something has always been happening, this later style of fiction is now in turn to be swept away. Perhaps they are right. Change is a law in literary fashions as in all other fashions. New tastes arise and

must be ministered unto. Literary invasions, in order to be continued, must find new fields interesting enough to be explored. But as yet the books we are getting from the press disclose no definite signs of this predicted reaction. Novelists still penetrate into the rich fields of history. With further life assured for the present interest which the world takes in great events, I do not see how we can look for any immediate decline in the popularity of fiction that is based on history.

One very impressive indication of the continued duration of historical fiction is seen in Mr. Brailsford's picture of a war which but yesterday passed into history—

**THE BROOM OF THE WAR GOD.** A Novel. By Henry Noel Brailsford. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

**THE VINTAGE.** A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. By E. F. Benson. With illustrations. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.25.

**SIMON DALE.** By Anthony Hope. Illustrated by W. St. John Harper. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

**YOUNG BLOOD.** By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, \$1.25.

the hopeless struggle of the Greek people against their ancient enemy, the Turks. The volume could scarcely be called a romance in the sense that love forms its motive. It is rather a story of adventure in which conquest of man over man stands as its central purpose. An English conception of the conflict is presented. Departing from London to join the Greeks, our hero bore "the taunt of folly" with which he was assailed in all public places, having resolved that in stolidity and courage was to be found its expiation. The reader will understand from this story, better than from newspaper letters or formal histories, how hopeless was the cause in which the Greeks engaged, and why it was so. A land which once was a land of heroes boasts no more the hero of that ancient type which stood against the invaders at Marathon and Salamis. Powers of description not common in modern books are shown in this story. Not the least charm of it is a certain literary style which is something more than mere style, imagination and knowledge combining to produce pictures the more beautiful because so real.

A more inspiring period in Greek history is unfolded in Mr. Benson's story of the War of Independence, for which Byron "gave up the last full measure of devotion." But it is love that gives the central purpose to this tale, with intrigue in plenty, and quite enough of actual war and shedding of blood. With a Greek girl who had been stolen when a child and made an inmate of a harem, a Greek youth becomes acquainted while sailing on the bay overlooked by the harem. The rescue of the girl and the freedom of Greece thus become the twin enterprises to which the hero devotes his courage. When Greece realizes her dream, the girl secures release. Thus for Mitsos are obtained two sources of supreme happiness.

Mr. Benson's success in romance-writing was clearly observed some years ago in "Dodo." He has since produced more than one other tale by which his constituency has been widened. His present story must make further additions to the number of those who take up his books only to read them to the final chapter's end.

Anthony Hope has chosen for his new romance a period of which few readers are wholly ignorant. Of all English epochs after the Elizabethan, readers are familiar with none better than with the Restoration. When merry Charles had come to his own again; when Nell Gwynne chattered and shone; when Louise de Keroualle plotted and sinned; when Rochester composed rhymes of wit and Pepys a diary of strangely human confessions—then truly were to be found times of which the story never will become stale. Mr. Hope introduces not alone bad folks, but good ones. England under Charles might be corrupt at court, as was Rome under Nero; but we may be sure that the heart of the English race, as well as the heart of the Roman, still remained sound. Else why the years of well-earned mastery over the outer world that came to both? Charles's court is painted with effectiveness, and yet delicately. Its outer charms, its gayety, its wit, its splendor, are seen more clearly than its moral baseness. And yet the Nell for whom Charles in his last words begged that she might be prevented from starving, dominates the story, with her presence no less than her wit, her gayety of heart no less than her hold upon the indulgence of Charles. Mr. Hope has done some very considerable things in fiction-writing in these times of much fiction; but he has done no stroke of more vigorous and yet delicate work than *Simon Dale*.

Mr. Hornung's volume, alone among

these four, deals not with the things of history. His day is the present, and the life he sets forth is the life known in England in these closing hours of the century. A young man, supposing himself heir to a fortune, returns from the Cape, his last shilling gone, to spend his coming of age at the old home in north-western England, where his father had long been an iron-master. Reaching the house early in the morning, he is obliged to force an entrance at the door, whereupon he finds a vacant house with an auctioneer's catalogue in the ashes of the grate. A tale of sad news awaits him. His father, in financial distress, has ab-

sconded with the money raised by friends to put his industry on its feet, and the home has been sold with all its contents. Penniless that he is, the young man resolves to restore the good name of his father. By what devotion, industry, and fortitude he accomplishes his task the reader must be allowed to learn for himself. Mr. Hornung cannot write a dull tale. Life and human nature throb throughout his pages. No chapter that he prints wants for incident. His points are sharp, and the marks he aims at are hit. In these matters *Young Blood* will add something to a reputation already high.  
*Francis W. Halsey.*

### THREE BOOKS OF MARVELS

**I**N *Lochinvar* Mr. Crockett sets the pace that kills—his characters and readers as well as himself. The story is quite impossible in the way adventure crowds adventure by land, by sea, in dungeons, in caves, through fierce fight, through Machiavellian machination. It produces the effect of a series of anticlimaxes, and the reader reaches the grand finale too jaded to appreciate what is really an effective conclusion for that sort of story, a wild ride in which the heroine, snatched from the side of the baffled villain almost at the altar, is spirited off on a swift steed long miles or leagues—of course, leagues—straight to the feet of a discriminating and discerning prince. All this is very sad for its recklessly prodigal waste of material in

plot and character, enough, if judiciously utilized, for the production of twenty different stories at least. Take an episode, that of "Little Marie"—who suggests Trilby in more ways than the shapeliness of her shoe. In the space of about twenty-four hours she stabs the villain, releases the hero from prison, guides him and his comrade to a place of safety, captains a battle among the sand dunes, and dies a melodramatic death of her own seeking in order not to embarrass the hero and heroine. The setting of the story is unique and attractive, that of the scenes along the Dutch canals three hundred years ago, when the expatriated Covenanters rallied to William of Orange before he drove his father-in-law off the throne of England.

It is not without a sense of relief that the reader may turn from Crockett to Stockton, exchanging the marvels of a too exuberant imagination in romance for those of a perhaps too extravagant invention in science as chronicled in *The Great Stone of Sardis*. The reason

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**LOCHINVAR.** A Novel. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

**THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.** A Novel. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by Peter Newell. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

**THE ENCHANTED BURRO.** By Charles F. Lummis. Illustrated by Charles Abel Corwin. Way & Williams, 12mo, \$1.25.

of the name, by a characteristic Stocktonian device, is withheld until the concluding chapters, as more or less of an inducement for reading to a finish. Today, one may say in a general way, popular scientific-sporting interest centres—with apologies to Nansen—in Arctic explorations, the X-rays, and modern war projectiles. Taking advantage of this three-sided fad, Mr. Stockton makes his hero, an inventor of 1947, the organizer of a successful polar expedition in a submarine craft, on which he is careful not to go himself; the discoverer of an artesian ray which carries transparency deep into the bowels of the earth; and the maker of an automatic shell, one so perfectly automatic that it goes off with mysterious unexpectedness, with no one by, and starts to bore a hole from New Jersey to China, only to be stopped by "the great stone of Sardis." While there are advantages in this threefold development, there are also disadvantages, the rival marvels showing a disposition to get in each other's way to the distraction and dissipation of interest. Any lack, however, is more than atoned for by the illustrations of Peter Newell, which in their humorous quaintness of suggestion and weirdness of exaggeration tell all that the text does not or can not tell. Seldom is an author so fortunate in his illustrator.

The seeker for real marvels, the marvels that spring naturally, without strain of either imagination or invention, out of the conditions evolving them, can go with assurance of certitude to Charles F. Lummis's *The Enchanted Burro*. As none need be told who are acquainted with the quality of Mr. Lummis's workmanship, or with his views of "closet" naturalists, "closet" scholars, or "closet" anybody else, this collection of stories of New Mexico and South America has the unique impress of reality. One feels that the spinner of these

strange yarns knows whereof he affirms; that the man who here sketches folk so queer has, as he himself says, lived their life sympathetically and appreciatively—not simply "guessed at it" after the manner of the "closet" ethnologists. There is a double charm in these stories, the charm of a fresh environment and the charm of art in the story-telling itself. The book is a needed reminder, perhaps, that realism may be anything but what is commonplace or vulgar. Not one story leaves behind it a sense of littleness or triviality, while among the fourteen are stories—notably "A Daughter of the Misti" with the shadow of the noble mountain always in the background—which have the quality of poetry. Many of them, too, have the charm of a characteristic humor. This has been admirably caught in the illustrations from spirited drawings by Charles Abel Corwin after photographs by the author.

*Arthur Reed Kimball.*

#### CLEVER SHORT STORIES

THE main interest in *Tales of the City Room*, by Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, springs from the fact that it is a book of newspaper stories and bids fair to be the first of a series as long as the series of books of college stories. It is written by a woman reporter, and the central figures are all newspaper women. The stories are sympathetic and well told, and they make first-rate light reading. If the reader's old-fashioned prejudices now and then

TALES OF THE CITY ROOM. By Elizabeth G. Jordan. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.00.

JIMTY, AND OTHERS. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.25.

THE TALES OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

WHERE THE TRADE WIND BLOWS: West Indian Stories. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

get the worst of it as he follows a young girl in a kind of life that is generally thought rather hard on a man, he is at least forced to admit that the shocks are fewer and far less severe than he could have supposed. In fact he suspects, now and again, that the author is making the life of a woman reporter more attractive than it is. And in other ways the stories balk our interest in newspapers and newspaper life. They are more about the world a reporter sees—criminals, and other celebrities of the hour—which is visible to an artist in any walk of existence, than about what goes on in Park Row, which no outsider can ever fully appreciate. It would be well worth while to find out just how newspaper life affects men and women, and what good and what evil they get out of it.

The good would be apt to be more than most of us believe, even in the case of women reporters. It has been maintained that newspapers hold the place in contemporary life which was held by the theatre in England when Shakspeare was writing for it; and it is certainly to be feared that the citizens of Newspaper Row are not likely to be looked upon generally with much more favor than was accorded of old to the players of the Bankside. "Let them be well used," said Hamlet, who was a rare patron of the arts, and suspected that Polonius would treat them with scant hospitality, "for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you had better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you lived." The same warning will stand to-day for those who despise or affect to despise the daily press; and a more liberal soul than Polonius will take a hint from Hamlet's courtesy to his "good friends." People are beginning to find out that reporters are largely men of education and "bringing up," and started out in life, at least, with the manners of their

kind. Moreover, a candid and attentive reader of the public press is forced to admit that not a few of them are genuine artists in words. And the reporter is invading the world of magazine and book publication. Without him current literature would lose half its vitality. In a word, our newspapers are as much a factor in modern letters as our colleges. Of college life we have learned a good deal: it will be a good thing to know all we can of our newspapers.

The spirit of *Jimty, and Others*, by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, may best be expressed in the words of one of her characters. "My old master . . . leaned over my shoulder to find that I had boyishly draped my figure in a floating gauzy veil. 'Mr. Satterly,' he said, 'if you want to paint draped figures, paint them, and if you want to paint nude figures, paint nude figures, but spare me shimmerettes.'" The people in Mrs. Hopkins' stories are as naked of soul as Jimty is in the flesh when introduced to the reader. Her words are the words of daylight and of life, and the medium of her art does not emit a shimmer. It follows that the stories are robust and genial, as life is. They are full of sanity and of goodness of heart. The humor is both broad and deep, and if it be true that it is weakest when it takes the form of word-play, and if, in general, the ultimate phrase is lacking, it is only fair to acknowledge that the stories clearly come from a temperament that leans as much toward the drama as toward prose fiction, and that the phrase is not essential to the effect aimed at.

We have now collected in a single volume all *The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes*, to wit, "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The Sinner's Comedy," "A Study in Temptations," and "A Bundle of Life." These tales, it is scarcely necessary to remind the modern reader, are interest-

ing and amusing. To be interesting and amusing is one of the signs of right thinking and right feeling ; but it does not certainly follow that first-rate books can be made up altogether of crispness and cleverness of touch. The crispness is apt to become brittle, and the stock of things about which we can be justifiably clever is necessarily limited. In the end, the good things are apt to come at somebody's expense ; and the expense of being cleverer and more pointed than life admits of, is pretty sure to fall finally upon the author and his readers. The suspicion is unavoidable that, if there were more of right thinking and right feeling in what Mrs. Craigie has to say, the fact would relieve

her from the heavy necessity of being always crisp and clever.

It would be pleasant to know more about the West Indies and the many varieties of peoples that live in them ; and at the present juncture in our foreign relations the knowledge would be of distinct value. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the stories in Mrs. Crowninshield's volume, *Where the Trade Wind Blows: West Indian Tales*, are disappointing. The stories are in a measure interesting, and the native types are presented with a certain crude honesty ; but one's chief sense is of how much of interest is omitted. The field is worthy of a more trained observer and more skilful story-teller.

John Corbin.

### NOTES OF AN ENGLISH STROLLER

IN *The Happy Exile* we find reflections of a smooth and park-like scenery in the smooth and well-kept mind of its author, Mr. H. D. Lowry. His effects are soothing more than stimulating ; he asks no hard tasks of us, nor of our wits in following him, and his rambles are in easy, pleasant paths. There are a score of his sketches, in which he takes us afield to read "The Idyl of the Daffodils," "A Scandal in Arcady," "Midsummer Moonlight," "The Spell of the Sea," and "The Smell of Good Earth," together with matters more directly human and personal, such as remembrances of boyish adventure and youthful love scenes. He is always healthy, as out-of-door people ought to be, and as most of them are, taking a joy in fresh air, flower colors, and vegetable scents, that communicates itself moderately to us, not infrequently recalling the cheer of his countryman Jefferies. He is not the

mere cataloguer that Jefferies is apt to be, and though he paints his word-pictures easily and rapidly, he does not chatter—again differing from Jefferies. His choice of words is proper ; his mood is the pastoral, never the epic—there is so little epic scenery in England, especially near London—and we read with bland sympathy his slightly formal narrations, feeling the honesty of his translating.

Mr. Lowry claims not to share "the national ardor for slaughter," and deplores the savagery that destroys the wild birds, leaving the fields open to the rapine of insects, that our daughters may wear on their vain, pretty heads the wings that flashed and danced so blithely yesterday ; but he owns that he has to shoot rabbits, for they are such humorous creatures. The rabbit's view of his own humor may be imagined. Our author's thumb-nail portraits of country folks he meets on his jaunts are well done.

C. M. S.

THE HAPPY EXILE. By H. D. Lowry. With etchings by E. P. Pimlott. John Lane, 12mo, \$1.50.

## AMONG THE NEWEST BOOKS

### LIGHT READING

*THE Celebrity*, by Winston Churchill, is a novel with a purpose, but not a moral purpose. In fact, some readers will consider the purpose distinctly immoral, for it seems to have been written to pay a private grudge. We are left to supply the name of the so-called hero, which, however, we do with unerring accuracy before reading many pages. It is that of a very well-known magazine writer, who has, it seems, had the misfortune to offend Mr. Churchill among others. He is "five feet eleven," we are told, "with straight nose and square chin, broad shouldered, and elaborately dressed." Furthermore, we learn that he is famous for his short stories with endings left open for discussion. Enough data are given to enable even a detective to identify him.

Through three hundred pages Mr. Churchill—who, by the way, is an American, and not Winston L. Spencer Churchill, Lord Randolph's son—holds up his literary friend to ridicule. It is done rather cleverly, but not sufficiently so to justify great expectations for future work. The book is well constructed, but no novel situations are developed, nor are the characters free from a suspicion of mechanism.

Briefly stated, the story is as follows: *The Celebrity* turns up one summer at a resort on one of the great lakes, where the narrator of the story, John Crocker, a rising young lawyer, is staying. They have previously known each other in New York, and have been more or less intimate, but Crocker is now disgusted to find that success has turned the young man's head and that he is travelling under the name of another man, Mr. Charles Wrexell Allen, just to escape the inconveniences of fame, as he explains. Mr. Allen, unfortunately, happens to resemble the *Celebrity* most strikingly, and later in the story, when he decides to relieve his employers of their superfluous possessions, it is not unnatural that his literary double should be regarded as the criminal. There are two or three clever girls in the story, who undertake to teach the conceited *Celebrity* a lesson, and the story

runs amusingly enough along rather obvious lines. Perhaps the best character in the story is a fabulously rich, whole-souled *parvenu*, who swears that never will he allow a friend of his to be arrested for any crime whatever so long as he is a guest on the speaker's yacht, so he hides the *Celebrity* in the ballast-hole in the bottom of the boat and lets him breathe through an augur-hole. The story rattles along very well, and will amuse many readers, provided they can forgive the bad taste of the personal attack. [Macmillan, 12mo, \$1.50.]

Mrs. Peattie's first long story falls far short of the excellence of some of her shorter tales. The theme is horrible, an insane love of killing on the part of a man otherwise irreproachable, a gentleman by birth and breeding. The pages drip with blood, the coarsest aspects of the criminal bias are constantly presented, and the reader turns sick in the slaughter-house atmosphere. *The Judge* is a detective story, but Mrs. Peattie lacks the constructive power and the finesse of Gaboriau. She cannot make her mystery the compelling interest of her pages, and the crime itself subordinate to that end. On the contrary, the mystery is easily solved, and the crime is insistent. Nor is her treatment successful. She does not characterize with distinctness, and there is no internal development of her people, under the stress of tremendous experiences. In short, she has written a newspaper story, of which a newspaper reporter is the real hero, and which is journalistic, and not literary, from beginning to end. [Rand, McNally & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.]

*The Pride of Jennico*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, is another branch from that umbrageous tree of romance under which sat the Prisoner of Zenda in the Noman's-land of Ruritania. The hero of this lively tale, Captain Basil Jennico, is own cousin, twice or thrice removed, of the redoubtable Rudolph. Of the heroine, the headstrong Princess Marie Ottilie, it may fairly be said that she is decidedly more interesting than her kinswoman, the

Princess Flavia, betrothed to the Ruritanian king. The plot is not very deep, and the reader, guessing the mystery as soon as he meets the ladies of the Court in the hay-field, rather despises the thick-witted Captain Basil for his obtuseness. But the owner of a castle in the wild Moravian mountains, crowded with plate and jewels, and tapestries and carvings, and dominating some thousands of serfs, ought not to be expected to have brains also.

The period of the story, the eighteenth century, affords sufficiently picturesque accessories—brocades and laces and velvets, and powdered hair and patches—and if the more utilitarian nineteenth century is often caught winking round the corners of the battlemented castle, or occupying a visible place in the London club-rooms, who would take the trouble to object? The story is bright, and a good American citizen, weary of following legislation and disappointed with modern democracy, may thank his stars for an invitation to Tollendahl in Moravia, and a visit with the effete aristocrats of Europe. [Macmillan, 12mo, \$1.50.]

In *A Man and a Woman* Mr. Stanley Waterloo restates in his own terms the old problem of the relation of the sexes. There is no plot, there are few incidents, and there is not, perhaps, much story. He is fond of his hero, and relates that hero's life as a development of the *ego* from birth to death. This hero, Grant Harlson, is a typical American, born in the backwoods, educated partly at school and college, partly by the hard discipline of poverty and hunger, and the attrition of the crowd in the streets. He is a powerful animal, dominated, indeed, by a sound brain and a strong heart, but sometimes slipping his leash. Until he meets the one woman who can gather up and hold all his powers, he wanders in by and forbidden paths. After that experience the two become one in a divine union, so that when the husband dies the wife can no longer bear the burden of life. The book is one that reveals with frankness, but never with coarseness, experiences usually concealed. Becky Sharp would not approve it. Laura Pendennis would put it in the fire. But Marcella Raeburn would read it through, and fall into a

mood of gravity over several social problems which its insistent pages would present to her consideration. Whatever may be the writer's own theory of the true social state, it is clear that he does not believe that humanity dwells, at present, in the best of all possible worlds. [Way & Williams, 12mo, \$1.25.]

In *The Red-Bridge Neighborhood* Miss Pool makes avarice her theme. She sets upon this vice the stigma of a Dantean contempt, and her two misers, father and son, are tolerated by her only because heaven suffers them. Yet she is fair to them. She gives due weight to heredity and circumstance, and calls upon arid nature and the hard conditions of isolated New England life to bear their due share of the blame. The two Nawns, selfish, mean, and tyrannical, are characteristic if not typical products of that thin soil and unkind climate which has reared them. Olive, the heroine, is a fine creature, who cannot be starved or buffeted into baseness, and she is as typical of her race as the men, while Isabel Keating, a selfish and sensuous beauty, flowers not less naturally from the gray New England rock.

There is tragedy of action as well as of suffering in the story, which has more incident, perhaps, than Miss Pool commonly cumbers herself with. But its main interest lies in its psychology, in the development of those strong characteristics which, for good or for evil, mark any New England rustic community. If the story is grim, like the life it depicts, it is yet full of a sub-acid humor that somewhat disguises its bitter savor, and out of the experiences of one man grown old in the worship of Mammon, one man who mistakes impulse and temperament for purpose, one woman who has a Puritanic uprightness, and one who has no moral sense, the author has woven a strong and interesting tale. [Harpers, 12mo, \$1.50.]

*The Way of Fire* is the rather meaningless title of a rather inefficient Anglo-Indian novel, by Helen Blackmar Maxwell. The plot of the story turns upon the strong feeling of caste that pervades the society of the East. The hero is a pushing young doctor, able and success-



ful, who, when very young, has married a Eurasian wife; that is, a woman with some inherited East Indian blood in her veins—an infusion, however slight, that conveys the imputation of a “half-caste.” The doctor, growing worldly wise, decides not to acknowledge his marriage in the higher society which he has achieved. The wife, having a fine character, much beauty, and a good deal of talent, resolves to win her husband’s love, by becoming more admirable than the woman he admires. What comes of this resolve makes the substance of the story, which is better in conception than in execution, but which, nevertheless, presents graphic pictures of certain phases of social life in India. [Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.]

The story of *Carita*, by Louis Pendleton, has nothing to recommend it. The fact that the scene is laid in Cuba is not an offset to its juvenility, its lack of characterization, and its unliterariness. Moreover, disease, and repulsive disease, is not a legitimate “motive” for Art to adopt. The book is anecdotic, without sustained interest of incident or action, and contains hardly material enough for a magazine short story. [Lamson, Wolfe & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.]

The adventurous hero of “On the Red Staircase,” Philippe de Brousson, reappears in Miss Taylor’s new story, *An Imperial Lover*. Now, however, he is a middle-aged *deus ex machina*, a diplomatic agent of King Louis of France, returned to Moscow to conduct certain delicate negotiations with his majesty, Peter the Great, who is, perhaps, the true hero of the drama. The Czar falls in love with a beautiful Russian girl, who gives her heart to M. de Lambert, a gallant gentleman in the suite of M. de Brousson, and the story is made up of the incidents of the unequal rivalry between the Emperor and the soldier of fortune, a story related by the Maréchal de Brousson. There is plenty of wild adventure, of conspiracy, assassination, duelling, kidnapping, and such lawless goings on as filled the Russian capital in the early eighteenth century, and with such material the interest of the tale is well sustained. The glitter and gaudiness of barbaric taste shine through the scenes, and the Tartar cruelty and

remorselessness are made comprehensible. Peter, with his genius, his passions, and his eccentricities, becomes a vivid personage, but perhaps the most striking portraiture in the book is that of Catherine Shavronsky, that Livonian peasant whose shrewdness and political genius made her Peter’s favorite, mistress, secret wife, and presently Empress of all the Russias. [A. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.]

Mrs. Goodwin having discovered Bacon’s Rebellion to be a fruitful field lying warm and ripe to the sickle of the romance writer, half a dozen gleaners have followed in her footsteps to gather and beat out the sheaves that she left standing. Among these Mr. Hulbert Fuller has, perhaps, filled his bins fullest. His *Vivian of Virginia* begins as Vivian of a London apothecary’s shop, goes to Flanders as a soldier, becomes a captain of marines, and finds himself presently in Jamestown, whence he drifts into service under Captain Nathaniel Bacon. The villain of the piece meantime, who is Vivian’s bitter enemy, adopts the cause of Governor Berkeley, and dies as the fool dieth. A love-story is interwoven with these martial movements, and there are difficulties enough in the way of true love to expand the volume to the requisite twenty-one chapters. Most of the characters are not sufficiently vitalized to stir deeply the reader’s sensibilities. But there is a good deal of “go” in the book, and the fighting gentry say “zounds,” “in good sooth,” and “belike,” in the proper places, which, of course, calls up the seventeenth century to the imagination. Captain Bacon comes off almost as well as repentant history now allows him to do, after many years of black-balling, and so the story may be praised. [Lamson, Wolfe & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.]

Concerning *The Blue Ridge Mystery*, by Caroline Martin, it may be said that the chief mystery involved is that of a reason for its publication. It is a confused, rambling, and dull account of certain happenings in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, during the period of reconstruction. Nothing in it is worth the telling, and if the matter were good, it could not stand the poverty and commonness of the manner. [R. L. Weed Co., 12mo, \$1.25.]

## BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

*POINTS in Minor Tactics; compiled and arranged in an Elementary Manner for the Infantry Arm of the National Guard* by Capt. Charles Albert Smylie of the 12th Infantry N. G., N. Y., is one of those text books which have a wider than simply professional interest. The handling of troops in the field is an interesting matter for everybody who is interested in history. The lack of a certain knowledge of the science of the thing produces confusion. One is unable to follow even the accounts of operations as given by the clearest of writers. In this little volume of 221 pages is to be found an aid to clear thinking on the subject which ought to prove invaluable to the laymen who may never have an opportunity to put its precepts in practice, just as it will be an important aid to the citizen-soldier who is daily becoming a more important factor in our state and national systems. The style of the book is marked by admirable lucidity throughout and it is easy to follow, even for those who are otherwise unacquainted with military text-books. In the matter of illustration and example the author has drawn on all the important recognized authorities at home and abroad. Captain Smylie confines himself to the battalion and describes how it is handled in the matter of Advance-Guards, Rear-Guards, Patrols, and Reconnoitring, Outposts, Marches, etc. But broader questions are touched upon in the chapters on Discipline and Fire-tactics. The need of such a book, as a sequel to the drill regulations and guard manual, has long been felt in the guard, for the points presented have hitherto been covered by a number of books that really made up a small library in themselves.

As to the actual shortcomings of the organization in respect to the matters treated of, the following passage in the introductory chapter puts the matter fairly, and very opportunely:

"While the troops of the Guard throughout the country have occasional field days for the larger maneuvers, it is patent to competent observers that the details embraced in the minor operations of war, as practiced on these occasions, are not generally carried out in the proper

technical and practical way. The operations are performed in a manner which would result in disaster in the face of a trained enemy. There is a decided lack of discipline, and above all of fire discipline, while the duties of advance and rear-guards, reconnoissance, and patrolling are apparently only half grasped; and it is common to see troops lose their heads under circumstances where they ought to be under perfect control. If this is the case where there is no danger, it is easy to imagine what would happen if the men were facing actual fire." [Appleton, 16mo, \$1.50.]

In the book by H. Heathcote Statham, called *Modern Architecture*, the theme is the practical and artistic character of buildings of our own time. Very wisely says the author, in the opening lines of his book, that there is little avail in reviewing the various revivals of styles and the other struggles of self-conscious restorers of the past during the first half of the present century. What is really interesting to us of the present day is the building of the last thirty years judged in the light of the indisputably great architecture of the older time. This Mr. Statham has shown as well, perhaps, as it is possible to do it in 275 pages with 150 illustrations. "Church Architecture" occupies one chapter, and in this, churches of Europe and America, of Gothic and classical spirit of design, are compared and estimated. "City and Municipal Architecture" is the title of another chapter; "Domestic Architecture" of a third, "Street Architecture" of a fourth. There is a final note on the influence of iron in modern building, and the first chapter of forty pages is an intelligent and purposeful essay entitled "The Present Position." The book may be commended as a much-needed handbook for beginning the study of modern architectural achievement; and the more so that it takes modern developments of architectural art as being what they really are, very hard to judge of at the present moment; and, therefore, passes them in review without drawing conclusions as to the utter hopelessness of anything good in architectural fine art coming out of the present commercial conditions, and still less any conclusions tending to en-

courage modern optimistic dreams of architectural possibilities in the near future. [Scribners, Importers, 8vo, \$3.00.]

The history of the equipment, preparation, and departure of the great balloon fitted up by Salomon-Auguste Andrée for his polar expedition is written by his two assistants, Henri Lachambre and Alexis Machuron. A taste for Arctic terrors seems to run in the Scandinavian blood, and the Swedish Andrée apparently betook himself as confidently to his aerial ship as Nansen to his *Fram*. His theories were scientific and well worked out, his experience of ballooning was large, and the silken monster that he had made seemed obedient to his command. He left Spitzbergen on the 11th of July, 1897, and no trustworthy word of him has yet reached the world of light and warmth from the mysterious world of ice. The book of his assistants is made up of a technical description of the building of the air-ship, of the story of the journey of the expedition from Sweden to Spitzbergen, of the life in these Arctic regions, the preparations for departure, and, lastly, of the thrilling hour when the great creature swung free from her moorings, and disappeared in the blue air. The book is illustrated by fifty process pictures, and is of interest to readers who care for polar exploration. [F. A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.50.]

An excellent manual, called *How to Become a Trained Nurse*, which one of the ablest and busiest nurses in the country, Miss Jane Hodson, of the Pennsylvania State Hospital, has found time to edit and compile, is meant to give the fullest information, first to young women intending to adopt the nurse's profession, and second, to the public seeking information about it. The book explains the detailed working of more than three hundred training-schools—their hours, their system of instruction, their limit of numbers, pay, conditions, etc. Fifteen accomplished superintendents or heads of schools contribute papers on their own institutions or on special branches of the nurse's calling. Then follow brief sketches of the work of Florence Nightingale, "Sister Dora," Alice Fisher, the woman who re-created the City Hospital of

Philadelphia, and Agnes Jones, whom Miss Nightingale called "Una in real flesh and blood—Una and her paupers far more untamable than lions"—stories of courage, faithfulness, and noble success that stir the blood. Lists of questions warn the young nurse how arduous must be her preparation, and nearly fifty illustrations show her some aspects of her duty. Miss Hodson's book is as creditable to her as her professional work. [Wm. Abbott, 12mo, \$1.50.]

The secondary title of Professor Hinsdale's *Horace Mann: The Common School Revival in the United States*, gives a just idea of the contents of this eighth volume of the "Great Educators" series. An adequate and very interesting biography of the eminent Massachusetts pedagogue is illustrated and reinforced by a history of two centuries of common schools in this country, and by illuminative sketches of the ablest teachers—men who evolved and applied a philosophy of teaching that changed the nature of school life and discipline, "the John the Baptists of pedagogy" who made the way easier for the revolutionary labors of Mann. Then follow the story of Mann's work as Secretary of the State Board of Education, specimens of his reports, accounts of his controversies with various sectaries as to the results of his theories and with school boards as to their soundness, his work as Member of Congress and as President of Antioch, his character and special achievements, and comments on the present and future of the common schools, at least in theory. The book is written with large knowledge, and with unusual literary skill. Partly because it is American, partly because it is contemporaneous, partly because of its inherent value, this volume is one of the most interesting of its important series. [Scribners, 12mo, \$1.25.]

Mr. F. Edward Hulme, whose vocation it is to prowl in cobwebby libraries where old volumes mellow like old port, brings out from his latest rummaging a book on *The Flags of the World*, from the banner of the Crusader to the burgee of the yachtsman, flags national, colonial, personal, the ensigns of mighty empires and the symbols of lost causes. Beginning

with the need of associative man to find, or to create, some sign of his association, he shows the use made of banners and standards by the Egyptian, the Oriental, the Greek and the Roman, the soldier and citizen of the middle ages, and the modern patriot. He describes also the flags of great families, of societies, of guilds and liveries, of navies, private boats, lord mayors and corporations. England, naturally, has the most banners and the greatest number of pages of history and description, every symbolic combination of bunting and primary color, from the royal standard to the colonial blue ensign and pennant, coming in for notice. All the European flags, those of America (which are more in number than the uninformed suppose), and the standards of Japan, China, and Corea, with even the colors of the banner of Sarawak and the devices of Tughra—to the unspeakable relief of the breathless reader—flutter through the rest of the chapters, most of them appearing in the strongest reds, yellows, and blues, in the supplementary pages. The book is full of interesting and out-of-the-way information, while the editor "drops into poetry" with the practised ease of Silas Wegg. [F. Warne & Co., 12mo, \$2.00.]

Miss Florence A. Merriam's new book, *Birds of Village and Field; A Bird Book for Beginners*, ought to serve as a valuable aid toward the enlightenment of those practical bird-observers who find the crow a pest and the robin that takes a few cherries here and there a fit target for the shotgun. The volume contains a quantity of instructive information about the food of various birds, and their economic value. It seems that the Department of Agriculture at Washington has constituted the Division of Ornithology a supreme court before which birds accused of malicious and destructive persecution of the growers of farm and garden produce shall be tried for their lives. With but one or two exceptions the evidence adduced by hundreds of stomachs examined has been overwhelmingly in favor of the birds. Miss Merriam gives facts concerning the kinds of insects eaten by particular birds, and tells how one may easily protect the fields and garden from plunder by the planting about or near them of

inedible fruits and seed-growing plants that afford natural and preferred bird-food. The descriptive biographies are full of bits of character observation that will amuse and appeal readily enough to the great majority of bird-lovers, to whom the "sentimental" aspect of bird life is irresistibly attractive. There is abundant material for the opera-glass hunters. The spring migration lists, one at St. Louis, one at Washington, and one at Portland, Conn., are especially valuable on account of the wide range they cover, and the Observation Outline will prove a help to many. The bird pictures are by Ernest Seton Thompson, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, and John L. Ridgeway. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$2.00.]

There can be no longer any doubt, to judge by the number of books written about them, but that the bugs, as well as the birds and dogs, will have their day. The crawling and flying things of the insect world have long afforded fascinating study for certain learned observers who have given years to a search for some rare specimen and the classification and tabulation of every minute detail of anatomy and life habit of the commoner forms. Now it almost seems as if no education were complete without some particular interest in the lower forms of animate nature. In *Life Histories of American Insects* Professor Clarence Moores Weed, D.Sc., has written a number of brief popular biographies of wasps, beetles, grasshoppers, army-worms, moths, etc., in a way that will prove interesting and stimulate the curiosity of even the most casual observer. There are a number of illustrations. [Macmillan, 12mo, \$1.50.]

#### SOME NEW EDITIONS

NO more fortunate piece of work has been done for the lovers of first-rate fiction than the collection of the works of Mr. Arthur T. Quiller-Couch in a uniform edition of nine volumes of convenient size, making eight volumes of novels and tales, and one of literary essays, called *Adventures in Criticism*. *The Splendid Spur*, *Dead Man's Rock*, *Wandering Heath*, *The Delectable Duchy*, and *Troy Town* each has a volume to itself, and

the shorter tales are grouped under the titles *Noughts and Crosses*, *The Blue Pavilions*, and *I Saw Three Ships*. It is difficult to define the special charm which this engaging Cornishman casts about his readers, but we will venture to say that nearly every one of his books will fall under the "two o'clock in the morning" classification. His stories are alive in every line, and if to keep the reader's interest unflagging were the only thing required of a novelist, Mr. Quiller-Couch would pass muster easily. But added to this quality is a literary style of considerable distinction, and a keen sense of what Stevenson—was it?—called the "luminous word." A high tribute was paid to his literary skill and power when he was chosen to write out from Stevenson's notes the closing chapters of "St. Ives." Yet the chorus of approval at the announcement, and at sight of the performance as well, are fresh in mind. Whether he tells stories himself or discusses the work of other writers, his sentences ring and flash, and his ideas stimulate the most languid attention. It is pleasant to see his work collected in such comely form. [Scribners, 9 volumes, 12mo, \$1.25 each.]

Two substantial books of reference are Mr. W. S. Walsh's *Curiosities of Popular Customs* (8vo, \$3.50) and a new edition of *Chambers's Biographical Dictionary* (8vo, \$3.00). Mr. Walsh's book announces itself as dealing with "rites, ceremonies, observances, and miscellaneous antiquities," but it is noticeable that very many of his articles deal with religious ceremonies. This may prove either that religion lies at the root of most popular ceremonial, or that the author considers religious ceremonies to be mainly curious survivals. In any case, he has made a highly entertaining feast of scraps, which ought to have some better index than a mere alphabetical arrangement of titles. The new edition of the *Biographical Dictionary* has been brought down to 1898, and includes many new names and additional information about many persons named in earlier editions. There are also references to biographies and other books of details, and approximate pronunciations are given of the more difficult names. The small type is singularly clear. [J. B. Lippincott Co.]

Six more volumes are published in the Temple Edition of the Waverley Novels. It is difficult not to multiply terms of admiration for these little books, which are as exquisitely luxurious in mechanical form as they are satisfactory to the reader who is nice as to texts and learned in notes and commentaries. The present issues include *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, and *Old Mortality*, each in two volumes, illustrated with dainty little photogravure prints of Sir Walter's various homes, at Abbotsford, in Edinburgh, at Ashestiel, and elsewhere. One picture shows the house in which Scott was born, in the College Wynd, in Edinburgh. [Scribners, Importers, 18mo, leather, 80 cents each.]

The same house issues two more volumes in the Century Carlyle, Volumes III and IV of the *History of Frederick the Great*, being volumes 14 and 15 in the edition. There are portraits of Frederic II of Prussia, Maurice de Saxe, Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet, reproduced on steel and in photogravure from rare prints. [8vo, \$1.25 each.]

Two volumes are issued in the new and definitive edition of the works of the late Henry George. *Progress and Poverty* and *The Science of Political Economy*, the latter containing a very good portrait of the author. The many students of Mr. George's system of economics will welcome so satisfactory an edition. The type is clear and black, the paper white and opaque, the binding substantial and dignified; and the books are sold at a reasonable price. The earlier book is too familiar to need a word of comment; of the latter and larger volume it may be said that it was begun by Mr. George in 1891, and was intended by the author to be the crowning achievement of his life. It is a presentation of his ideas of the great and complex economic laws under which the sons of Adam are constrained to live: whether we accept his premises and deductions has nothing to do with the fact that the system is clearly stated and frankly proposed. Because (to quote the clever publishers' note printed on the cover) it treats of the burning problem, the getting of a living, it will appeal to the vast majority of men. [Doubleday & McClure Co., P. & P., 12mo, \$1.00; paper, 25 cents;—Pol. Econ., 8vo, \$2.50.]

# BOOKS RECEIVED

## BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS

*Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* T. Hall Caine. Roberts Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Christina Rossetti.* A Biographical and Critical Study. Mackenzie Bell. Roberts Bros., illustrated, 8vo, \$2.50.  
*The Story of John Wesley.* Marianne Kirlew. Eaton & Mains, 12mo, 75 cents.  
*Eugene Field in His Home.* Ida Comstock Below. E. P. Dutton & Co., 16mo, \$1.00.

## HISTORY

*France.* John Edward Courtenay Bodley. Macmillan Co., 2 vols., 8vo, \$4.00.  
*Modern France.* André Lebon. G. P. Putnam's Sons, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*How the Dutch Came to Manhattan.* (Colonial Monographs.) Blanche McManus. E. R. Herrick & Co., illustrated, 4to, \$1.25.  
*The Building of the British Empire.* (The Story of the Nations Series.) Alfred Thomas Story. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 vols., illustrated, 12mo, \$3.00.  
*The Rise of the Dutch Republic.* (The Student's Motley.) Condensed and continued by Wm. Elliot Griffis. Harper & Bros., illustrated, 12mo, \$2.50.  
*Napoleon III and His Court.* Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin. Scribners, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*The Awakening of a Nation.* Charles F. Lummis. Harper & Bros., illustrated, 8vo, \$2.50.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

*Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1898.* The Monday Club. Pilgrim Press, 12mo.  
*Sacred Books of the East.* Vol. I. The Upanishads. Translated by F. Max Müller. Christian Literature Co., 8vo.  
*In His Steps.* Charles M. Sheldon. Advance Publication Co., 12mo, 75 cents.  
*A History of the Baptists in the Middle States.* Henry C. Vedder. American Baptist Publishing Society, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*The New Testament Church.* Rev. W. H. H. Marsh. American Baptist Publication Society, 8vo, \$2.00.  
*The Life of Jesus.* Ernest Rénan. Peter Eckler, crown 8vo, \$1.00.  
*Harmony of the Gospels.* Rev. Jos. Bruneau. The Cathedral Library Association, paper, 12mo.

## POETRY

*Leider und Gedichte.* Heinrich Heine. Edited by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. (Golden Treasury Series.) The Macmillan Co., 16mo, \$1.00.  
*Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems.* Henry Johnson. Byron Stevens, 16mo, \$1.25.  
*Rubāyāt of Omar Khayyām.* A Paraphrase by Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane, narrow 8vo, \$2.50, net.  
*Poems.* Stephen Phillips. John Lane, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*A Treasury of American Verse.* Edited by Walter Learned. F. A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Atamo and Other Verses.* Edward McQueen Gray. By the author, 16mo, 75 cents.

## FICTION

*An Elusive Lover.* Virna Woods. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.00.  
*The King of the Town.* Ellen Mackubin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.00.  
*In the Shadow of the Pyramids.* Richard Henry Savage. Rand, McNally & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
*Love Letters.* Harold R. Vynne. Zimmerman's, 32mo.  
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[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

230.—Kindly tell me in what hymn or poem is the line, "This world is all a fleeting show."

J. W.

It is the first line of a poem by Thomas Moore, which is used as a hymn.

231.—1. Can you tell me where I can find a poem by Rev. Horace Smith, entitled "The Libelled Benefactor," beginning

"They called him a fiend, a destroyer, a scourge"—

and ending

"The Angel of Life is my title above ;  
But short-sighted mortals have christened  
me Death."

2. Is Harold Frederic a nom de plume?

E. D. C.

1. It ought to be in the volume entitled "Poems by James and Horace Smith," published in New York some years ago, which you probably can find in a public library.

2. That is his real name. He is a native of New York, but lives in London.

232.—Kindly mention the best magazine article published in 1897 on the Russian Empire.

M. C.

We do not like to answer questions that are purely matter of opinion.

233.—Where can I find Rudyard Kipling's poem in which occur the words, "There once was a fool, and he made his first prayer," etc. ?

C. R.

Kipling's poem, called "The Vampire," beginning :

"A fool there was and he made his prayer"

was written for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones, and published last year in the London *Daily Mail*.

234.—If you are able to place the following lines, you will confer a great favor :

"Six thousand years hath death reigned tranquilly,  
Nor one corpse come to whisper those who live  
What after death requites us."

S. W.

235.—Can you tell me which is accepted as the best edition of Pepys' "Diary and Correspondence"—Bright's or Lord Braybrooke's ? And what was the year of the first edition of each ? And what later library editions are good ?

E. W. T.

Later and better than either is Henry B. Wheatley's edition.

236.—1. Who were our Pilgrim foremothers (wives of the Pilgrims) ?

2. Were there any women disguised as men in the ranks of the American Revolutionary army ? If so, who were they ?

J. V. H. L.

237.—I wish you would inform me who is the author of "Calmire," published anonymously in 1892 by Macmillan & Co.

K.

The secret has not been divulged.

238.—1. Can you refer me to a volume containing the poem "St. Anthony of Padua" ?

2. Where can I read a description of the picture represented by the title ?

A. E. H.

239.—Can you or any reader tell me who first used the expression "a house of cards" ?

M. M.

240.—Can any one complete this quotation ?

"And every wave, with dimpled face,

Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it floating there."

I quote from memory, and may not be absolutely correct.

A. C. R.

241.—Will you kindly tell me the literary value of the edition of Shakespeare called "Hobbe's Shakespeare" ?

N.

242.—Is it known who were the authors of "Essays and Reviews," which made such a sensation nearly forty years ago ?

S. S. T.

They were : Frederick Temple (the present Archbishop of Canterbury), Rowland Williams (died in 1870), Baden Powell (died in 1860), Henry B. Wilson (died in 1888), Charles W. Goodwin (died in 1878), Mark Pattison (died in 1884), and

Benjamin Jowett, famous for his translation of Plato (died in 1893).

**243.**—I wish to get some trace of a "Life of Ariel Kendrick," which was published or printed, I think, in Norwich or Windsor, Vt., many years ago. J. R.

**244.**—Some time in the early fifties Macaulay, the historian, wrote a letter to Henry S. Randall, then Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York, on the subject of our country and its government. I do not find the letter in Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay." Can you or any of your readers inform me where to look for it? A. M. M.

Macaulay's letters to Randall are not in the English edition of his Life, but are in the appendix to the American edition.

**245.**—What is the "Story of Antar," and where can I find it? J. H. S.

It is an Arabic romance, considered by some to be superior to the "Arabian Nights." Its exact date is not known. An English version, in four volumes, was published in London in 1820.

### ANSWERS

**166.**—J. E. L. will find the story he wishes in "The Keepsake" for 1848, page 124. It is called

"The Blind Man and the Child, a Legend of Danzig," and is by Elizabeth Youatt. N. E. A.

**211.**—"D. M." will find extensive notes relative to *The Collegian* and *The Amateur* on page 129 of Foley's "American Authors" (Boston, 1897). *The Talisman*, 1828, etc. (not a reprint of Scott's novel, but a New York annual) is referred to in the same work, pages 29 and 30; "Paul Redding" at page 236. A. H.

Partly answered also by M. A. D. W. H.

**216.**—Perhaps the inquirer is thinking of a poem entitled "The Happiest Land," translated from the German by Longfellow. F. L. B.

**217.**—The poem was first published in the *Youth's Companion* for Christmas, 1883. It was written by Miss Marion Mitchell, of Bangor, Me., who died a few years later. A. P.

Answered also by F. L. B.

**222.**—The author of "The Colonel's Opera Cloak" is Mrs. Christine Chaplin Brush. See Alibone's "Dictionary of Authors," supplement i, 237. R. L. C. W.

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The fourth in the new series of "Authors at Home," which appears in THE CRITIC of March 5, is an account of Miss Mary E. Wilkins at Randolph, Mass., by Mr. Joseph E. Chamberlin, the well-known "Listener" of the Boston *Transcript*. There are two portraits (one taken at sixteen, the other quite recently), and a photograph of the novelist's home—an old-fashioned New England house of the most familiar pattern.

THE CRITIC of March 12 contains an article on the distinguished French critic, M. René Doumic. The author is Mme. Blanc, who has done more than anyone else to introduce contemporaneous American writers to the French public, through the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A portrait accompanies the text.

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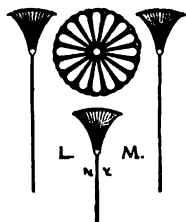
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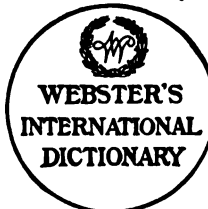
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VOL. XVI

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## PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR LITERARY WORKERS

MY friend, Mr. William Blaikie, the well-known lawyer and author of that valuable little text-book, "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," used to preach to me years ago the advisability of exercising with light dumb-bells and punching a leather bag every morning before breakfast in order to counteract the evil effects of desk-work in a newspaper office. And for some months and even years I did try to give from five to ten minutes every morning—when I happened to think of it—to lifting dumb-bells up and down. I went further. I spent a good many dollars upon a sort of bedroom gymnastic apparatus of straps and weights warranted to make a new man of whoever used it faithfully for five years. I kept up the prescribed exercises, more or less faithfully, for about a year; whether I became a new man, or a fifth of a new man, I cannot say. My next experiment in this direction was the purchase of what was called a lifting machine, an apparatus that came into vogue at about the same time as blue glass as a sure cure for all our ills, and disappeared about as quickly. Every morning for months I put myself into

a sort of harness and lifted enormous weights. The professor of physical culture from whom I bought this lifting machine declared that my strap apparatus was slowly killing me.

"It's a wonder you are alive," he said, when I told him what I had been accustomed to do.

After a few months of lifting, when I felt that another brick, added to the fifteen or twenty already in the machine, would be equivalent to the camel's last straw, I met another professor who urged me to try his patent rowing machine. He looked at my lifting machine, and declared it was a wonder I was still alive.

All this was a good many years ago, and I still live. Probably each and all of the gentlemen from whom I bought devices for making me a Hercules would declare that it was due solely to their inventions that I have so far escaped the grave. Perhaps they are right. Nevertheless, while it is now ten or fifteen years since I have touched a dumb-bell or a lifting machine, or punched a leather bag filled with sawdust, my general health is probably better than it was twenty years ago. At the same time, I am a fanatic believer

in exercise. I am quite sure that without lots of walking, life would be a misery to me. Far better give up your dinner than your five-mile walk if you want to be well and keep well, is the result of my twenty years' study of the matter. For a number of years during which I was tied down to city work, my invariable rule, except in very stormy weather, was to walk from my home to my office, which was nearly four miles, and often, back again, making eight miles for the day. When in the country I take my regular daily walk at half-past eleven, going five miles before dinner at one o'clock. Then in the afternoon, when the wheeling is good, I supplement this with eight or ten miles on the wheel. In hot weather the regular walk is given up in favor of sailing and a surf bath, with wheeling in the afternoon.

By walking, I mean walking, not sauntering. Slow walking is the most exhausting and demoralizing apology for exercise I know. In my humble judgment the daily walk for a man of average strength should not exceed six miles in distance and should be done inside of an hour and a half. The pace must be brisk enough to set the blood a-going and the lungs pumping. It was Mr. Bryant who first called my attention, or, as I have mentioned Mr. Bryant, let me say "directed" my attention, to the value of walking. (He never allowed the use of "called" for "directed"; it was one of the words in the *Index Expurgatorius* that he prepared for the use of writers upon the *Evening Post*.) Mr. Bryant practised what he preached. I have in my scrap-book the following letter :

NEW YORK, March 30, 1871.

TO JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, ESQ.

*My Dear Sir:* I promised some time since to give you some account of my habits of life, so far at least as regards diet, exercise, and occupations. I am not sure that it will be of any use to you,

although the system which I have for many years observed seems to answer my purpose very well. I have reached a pretty advanced period of life without the usual infirmities of old age, and with my strength, activity, and bodily faculties generally, in pretty good preservation. How far this may be the effect of my way of life, adopted long ago and steadily adhered to, is perhaps uncertain.

I rise early ; at this time of the year about half-past five ; in summer, half an hour or even an hour earlier. Immediately, with very little encumbrance of clothing, I begin a series of exercises, for the most part designed to expand the chest and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb-bells, the very lightest, covered with flannel ; with a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercises in the chamber, and going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work which requires brisk exercise. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies till I am called.

After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies, and then, when in town, I walk down to the office of the *Evening Post*, nearly three miles distant, and, after about three hours, return, always walking, *whatever be the weather or the state of the streets*. In the country, I am engaged in my literary tasks till a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden and prune the fruit trees, or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out, preferring to walk.

I am, sir, truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

When the elevators in the *Evening Post* building broke down and all the employees upon the editorial departments of the paper had to climb nine flights of stairs several times every day, Mr. Bryant was the only one who did not groan over the hardship. He thought so little of climbing to the top of the building, even at the age of eighty-three, that unless the elevator was waiting when he arrived he would trot, not walk, up the whole nine

flights, and this after his three-mile walk from home.

In my daily walks in the country I have fallen into the habit of taking the same walk, partly because, knowing the route by heart, I am left free to study over any problem which the work I have just left may have brought up, and partly because I know that it is just the distance I want to make. My usual walk happens to be a trifle short of five miles. In town it was for years my practice to take a walk and hunt for bric-à-brac at the same time. Perhaps the hunt after bric-à-brac was rather more interesting than the bric-à-brac itself, and he or she who buys more or less antique odds and ends at the regular curio shops really knows but little of the pleasure to be derived from the fad. To rescue a good copper bottle or an old samovar from the top shelf of a small junk-shop or pawn-shop is a triumph that only the real collector knows. For months at a time my daily walk had samovars as an end. I took a different route every day, stopping at every junk-shop and pawn-shop in the poorer quarters. I think I made the acquaintance of them all. Some of my adventures were amusing, as when a Russian Hebrew, to whom I explained, mostly in pantomime, that I wanted to buy an antique samovar, assured me that he knew where he could get a splendid one which he would bring to my house. And, sure enough, he arrived a few days later bearing in triumph a battered tin American steam-cooker! If we admired his Russian bric-à-brac, why should he not admire ours? I gave him a dollar to take it away. I always try to walk with an object in view, if it is only to strike my stick against a certain oak-tree three miles away from home. I sometimes wonder whether Thoreau had not some such simple idea when he excused himself from going to town upon the plea that he had an appointment

with a certain elm-tree that afternoon. He was going to take a long walk with an object, no matter how trivial, in view.

Since the advent of the bicycle I have added wheeling to my walking, finding pleasure and profit in it, and certainly the wheel offers certain advantages over walking. It enables us to get over four times as much country in the same number of hours, to loiter where there is something to be seen, and to fly where the region is barren of interest. I can recall scores of lovely pictures that I should never have seen had it not been for my wheel. For one new town or picturesque village that I might have reached on foot, I have seen a dozen, thanks to my wheel. And perhaps the constant and far greater novelty one enjoys a-wheeling is a mental refreshment of almost as much value as the physical exercise. There is one advantage that I have found in bicycling as compared to walking that may be individual, but that I will venture to mention. A slow walk, a saunter, is to me, as I have already remarked, the most exhausting form of exercise; I can walk five or six miles at a four-mile gait with pleasure almost any day except in the hottest weather, and find myself fresh at the end and ready for desk-work; but two miles at a saunter will use me up, physically and mentally. Yet I like to study nature as I go and to gather flowers and weeds, to admire the sky and the clouds; the laziest old horse suits me better than the blooded trotter for this reason. When I drive I want a horse that will allow me to lay the reins across his back and forget all about him. Now, I have found the bicycle admirably suited to this sort of sauntering without any physical weariness as a result. For some reason, perhaps because one is really sitting down all the time, slow bicycling—very lazy



bicycling most wheelmen would call it—is not at all tiresome. I am not ashamed to find my cyclometer crediting me with but six or seven miles an hour at the end of a day's run. The tourist who “scorches” through the country, with one eye on the lookout for danger ahead and the other on his cyclometer, seems to me to have missed the real object of his outing. Not only I like to wheel without fatiguing myself, but I like to get off upon every pretext, to walk up all the hills, to drink at all the springs, and to pass the time o' day with every one I meet on the road. The man who has not learned to walk at a rattling gait and keep it up for at least six miles does not know what there is in walking; and he who has not learned to wheel slowly does not know what there is in bicycling.

For those unfortunates who do not know how to walk and will not learn, walking being a lost art to most of us Americans, and especially to our women, and for those to whom rowing and riding are out of the question, the dumb-bells, the parallel bars, and the punching bag recommended by all teachers of gymnastics, are of course excellent and perhaps absolutely essential to all men who would keep their bodies in condition for

good work. A bedroom gymnasium is the easiest thing in the world to fit up. Two small cleats screwed into the jambs of a doorway will support a bar at such a height that a person can get arm exercise by raising the body up till the chin reaches the bar. From a small hook in the ceiling can be suspended a leather bag filled with sawdust for punching or boxing purposes. Ten or fifteen minutes' work with a good heavy bag, and then a cold bath, might suffice for the morning exercise of most people. The arrangement of weights attached to straps running over pulleys can be bought anywhere, and, according to experts, offers an admirable exercise for developing the arms and chest. The fact that one exercises sufficiently every day to set the whole body in a tingle, the lungs pumping and the blood coursing, is probably of more importance than the particular kind of exercise. The great advantage of walking and wheeling over all bedroom gymnastics is to me that the outside air is better, and that there is apt to be more mental recreation in a walk than in lifting dumb-bells in one's bedroom, where the air may not be quite pure, and where the scenery is certainly not stimulating. *Philip G. Hubert, Jr.*

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### REVEILLE

WHAT frolic zephyr through the young leaves plays,  
Scattering fragrance delicate and sweet?  
What impulse new moves Robin to repeat  
To pale Anemone his roundelay?

What winning wonder fills the world with praise  
In this mysterious time? Lo, all things greet  
A loved one, new redeemed from death's defeat—  
A youth whose languid head fair nymphs upraise!

For him the crocus dons his bravery,  
And violets, for him, their censers swing;

For him the shy arbutus, blushfully,

Peeps through the mosses that about her cling;

Adonis wakes! Awake, earth's minstrelsy!

In swelling diapason hymn the Spring!

—From “*Poems*,” by *Florence Earle Coates*. By permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



## FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO MAIA, WRITTEN ON MAY DAY, 1818

MOTHER of Hermes ! and still youthful Maia !

May I sing to thee

As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiaë ?

Or may I woo thee

In earlier Sicilian ? or thy smiles

Seek as they once were sought in Grecian isles,

By bards who died content on pleasant sward,

Leaving great verse unto a little clan ?

O give me their old vigour, and unheard

Save of the quiet Primrose, and the span

Of heaven and few ears,

Rounded by thee, my song should die away

Content as theirs,

Rich in the simple worship of a day.

—*John Keats.*

## ODE TO THE MEMORY OF KEATS

1880

I

Thy voice is as the sound of far-off seas,  
And sweeter than the hum of Enna's bees,  
That fed on flowers round the milk-white  
knees

Of hapless Proserpina ; or than strains  
Of harps æolian, made by murmurous leaves  
When elfin airs are going through green lanes  
In some enchanted vale ;

Or than a song at sunset, 'mid the sheaves,  
When troops of reapers, singing, ope the bars,  
And the young crescent with her sister stars,  
Stoops low to listen, golden pale ;

Sweeter than all these !

And softer than the sound of waters falling  
Through dells of El Dorado ; or the calling  
Of rose-limbed Nymphs, at eve, for their god  
lover

Among the trees Idalian, arching over  
Dim avenues whose twilights never change ;  
Ah ! sweeter than all things we may discover,  
And strange !

Strange as the song of some unrestful star  
That falls above a city, but so far  
And high, none hear, save those who watch the  
skies

A-hunger for the eternal harmonies  
That drop from lips of haloed poets dead,

So sounds thy voice o'er head ;

And, listening, lesser bards hear the rapt tone,  
Harp sweeter songs, and think the strains their  
own,

So Orphean-sweet thine are !

II

Unread may rest thy lays

For many days—

For many weary years ;

And yet their echo still is in our ears,

And sounds within our soul,

Like the dim-heard, far-off, faint thunder-roll

Along the evening hills.

III

Thou wast the Muse's favored one,  
Whose syllables were as a benison

To heal our mortal ills.

Thou, who didst honey from Hymettus rob,

Thou, in the mind's celestial Parthenon,

Hast filled thy niche, where all about thy lips

The stone glows with white eloquence,

Making the silence throb.

Yet, O sweet poet—thou who liest hence

Under that slab pathetically small,

Like one white lily thrown outside the wall,

Upon the Roman grass—this was thy doom :

Within a callous people's laggard tomb,

Which is henceforth, to us, a shrine,

To lie forgotten long ;

Silent those lips of thine,

Nurtured upon Olympian wine,

Wet at the Heliconian spring divine,

And made immortal by immortal song.

—From "*The Slopes of Helicon and Other Poems*," by Lloyd Mifflin. By permission of Messrs. Estes & Lauriat.

## THE RAMBLER

ONE of the most interesting of the spring publications is the Biographical Edition of Thackeray, of which the first volume, "Vanity Fair," is now issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. About the only objection to be brought against this edition, at first sight, is its compressed form. To bind up all of Thackeray in thirteen volumes, as it is proposed to do here, is to make very large books; "Vanity Fair" has 720 large octavo pages. But for a thirteen-volume Thackeray, the new edition is undoubtedly the best available, and to get 720 pages of English literature of this quality for a dollar and a half is to meet good fortune in the way.

The special interest of the edition lies in the biographical introductions to each volume written by Mrs. Ritchie, and il-

lustrated with previously unpublished drawings by Thackeray, portraits, and facsimiles, taken from original manuscripts and note-books. There are many extracts from old letters from Thackeray, including that one to Lewes published in his "Life of Goethe," in which he tells of his meeting with Goethe; there are also one or two to Edward Fitzgerald, and several to his mother. In one of these he said: "It is the fashion to say that people are unfortunate who have 'lost their money.' Dearest mother, we know better than that." And Mrs. Ritchie adds: "For years he had to face the great question of daily bread: life was no play-time either to him or to many of his contemporaries, who also worked for others as well as themselves—Carlyle, Tennyson, Dickens, John Leech, a dozen honoured names come to one's mind. But their work to each one of them (as to all true workers) was a happiness, a progress, a fulfilment, rather than a task. They worked on for the work's sake as much as for what it brought to them, and understood what was best worth having; learning the things that people often don't learn who have only bought their places in the world, or inherited them from others."

The letter to the Duke of Devonshire, written in 1848 (which has been lately reprinted in the newspapers) telling what became of all the Vanity Fair people, is also included. The portrait in photogravure which forms the frontispiece is made from a photograph whose date is not given; it shows Thackeray sitting with a book in his hand, and the familiar, kindly look from his clear eyes.

Mr. T. R. Sullivan is preparing for the press another volume to be called "Ars



STEVENSON'S TREE-CARVING

et Vita, and Other Stories." Of the seven tales it is to contain two that have never appeared in print before. The book will be published this month by the Scribners.

An English correspondent writes: "The man of letters as a factor in commerce is characteristic of a commercial age. Thus, one is not astonished to find in the shop of a Wardour Street tobacconist an autograph letter from Mr. J. M. Barrie, announcing that 'it is your Craven mixture—and no other—that I call

the Arcadia in 'My Lady Nicotine.'" The Craven mixture was 'invented' by the third Earl of Craven, the father of the present earl.

"As another elucidation of a literary background, I may cite the case of Stevenson's 'St. Ives.' Swanston Cottage, which figures in the story, is known by the same name on the prosaic map. As described in the story, it is 'a quaint place of many roughcast gables and grey roofs.' An industrious devotee of Stevenson has just published a picture of a tree on which he carved his initials a quarter of a century ago. As if anticipating his present-day fame, he also carved a rising sun in the gnarled bark!"

A writer in the *Chap Book* recently called attention to some sin of omission in an article contributed to THE BOOK

18 Jan '81

Dear Sir

In answer to your letter  
"It is your Craven mixture—  
and no other—that I call  
the Arcadia in 'My Lady Nicotine.'  
I see no objection to your  
announcing this as your own invention."  
Yours truly  
J. M. Barrie  
Mr. J. Douglas Curran  
7 Warden Street W

MR. BARRIE'S TESTIMONIAL TO THE "GENUINE ARCADIA"

BUYER by Brander Matthews. Professor Matthews acknowledged the inaccuracy, adding that he has never claimed to be infallible, and telling another story "on himself." In the April number of *Scribner's Magazine* he wrote of "The Conventions of the Drama," and told a story of the direful things that once befell Edwin Booth and his company in a New England town, when their baggage did not come, and *Hamlet* appeared in "modern traveling costume." Professor Matthews said it happened in Hartford, and an indignant resident of Waterbury, who saw that memorable performance, writes to protest:

"You have robbed Waterbury of its one great distinction—besides the Watch—for it was there, and not in Hartford, that this thing happened. The date was November 28, 1881. The play was to have been 'Richelieu,' but 'Hamlet' was

substituted as better adapted to the exigencies of the situation. The *Ghost* carried a candle, and for some reason which I have never learned, wore a borrowed dress suit. The *Queen* was robed in a linen "duster." The sword was borrowed from a Knight of Pythias Lodge, and has ever since been regarded, I am told, as a sacred trophy . . . Let me add that I never saw Booth so great a *Hamlet* as that night."

Professor Matthews says that he got his information from Mr. Booth himself, who had forgotten the name of the place, but knew it was at a "one-night stand" in New England.

The catalogue of the enormous "Dramatic Collection" of James H. Brown which was sold in Boston in April was prefaced by a biographical sketch called "A Collector's Life Work." In addition to a vast number of theatrical books and autographs, Mr. Brown managed to bring together about a hundred and eighty thousand play-bills. This achievement alone would have distinguished him as a collector; but the true collector's spirit is suggested perhaps even more accurately by the anecdote of another Boston man

with which the account of Mr. Brown's "Life Work" is brought to an end: "A friend asked him if the thought that some day he must leave behind forever the precious volumes which he had gathered with so much care never made him sorrowful. 'Oh, no!' was the candid reply; 'I shall be perfectly happy in the next world, wherever my abode, if I can only know that my books are well catalogued and that they bring good prices at the sale.'"

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Stockton at home, from an amateur photograph, shows the novelist contemplating the beauties of spring from his library window. His meditations are doubtless made still pleasanter by the knowledge that his new book, "Cobhurst," sold 7,000 copies before the day of publication, in spite of the news of war.

Since Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole published his Variorum Edition of the "Rubāiyāt" of Omar Khayyām several years ago he has become acquainted with a



MR. STOCKTON AT HOME

**RUBAIYAT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYAM**

**THE ASTRONOMER POET  
OF PERSIA**

Rendered into English  
Verse by

**EDWARD FITZGERALD**

and into Latin by

**HERBERT WILSON GREENE**

**M. A. B. C. L., Fellow of  
Magdalen College, Oxford**

Authorized Edition

Privately Printed by  
**NATHAN HASKELL DOLE**

**Boston, Mass., U. S. A.  
Mdcccxcviii**

A TITLE PAGE

Latin version of Fitzgerald's stanzas made by Mr. Herbert Wilson Greene of Magdalen College, Oxford, and privately printed in an edition of fifty copies in 1893. It is already very difficult of access, but Mr. Edward Heron-Allen has secured for Mr. Dole a careful transcription of the copy in the British Museum, Mr. Greene has given his permission for its reprinting in America, and Dr. W. Aldis Wright, who holds the English copyright of Fitzgerald's version and has now for the first time been consulted, it is said, with regard to an American edition of the stanzas, has willingly authorized their publication in a small, attractive book which shall contain also Mr. Greene's Latin version. The edition is to be limited to nine hundred and fifty copies, two hundred of which are reserved for England. The volume will be of diminutive

proportions, with the English text in black on the left-hand pages, faced by the Latin in red. The venture is a private enterprise of Mr. Dole's, and surely should interest the many lovers of Omar. We are glad to be able to reproduce the title page.

Morris Rosenfeld, whose volume of "Songs from the Ghetto" is in the press of Messrs. Copeland & Day, is a Jewish tailor, who has made his lyre heard above the rattle of the sewing machines in the sweat-shop where he has labored for years. He was born thirty-six years ago in a small town in Poland, where his father and grandfather had been fishermen. His teaching was like that of most boys of his class—much of the Bible, more of the Talmud, but of modern science and languages, nothing. Following the custom of his people, he married at eighteen, and soon afterward went to Holland to learn diamond-cutting. Thence he drifted to England, and work at his trade failing, he found escape from starvation in the



MORRIS ROSENFELD

sweat-shop. Twelve years ago he came to New York, and could find no better work here. His health failed, and he was forced to leave the sweat-shop and try to earn small sums by giving readings from his poems at entertainments given by his countrymen in the Ghetto. His reputation spread, and for some time past he has been asked to read before clubs and literary societies both here and in Boston.

Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard, has edited his poems for publication, and while the translator has reproduced the thoughts, it cannot be said that he has preserved their poetic quality and rhythm. Mr. Rosenfeld's mastery of the harsh and uncouth words of the "Yiddish" jargon is remarkable, and his ear is fastidious. His literary meth-

ods are as laborious and unflagging as was his toil at the sewing machine, and how well he manages the crude and guttural medium may be seen by the single stanza quoted from the "Song of the Sweat-shop," transliterated in English characters:

Es rauschen in Schap aso wild die Maschinen  
As oftmal vargess' ich in Rausch, as ich bin ;—  
Ich wer in dem schrecklichen, Tummel varloren,  
Mein Ich werd dort botel, ich wer a Maschin :  
Ich arbeit', un' arbeit', un' arbeit', ohn Cheschen,  
Es schafft sich, un' schafft sich, un' schafft sich  
ohn Zahl.

Far was? Un' far wemen? Ich weiss nit, ich fräg  
nit ;

Wie kummt a Maschine zu denken a Mal ?

The accompanying portrait of Mr.

Rosenfeld has been obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Clifton H. Levy.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons may fairly lay claim to the title of authorized publishers to heroes of all classes. Their famous "Heroes of the Nations" Series is to be extended with a "Life of Saladin,"

by Stanley Lane-Poole, which is the first English biography of that celebrated Sultan. A new series of "Heroes of the Reformation" is to be published under the editorship of Professor Samuel Macauley Jackson, the subject of whose first volume will, not unnaturally, be Martin Luther. The book will be written by the Rev. Dr. Henry E. Jacobs of Philadelphia, and will be followed by lives of Erasmus, Zwingli, Cranmer, Melanch-

thon, Knox, Calvin, and Beza. Still another line of heroes of whom we are to have new biographies are the "American Heroes of Energy," to begin with Benjamin Franklin, whose life is written by Mr. Edward Robbins. These volumes are to be fully illustrated.

About the most lively English bookseller's catalogue now issued is "The Books of Today and the Books of Tomorrow," published by Messrs. Hatchards, an old established firm in Piccadilly. Mr. Arthur Humphreys edits it, and Mr. E. V. Lucas, the compiler of the "An-



LLOYD MIFFLIN

thology of Child's Verse," is understood to assist him. One of the most amusing things in it is the "Child's Guide to Literature." Here is a specimen :

- Q. Who wrote the new book on France ?  
 A. Mr. Bodley.  
 Q. But I thought he wrote the *Yellow Book* ?  
 A. No? you're thinking of the Bodley Head.  
 Q. But didn't your Bodley use his head ?  
 A. S-h-h-h!  
 Q. Then who was the yellow Bodley ?  
 A. Sir Thomas Bodley, of the Bodleian  
 Q. It's awful muddling.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., are already, at this writing, preparing a second edition of Grover Flint's "Marching with Gomez," which is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOK BUYER, and has had the success justified by its timeliness and its merit. The same



firm have also in the press a new story, to be called "Ye Lyttle Salem Maide," by Miss Pauline Bradford Mackie, the author of "Mademoiselle de Berny." Besides this, they are about to issue a novel by Miss Mary Harriott Norris, called "The Gray House by the Quarries."

The portraits of Mrs. Scidmore and of Mr. Mifflin, whose recent books are reviewed in this number of THE BOOK BUYER, are printed here through the courtesy of their respective publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat and The Century Co.

It may be equally amusing and instructive to our readers to learn that the sketch of Mr. Maxfield Parrish, in the last number of THE BOOK BUYER, called forth a note from a (usually) very well-informed resident of New York, expressing surprise at the information therein contained, and confessing his own previous conviction that the name "Maxfield Parrish" was a pseudonym employed, at times, by Mr. Stanford White.

"A History of the Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York," in three large volumes, is in process of compilation from original documents, by order of the corporation, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Dix, the ninth rector. It will be published by the Putnams, in a limited edition, with illustrations.

The Boston publishing houses will not be unprepared for war when we take to fighting, no matter where. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are ready, as befits the publishers of Captain Mahan's books, with a new edition of Wilson's "Ironclads in Action," and are bringing out a new work, "All the World's Fighting Ships," by Fred. T. Jane. "The Cruel Side of War" is the title of a volume of letters from the Headquarters of the United



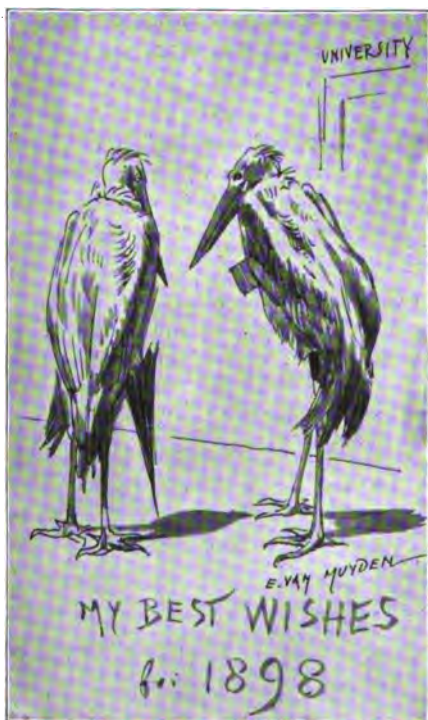
States Sanitary Commission during the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia in 1862. Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, the translator of Balzac, is the author of the book, and Messrs. Roberts Brothers are its publishers. It is apparently of the same family with Whitman's "Wound-Dresser," with the outward advantage of a prefatory note of commendation from the Massachusetts Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

The *Syndicat de la Propriété Artistique* of Paris, which is a society formed for the sale and protection of copyrights in works of art (including the harmless, necessary photograph), has appointed Messrs. Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co., at 150 Fifth Avenue, its sole agents for the United States and Canada, so that permission to reproduce pictures copyrighted by the society can be ob-

tained, hereafter, without sending to Paris for it.

Before Mr. C. M. Flandrau published his "Harvard Episodes," through Messrs. Copeland & Day, he was connected with the *Youth's Companion*. Now another member of the *Companion's* staff, Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, is about to issue, through the same house, another Harvard book. It deals, however, with the far less familiar aspect of Cambridge life presented by the Summer School. Here the Western heroine and the young Harvard instructor are brought together with results which have every right to be entertaining. The title of the story is "The Second String."

This picture of two fine old birds was sent to a friend in New York by Van Muyden, the animal painter, as a New Year's greeting, and the recipient has allowed us to reproduce it here.



A PAINTER'S NEW YEAR'S CARD

We have seen many photographs of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, but this one is the very latest, taken in London, just before his return to America. Mr. Davis has gone to write about the war on a double commission, from the *London Times* and from *Scribner's Magazine*.

When Marshall Newell, the Harvard athlete of the class of '94, was killed in a railroad yard at Springfield on Christmas Eve of 1897, not only his alma mater but the whole college athletic world mourned the loss of a man of too rare a type. Just what he was and meant to those who knew him is to be set forth in a book now preparing at Cambridge. It is to contain besides the address of Professor Peabody at the service held in Newell's memory, the expression of his classmates' feelings for him, and a paper by an undergraduate showing how his influence still lives in





**RICHARD HARDING DAVIS**  
[From a photograph by Elliott and Fry]

the college. In addition to all this, there will be extracts from the diary he kept after leaving college, and in these, to a degree surprising even to those who loved the man, will appear the purity and spiritual insight of his strong, simple nature. The book is more than a memorial of an individual, for it reveals the best possibilities of young American manhood.

A "History of Scotland for Young Folks," by the late Mrs. Oliphant, is announced by Mr. M. F. Mansfield. The same publisher has in press a reprint of the literature promulgated by the Pre-Raphaelites, in England, in *The Germ*, that curious magazine which was the organ of the Brotherhood.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie writes us in reference to the review of her novel "The Judge," which appeared in the last number of THE BOOK BUYER, and we take pleasure in printing the letter, which should serve to correct a misapprehension. Mrs. Peattie says :

"I notice by the last issue of your periodical that you, in common with all others who have reviewed "The Judge," a detective story published by Rand & McNally, and written by me, are under the impression that it is a recent piece of work. This is an error. It was written ten or eleven years ago, and to fit expressed conditions, in competition for a prize offered by a newspaper. It took the second prize, and the book rights were later purchased by Rand & McNally. For several years it has been practically out of print, but a new edition has called attention to it, and reviewers naturally compare it with my more recent work. I have not explained hitherto because I feared to do some injustice to the Chicago publishers, but it seems so likely to me that anything I may do in the future will suffer in your esteem through the idea that "The Judge" represents my present work, that I take the liberty of explaining. It was a bit of newspaper work done by a newspaper worker, for a particular requirement, and not undertaken because of any enthusiasm for detective work, or any misconception as to ability in that line. I wish you would let

your readers know this. It would be a favor which I would warmly appreciate."

Mr. John C. Van Dyke has written a "nature book" of a new kind, in which the nature lover, the landscape painter, and the scientist are brought together to explain and point out nature's beauties. It is called "Nature for Its Own Sake ; First Studies in Natural Appearances," and without the slightest reference to art, it is yet a companion volume to the author's earlier book, "Art for Art's Sake." Perhaps the best idea of the scheme and intent of this original treatment of the subject may be gained from a glance at such chapter heads as "Clouds and Cloud Forms," "Rain and Snow," "The Open Sea," "Along Shore," "Running Waters," "The Earth Frame," "Valleys and Lowlands," "Leaf and Branch," etc. The author has studied his subject for years in many different lands, and his information is drawn from the original sources. It will be published by the Scribners within a few weeks.

Professor Moses Coit Taylor has written a book of "Glimpses of England," which will soon be published by the Putnams.

"The Spaniard in History" is the title of a little book by the Rev. James C. Fernald, which the Funk & Wagnalls Co. are soon to publish, containing large colored maps of Spain and Cuba.

A novel called "Futility," by Morgan Robertson, whose book of sea stories, "Spun Yarn," has been highly praised, will soon be published by Mr. M. F. Mansfield.

Mr. George W. Cable has started on his first visit to England. He has lately been at work upon a novel of New Orleans life during the war. *The Rambler.*



NIEUW AMSTERDAM—1665

[Probably the earliest engraved view of New York that exists, other legendary beliefs to the contrary notwithstanding.—From a print in the possession of Mr. W. L. Andrews]

## “HISTORIC NEW YORK”

THE twelve modest little paper-covered pamphlets of the “Half-Moon” series which have been issued during the past year in the interest of the “New York City History Club” are valuable contributions to the historic lore of our city, presented in a neat, cheap, and convenient form. The topics are judiciously selected; the papers are well and pleasantly written, and bear the marks of careful study and investigation. Much of the matter they embody is necessarily a repetition of the old familiar story that has been penned and printed over and over again in the last few years in response to the demand created by a revival of interest in the past of the city which is now merged—we trust for better and not for worse—into “Greater New York.”

The authors of the booklets have, however, had access to records and other original sources of information not accessible to earlier writers, and consequently have been able to add to our store of knowledge, upon the subject of old New York, historic facts and data which have not heretofore, so far as the writer is aware, appeared in type. They

have gleaned anew and with a measure of success the field of New York City history, and gathered out of hidden and hitherto unexplored corners the odd spears of grain which the harvesters who preceded them, diligent and careful as they were, passed by unwittingly.

Under three flags and through various changes in nomenclature “The Fort” remained, for more than one hundred and fifty years, the principal landmark of our city. These guide-books very properly lead us first to the gateway of this structure, to pay our respects to Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong, the trio of worthies who successively filled the chair of state and held sway over the little town of New Amsterdam and the Colony of New Netherland.

From Fort Amsterdam we are conducted to the “Stadt Huys,” hard by in Coenties Slip, the first and the most picturesque of the three municipal halls which in turn have adorned our city. We are then invited to a walk through “Wall Street in Early Times,” and to a ramble over the historic farm of Annetje Jans. “The City Chest,” a veritable Pandora’s box, is next unlocked for our inspection, and the danger signals are set over the “Old Wells and Water Courses” and the mias-

HISTORIC NEW YORK. Being the First Series of the “Half Moon Papers.” Edited by Maud Wilder Goodwin, Alice Carrington Royce, and Ruth Putnam. With 29 illustrations and maps. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 8vo, \$2.50.

matic swamps of the Island of Manhattan.

Following the explicit directions in pamphlet No. 8, we accompany the carriage of President Washington on "The Fourteen Miles Round," passing through the "Bowery" and catching a glimpse of the "Old Village of Greenwich," to each of which localities a pamphlet is devoted.

Returning, we halt a moment in College Place to watch the little band of capped and gowned students filing into "King's College," and then hasten on by barge to Governor's Island to inspect the fortifications, before the "bugler calls to quarters" and night settles down.

To recapitulate—Fort Amsterdam in the Days of the Dutch—the Stadt Huys of New Amsterdam—The Early History of Wall Street—Annetje Jans' Farm—The City Chest of New Amsterdam—Old

Wells and Water Courses of the Island of Manhattan (2)—Old Greenwich—The Fourteen Miles Round—King's College (now Columbia University)—The Bowery—and Governor's Island: this is the interesting itinerary furnished by the papers of the New York City History Club.

These twelve chapters in our city's history have now been collected, embellished with a number of illustrations by the half-tone process, and published under the title of *Historic New York*. They are thus placed in compact and convenient form for the use of the general reader. So far so well, but the book collector who desires to make these monographs a permanent addition to his library will be wise, we think, if he collect the original pamphlets and illustrate and bind them for himself. This he can do with a little patience and at a moderate cost. Most of the pictures repro-



From "Historic New York."

THE SCHOENYE

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[Plank sheathing built along the water front: 1654-1670]



From "Historic New York."

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE JUNCTION OF BROADWAY AND BOWERY ROAD, ABOUT 1828

[Based on "Valentine's Manual of the Common Council of New York"]

duced in *Historic New York*, and many more that would illustrate its text, are to be found in the old print-shops in the form either of lithographs, such as are supplied so generously by Valentine's Manual, or line engravings from publications issued in the halcyon days before the invention of photographic processes, any and all of which are preferable to the modern, ubiquitous, and self-assertive "half-tone print." In this roundabout but instructive and not uninteresting way the bibliophile may secure a book which has about it the desirable elements of genuineness and durability.

The "half-tone" prints with which the publishers have illustrated *Historic New York* necessitated the employment of a smooth-surfaced paper. The one they have used is good of its kind, and not so altogether objectionable as are the generality of papers now in common use, manufactured out of certain cheap substitutes for honest rags, and ponderous as lead—a pale-complexioned paper, the surface of which glistens like polished metal and is a constant strain upon the optic nerve of the reader. It requires

the expenditure of considerable muscular energy to hold in one's hand for half an hour a book of which such paper is a constituent; when, wearied with the exertion, one lays the volume down, it drops upon the table with a thud which is enough to startle John of Gutenberg and his brother "proto-typographers" out of their dreamless sleep of centuries and cause them to rise up in wrath and indignant denunciation. It is surely time that a protest was entered in their names and those of every worthy member of their ancient and honorable guild, against the use in books, the contents of which are of more than passing interest, of the half-tone picture and its concomitant, the heavily coated, highly glazed, and perishable material which now passes for paper, but which is composed principally of fuller's-earth and sawdust.

The half-tone print, we are willing to concede, may have its uses as well as its abuses. It may, perhaps, with propriety be admitted to the columns of a magazine or a newspaper which is here to-day and away to-morrow, and where cost of illustration is a factor of prime importance;

but from a book intended to see the light of future days the half-tone print should, in our opinion, be religiously excluded.

*Historic New York* is as creditable an example of the art of book-making as the ingenious time-and-labor-saving devices now employed in the construction of ninety-nine out of every one hundred books can produce, and superior to most of the books with "cuts" which pour from the press in these days of steam and electricity in a never-ending stream. The illustrations are well selected, and the titles are for the most part correctly given. The view of New Amsterdam, facing page 14, appears to have "got altered," like the words in the ballad of "You are old, Father William," in "Alice in Wonderland"—probably the result of a mischievous prank of the camera—and the date ascribed to the

print is too early by sixteen years if it is, as we presume it to be, a copy of the well-known engraving in Van der Donck's "Beschryvinge." The view of New York at page 420 is a copy of "Capt. Howdell's South West View of the City," taken from a point near the Rutgers House, and not from Brooklyn Heights as stated; but all makers of books are liable to mistakes of one sort or another, the responsibility for which fortunately is divided. It can be shifted from the shoulders of the author to those of the printer, and *vice versa*. The amanuensis and the typewriter also come in for their full share, and at a pinch, and as a last resort, the blame can be foisted upon the poor dumb types themselves, which occasionally do behave in a perverse and contrariwise manner which is altogether unaccountable.

*William Loring Andrews.*



THE FORT

[From a print in the possession of Mr. W. L. Andrews]

## LYDIA

When *Autumn's* here and days are short,  
Let LYDIA laugh and, hey!  
Straightway 'tis *May-day* in my heart,  
And blossoms strew the way.

When *Summer's* here and days are long,  
Let LYDIA sigh and, ho!  
*December's* fields I walk among,  
And shiver in the snow.

No matter what the Seasons are,  
My LYDIA is so dear,  
My soul admits no Calendar  
Of earth when she is near.

—From "Shapes and Shadows;" Poems by Madison Cawein. By permission of Mr. R. H. Russell.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE ROSSETTIS

OF the three new books on the Rossettis which have just appeared, the volume of letters is the most important; but admirers of the poet-painter will do well to examine all of them, and for the simple reason that details as to Dante Gabriel's life which are lacking in one are supplied in another. The correspondence with William Allingham came to an end in 1870, the year in which Rossetti's first volume of poems appeared. On the other hand, the friendship between Mr. T. Hall Caine and the poet, which gave the former the opportunity for observation at close range, only began after Rossetti had taken his place in the public estimation not only as a painter of great distinction, but also as a member of the goodly company of men of letters of which Tennyson was the most conspicuous figure. Mr. Mackenzie Bell's biography of Christina Rossetti gives one a pretty clear notion, incidentally, of Dante Gabriel's relations with his mother and sister, relations which were always marked by the greatest tenderness and devotion.

LETTERS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, 1864-1870. By George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., LL.D. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 8vo, \$4.50.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By T. Hall Caine. Roberts Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. A Biographical and Critical Study. By Mackenzie Bell. With six portraits and six facsimiles. Roberts Brothers, 8vo, \$2.50.

Although Rossetti knew Allingham very intimately, there is little reference to Christina in the "Letters" until the question of some of her poems arises. In fact, relatives are only spoken of when it is a question of their work. Neglecting the critical part of the Caine and the Bell books, as open to possible differences of opinion, it is safe to say that from these three volumes one can get a very satisfactory and interesting account of the Præraphaelites and their friends.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill has done his work with consummate skill and tact. The



From "Christina Rossetti."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Roberts Brothers.

[From a pencil drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.]

letters, covering a period of sixteen years, which he has brought together, form a presentation by the poet of himself at the period of his highest development. Each letter is followed by a running explanation, covering, as far as possible, any points which might be obscure to a reader of to-day. The editor has sunk his own individuality, except in cases where he had some personal knowledge of incidents referred to. There is no expression of critical opinion. In fact, Dr. Hill's part of the book is in the best possible taste, and will bear re-reading as often as the letters themselves.

As one closes these books one is impressed most of all by the fact that Rossetti is exceptional among the distinguished men of his period in this: that he loses nothing from the fact of having found his biographers. Representing the most picturesque movement in modern art—a movement which involved a distinctly mediæval attitude of mind towards life and everything that had to do with life, his own existence had none of the prosaic qualities that mark the daily round of most men of genius. The story of his short married happiness, brought to a close by an accident; of the manuscript of his poems buried in the coffin of his dead wife, from which they were only rescued after years had elapsed; of his solitary days in the great house at 16 Cheyne Row, when he never left his studio until the painting light had died away; of the insomnia which drove him to the fatal chloral for relief—all these tragic details, combined with a firm adherence to ideals and a manly bravery of spirit, combine to make up a fascinating figure and give one a greater interest in Rossetti's work as a painter and a poet.

Vanity was utterly wanting in his character. Even when on the point of bringing out his poems in book form, he was

doubtful as to their giving him any reputation as a poet. But he wanted them to be as complete a personal expression as possible, even if they were never given to the public in a formal way. It is remarkable to find that this very modesty of view was seized on as a ground of attack. One critic, writing in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1870, said: "There is something in the character and temper of a painter so contemptuous of common public opinion that he refuses to exhibit his pictures—and of a poet who keeps his productions for some twenty years in the dark before he condescends to unfold them to the common eye—which in the first place attracts the imagination." Then the reviewer adds: "In none of these poems, however, is there the least indication of a new poet arisen to bless us." The fact was that Rossetti was just as little inclined to write for a market as to paint for a market. Attack of this sort he knew that he must expect. But an assault of the sort that was made on him in the *Contemporary* by Mr. Robert Buchanan, in the article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," he did not expect, and was so severe a shock that it is believed to have had much to do with driving him into the slavery to opiates, from which he never afterwards escaped.

The most potent influence in Rossetti's life was that of Miss Siddal, who afterwards became his wife. Dr. Hill gives the following account of how she came into the charmed circle: "Rossetti had fallen in love [with her] so early as 1850, though it was not until 1860 that he married her. His brother has told us how her striking face and 'coppery-golden hair' were discovered, as it were, by Deverell, in a bonnet shop. She sat to him, to Holman Hunt, and to Millais, but most of all to Rossetti. The following account was given me one day as I sat in the studio of Mr. Arthur Hughes, sur-





From "Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham."

Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"PIPPA PASSES"

[Drawing by Miss Siddal]

rounded by some beautiful sketches he had lately taken on the coast of Cornwall:

"'Deverell accompanied his mother one day to a milliner's. Through an open door he saw a girl working with her needle; he got his mother to ask her to sit to him. She was the future Mrs. Rossetti. Millais painted her for his Ophelia—wonderfully like her. She was tall and slender, with red coppery hair and bright consumptive complexion, though in those early years she had no striking signs of ill-health. She was exceedingly quiet, speaking very little. She had read Tennyson, having first come to know something about him by finding one or two of his poems on a piece of paper which she brought home to her mother wrapped round a pat of butter.

Rossetti taught her to draw. She used to be drawing while sitting to him. Her drawings were beautiful, but without force. They were feminine likenesses of his own.'

"Rossetti's pet names for her were Guggum, Guggums, or Gug. A child one day overheard him, as he stood before his easel, utter to himself over and over again the words 'Guggum, Guggum.' 'All the Ruskins were most delighted with Guggum,' he wrote. 'John Ruskin said she was a noble, glorious creature, and his father said by her look and manner she might have been a countess.' Ruskin used to call her Ida."

When Miss Siddal became an artist, under Rossetti's teaching, Ruskin agreed to buy everything she painted that he liked.

Rossetti was married to Miss Siddal at Hastings on May 23, 1860. He thus referred to the event in a letter to his mother on April 13th: "Like all the important things I ever meant to do—to fulfil duty or secure happiness—this one has been deferred almost beyond possibility." It is a curious and humorous commentary on Ruskin's ideas of what marriage happiness should consist in, that, in writing to congratulate Rossetti, he said: "I think Ida should be very happy to see how much more beautifully, perfectly, and tenderly you draw when you are drawing *her* than when you draw anybody else. She cures you of all your worst faults when you look at her."

Speaking of Ruskin, the accident which happened in relation to the marriage of Millais and the former Mrs. Ruskin is referred to by Rossetti in a letter to Allingham. It appears that one newspaper, the *Leader*, had slipped the notice of the marriage among the deaths. This, however, did not apparently affect the welfare of the two persons most concerned. Rossetti says in one of his notes, that Millais had written to him from Perth saying that he was "perfectly aghast at his own happiness." As for Dante Gabriel's married life, no reference is made in these volumes to the story, which was current at one time, that the overdose of the drug which caused Mrs.

Rossetti's death was taken with suicidal intent because she suspected her husband of infidelity. There does not appear to be any truth in this report. Before and after his marriage Rossetti was an ideal lover.

Dr. Hill's volume is full of interesting personal details about the Præraphaelites and their circle. In a letter dated January, 1861, we come on the following announcement of an enterprise which was to have a widespread influence on modern taste in a dozen directions: "We are organizing (but this is quite under the rose as yet) a company for the production of furniture and decorations of all kinds, for the sale of which we are going to open an actual shop! The men concerned are Madox Brown, Jones, Topsy (William Morris), Webb (the architect of T.'s house), P. P. Marshall, Faulkner, and myself. Each of us is now producing, at his own charges, one or two (and some of us more) things towards the stock. We are not intending to compete with ——'s costly rubbish or anything of that sort, but to give real good taste at the price, as far as possible, of ordinary furniture." This is only a specimen of the matter-of-fact way in which, in these letters, momentous facts in the recent history of art and literature are announced. The result is a vividness that is most interesting and realistic.

*Frederick James Gregg.*

## MEMORIES

HERE where LOVE lies perished,  
Look not in upon the dead;  
Lest the shadowy curtains, shaken  
In my Heart's dark chamber, waken  
Ghosts, beneath whose garb of sorrow  
Whilom gladness bows his head:  
When you come at morn to-morrow,  
Look not in upon the dead,  
Here where LOVE lies perished.

Here where LOVE lies cold interred,  
Let no syllable be heard;  
Lest the hollow echoes, housing  
In my Soul's deep tomb, arousing  
Wake a voice of woe, once laughter  
Claimed and clothed in joy's own word:  
When you come at dusk or after,  
Let no syllable be heard,  
Here where LOVE lies cold interred.

—From "*Shapes and Shadows*;" Poems by Madison Cavein. By permission of Mr. R. H. Russell.



From "The Two Duchesses."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

#### THE FINDING OF MOSES

[A multiple portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, in the character of Pharaoh's Daughter accompanied by fifteen of her attendants. From an engraving by J. K. Sherwin, 1789, after his own picture]

## GEORGIANA AND ELIZABETH OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE house of Devonshire has many titles to remembrance. With its family name, that of Cavendish, has been associated honorable political fame through more than one generation. In Chatsworth long since had risen one of the fairest of family homes that the earth wears—as Emerson might say, like a gem upon her zone. We can never think of Reynolds that we do not think of Devonshire. Gainsborough recalls it none the less, and none the less Romney and Angelica Kauffman. This Devonshire fame has not been won by a family's landed possessions, nor by a mere dukedom. Back of these perishable possessions have lain genius and public spirit. Chief among all things associated with Devon-

shire long shall survive two women, neither of whom was born to the Cavendish name, but both of whom bore the title that goes with it, and brought lustre to that ducal house. They were the famous Georgiana, daughter of John, Earl Spencer, and Elizabeth, daughter of Frederick, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry—Georgiana, the first wife of the Duke of Devonshire, and Elizabeth the second wife.

The correspondence contained in this volume, while properly enough called family correspondence, in the sense that members of one family wrote the greater part of it, possesses larger importance. It has very distinct general interest. The names which crowd its pages are names the world knows literally by heart, names which for three quarters of a century dwelt in as fierce a light as ever beat upon thrones—the light that beat, and still beats, about the names of great soldiers

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THE TWO DUCHESSSES: Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. Family Correspondence, 1777-1859. Edited by Vere Foster. Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, \$4.00.



From "The Two Duchesses." Charles Scribner's Sons.

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

[From a picture in the possession of Sir A. Vere Foster, Bart.]

like Wellington, statesmen like Pitt, poets like Byron, historians like Gibbon, and orators like Sheridan. These men were the everyday acquaintances, the familiar correspondents, of these women of Devonshire, and if the reader fails to learn something new about them by reading these letters, his will be a dull mind or a mind wanting in interest in that eventful period of English history.

Perhaps the most interesting, because the newest, information here disclosed is that which relates to the marriage of Byron. An unacknowledged attachment for Miss Annabella Milbanke had arisen in the breast of Augustus Foster, son of Duchess Elizabeth by her first marriage. But Foster had become Secretary of Legation in Washington, and his mother, during Byron's courtship and married life, often wrote him of the progress of these events. Miss Milbanke she described as "good, amiable and sensible, but cold,

prudent and reflecting." Lord Byron, she said, "makes up to her a little, but she don't seem to admire him except as a poet; nor he her, except for a wife." Augustus, with all his liking for the lady, was inclined to share his mother's views—at least he sought to make her think he did. "She is certainly rather too cold in her manner," he wrote, "and gives to reason too much empire over her mind; but she has good eyes, is fair, has right ideas, and sense and mildness. I don't think she will ever be able to love very warmly. I long most anxiously to get back to settle that point, good or bad." The mother again wrote: "Your Annabella is a mystery; liking, not liking; generous minded, yet afraid of poverty; there is no making her out. I hope you don't make yourself unhappy about her; she is really an icicle." After the marriage Mr. Foster was assured by another correspondent that Byron appeared "very happy," and was "much improved by his marriage." Only a few months later the storm broke, and a separation was arranged. Foster then wrote to his mother: "They were certainly two very opposite people to come together, but she would marry a poet and reform a rake. As to him, he has at length proved himself the true Childe Harold."

Another name for which an empire was won in those times—Byron's an empire over hearts and minds, the other an empire of states—comes frequently into these pages—the name of Bonaparte. We meet it from the time of the Consulate until Waterloo. One of the Fosters met him in Paris in 1802, and, Englishman though he was, he could not withhold his admiration. While Bonaparte could wear "the most agreeable and gracious smile you can conceive," his predominating expression Mr. Foster found was "a look of calm and tranquil resolution and intrepidity which nothing human could dis-

compose." He had "more unaffected dignity than I could conceive in man," and "the greatest fund of levée conversation that I suppose any person ever possessed." Again, this Englishman could declare, without prejudice: "His address is the finest I have ever seen, and said by those who have traveled to exceed not only every prince and potentate now living, but even all those whose memory has come down to us." Augustus Foster saw Bonaparte at a levée in Paris, and was "sure no king or emperor ever went through a levée better: he seemed to speak to every one, and not a repetition of the same fulsome stuff to each, but something which appeared adapted to each person, and evidently sent them away pleased with him and themselves." Mr. Foster met Talleyrand at the same levée, but found him "a shocking ugly fellow, with both his feet turned inwards." Nor did he like Madame de Staël, in whose house he dined, the only Englishman present. "We had a bad dinner," he writes, "at a little, narrow table; many of the men in boots. She may have a vast deal of esprit, but shows a vast deal too much of it, I think; or, in other words, is a great *bavard*, and in my humble opinion is a very disgusting woman."

Augustus Foster's letters from Washington, written in 1804 and 1805, are not complimentary to either the society, the public life, or the American people of that time. He had an extremely unhappy time at the national capital when Jeffer-

son was president. Washington was "a soi-disant city," and "such a place"—"a heap of human abodes calling itself a city." Jefferson even when receiving foreign ambassadors, "dressed and looked



From "The Two Duchesses."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, AND CHILD

[From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., 1766]

extremely like a very plain farmer, and wore his slippers down at the heels." An ambassador from Tunis arrived "with the most splendid dress I ever saw, and the president received him in yarn stockings, and torn slippers, as he does us all." Of society not official Mr. Foster had nothing better to say. The women in general were "a spying, inquisitive, vulgar, and most ignorant race, and yet as ceremonious as ambassadresses." In Congress he found "only five persons who look like gentlemen; all the rest come in the filthiest dresses, and are well indeed if they look like farmers, but most seem apothecaries and attorneys." Only one man could speak well—John Randolph. Imagination was dead in the country. Wit could neither be found nor understood, and "nothing was heard but calculation and

speculation in money or in politics." All the faults of the English had been inherited by the Americans, and not one of their virtues. "My dearest Ma," writes this adolescent secretary (who was older than he seems), "I do believe from my soul that from the province of Maine to the borders of Florida, you would not find thirty men of birth, honor, or integrity." Nothing, he thought, was "wanting but numbers and a Cæsar to change this boasting Republic into a despotism of the worst description."

So much for prophet Augustus Foster, son of that Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, whom Reynolds and Hogarth painted, and to whom Gibbon is reputed

to have offered his hand—Augustus Foster, who once aspired to the hand of her whom Byron married, and who lived long enough to become a wiser, though probably not a sadder, man, in American matters.

But I have given selections enough to show the wide range and the intimate charm these letters possess. And how could less be expected from a correspondence which takes us into the world of Johnson and Walpole, of Fox and Sheridan, of Gibbon and Byron; which transports us now to the Paris of Napoleon, now to the Washington of Jefferson, now to the Rome of Canova and Thorwaldsen?

*Francis W. Halsey.*



From "The Two Duchesses."—Charles Scribner's Sons.

"THE TWO DUCHESSSES"

[From a miniature]

## RENAN AND TENNYSON

FROM our two golden mouths, the marvellous breath,  
France! may not charm thee more; nor, England! thee:  
Only between two silences of death  
Sounds the vast voice of the unquiet sea:  
While moving on the waters God is heard,  
Eternal Spirit with Eternal Word.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

—From "Ireland, and Other Poems," by Lionel Johnson. By permission of Messrs. Copeland & Day.



AUGUSTUS THOMAS

[From a photograph by Falk]

## AUGUSTUS THOMAS

THE author of "Alabama," "In Miz-zoura," and "After Thoughts," is a young man of splendid physique, with a robust frame, and nerves not likely to be deranged by the petty annoyances all men in public life are subject to, among which I count the publication of words written about one, whether the purport is praise or blame. To be sure, "notoriety is the breath of life" to the play-maker only in a smaller degree than to the play actor; and he who knows so well that his fortune, if not his fame, depends largely upon "notices," may soon acquire philosophy enough to decently pretend not to mind them. Nevertheless it is some sort of gratification to me, as I begin this

biographical sketch of Augustus Thomas, to be able to reflect that men of his vigorous habit and cheerful disposition are less subject than others to fits of depression. For, mark you, the old-fashioned "tribute" has had its day, and the "appreciation" must appreciate fairly; and even when the subject of biographical notice is living the best practice of these times is not to overpraise. If we are going, in the future, to teach almost wholly by biography, as Prof. Jowett says, the text books must be impartial, and all accounts of men's lives must be free from the excessive adulation and blind partiality that flatter only the foolish, and are always misleading.



As for Augustus Thomas, he is, actually, a dramatist in a day when the output of drama in the English language fit to satisfy cultivated minds is painfully small in comparison with the supposed demand for it; but I fancy we are on the eve of a better day, in this respect, and, moreover, it is well now to avoid that branch of the subject. Any man who is proclaimed a dramatist by the habitual and critical theatre-goers of his time, with keen eyes to see and tongues slow to praise, is distinguished above (or apart from) most of his fellows to begin with; for we have the useful word playwright to account for most of the men who sign their names to pieces written for performance in theatres. Yet I remember that Mr. Thomas's name had been posted conspicuously in public places quite a while before the few in the theatre-supporting multitude who are sensitive and thoughtful discovered qualities in his work which entitled him to that subtle distinction. "Editha's Burglar," a one-act sketch, first seen in New York, September 20, 1887, was adapted by him from a little tale with a similar title by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The precocious child who encountered the burglar in the house at night and entertained him while he pillaged, so as to save her father, who was asleep in an adjoining room, was a creature of Mrs. Burnett's imagination. She was an entertaining youngster, as self-possessed and mentally alert, in her strange situation, as Lewis Carroll's Alice in her famous interview with the Mock Turtle. The adaptation of this pretty and humorous idea to stage conventions, the association of it with "motive" and climax, revealed the young playwright's knack in stagecraft and his ability to recognize material suitable for theatrical use wherever he saw it. But it did not make him talked of as a possible dramatist, nor did his four-act play called "The Burglar," pro-

duced here by a firm of theatrical speculators in 1889, greatly increase his reputation. This was an elaboration of the former piece, the charm of which was completely obliterated. Yet the production of "The Burglar," while it was scarcely successful in New York, was afterward a profitable speculation in other cities, and I believe the play is acted in remote places to this day.

The same year "A Man of the World," in one act, made a better impression. Its trifling fable about the beneficent interference of a middle-aged man of large experience in a quarrel of husband and wife showed no particular gift of observation, but there were suggestions of an original and quite unjaded mind in some passages of dialogue, and the denotements of character were graphic and true. This piece, I believe, was originally written as a story, and offered to an astute St. Louis editor as "reading matter" for his Saturday afternoon supplement, and rejected because it "lacked interest." It has been a valuable bit of property for its author, and still pays royalties, which is not the case with "The Burglar," for that was sold outright by Mr. Thomas.

"A Man of the World" was good enough to excite much interest in advance in Mr. Thomas's next play, "Reckless Temple" (October 27, 1890), and the disappointment was correspondingly keener, for as a whole this was a poor work. The swaggering hero's act of self-sacrifice seemed unlovely and unlikely, and the picture of gilded, heartless "society" seemed to have been derived from cheap fiction. Yet there was some telling characterization, and bits of the dialogue were infused with vitality. The play was a mistake. As in "The Burglar" and "A Man of the World," the hero's part was taken by a handsome actor whose Bohemian spirit and picturesque defiance of social prejudice were always exaggerated by common



report; and there was a kind of juvenile, bad-boy-like crudity in "Reckless Temple."

All the more gratifying, therefore, were the dignity and moderation of Thomas's next one-act play, "After Thoughts" (November 24, 1890). Herein the genuine dramatist was revealed, although the little play had no chance of commercial success from the first, so slight was its texture, so untheatrical its quality. No deference to "popular sentiment" was found in "After Thoughts." It was a brief dramatic transcript of a recognizable phase of social life in the dramatist's own country which could not be matched elsewhere. In his portrayal of the relations of his widow of forty and youth of twenty-seven years Mr. Thomas did not touch the chords of sentiment Mr. Pinero has sounded in his recent treatment of a similar theme in "The Princess and the Butterfly," but to the mind prepared by training to receive and enjoy artistic impressions there was much significance in "After Thoughts." Moreover, its literary quality was good, and in its fluent dialogue, which seemed the spontaneous expression of thought and emotion, there were many turns of piquant effect.

Of course, the dramatist who writes only for the initiated is wasting his energies; but Mr. Thomas had already shown an intelligent comprehension of the needs of the popular theatre. "After Thoughts" was of service to him, as with it he received the encouragement he needed from a few of the habitual theatre-goers; it was not until the production of "Alabama" (April 1, 1891), that he became popular. The popularity of a dramatist, however, is always an unknown quantity. Perhaps, after "Alabama," a new play by Thomas was sure of a good, paying audience the first night; but the fame of Boucicault or Robertson at its

height was never sufficient to make a poor play—a play the public did not like—draw for a week. I fancy that a dramatist's name never has any measurable drawing power with the precious public.

"Alabama" came, with no heralding, at just the right moment, bringing with it a flood of sweet but not mawkish sentiment. Its humorous character-studies were delightful, from Moberly, the chivalrous general factotum of the Southern neighborhood, lawyer, editor, commander of the militia, insurance agent, and champion of insulted womankind, to Decatur, the old dorky. The view of the relations of North and South after the Civil War was familiar, and the plot was purely conventional, but in its development at least one strong elemental situation was treated with admirable skill, while the pictorial quality of the drama was unusually attractive. It had, also, a fine performance, and that was true also of "In Mizzoura" (September 18, 1893\*), in which another group of characters taken at first hand from life, and another conventional romance delicately and charmingly treated and blended with original humor, made some of us feel once more that the native drama was growing in importance. Jo Vernon, the wheelwright; Dave (working so hard at the forge week in, week out that he can never find time to look for that "stiddy job" which will entitle him to claim his sweetheart's hand); 'Lizbeth and her mother, Emily and Esrom, are personages worthy of any of our dialect novelists. Of Jim Radburn, the sentimental yet wonderfully cool-headed and quick-witted deputy sheriff, and his doubtful self-sacrifice, I am not so sure; but Radburn is a good "acting part." The educated heroine's scorn of her father's humble home is not a point in her favor,

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\* The dates given are those of the first performances of the plays in New York.

nor is her fancied passion for a train robber.

But "In Mizzoura" is a play I should like to see again. It, and "Alabama" and "After Thoughts," would also be well worth reading, if published in book form, and so, possibly, would "The Capitol" (September 9, 1895), which was clearly very much better than its performances. In "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" (March 22, 1892) Mr. Thomas transplanted the humor of Mr. Hopkinson Smith to the stage without losing any of its bouquet, but the comedy lacked dramatic vitality. "New Blood" (September 15, 1894) was one of those mistakes that clever men are not exempt from making, while "New Year's Calls" (February 3, 1891) and "The Man Upstairs" (1896) were one-act trifles. "The Hoosier Doctor," "In Illinoy," and "Don't Tell Her Husband" are plays by Mr. Thomas which have not yet reached New York. In some extraordinarily happy work of adaptation from foreign sources his hand has been recognized, though he has never signed such work, or claimed authorship of another man's play.

Augustus Thomas was born in St. Louis, where his father was long a practising physician. When he was ten years old he served as a page boy in the Missouri Legislature, and a year later filled the same attractive position in the House of Repre-

sentatives at Washington. This was in 1870. Thomas began to write plays when he was sixteen years old, and these were acted by amateurs in small Missouri towns. The first of them was called "Alone." The subject of another, called "A Big Rise," was an inundation of the Mississippi. In "Editha's Burglar" he was the first actor of the penitent thief, the rôle taken by E. H. Sothorn in New York. He has had considerable experience as an actor, and this has been of some service to him in his playwriting career. So also has been the experience he gained as a newspaper reporter, and in the freight department of a railroad. Pretty nearly everything is fish that comes into a dramatist's net. Actors to whom Mr. Thomas has been indebted for intelligent interpretation are N. C. Goodwin, Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, E. M. Holland, and the late Charles Harris, whose portrayals of Squire Tucker and Chad are held by thousands in loving memory. The home of Mr. Thomas is in New Rochelle, near New York City, on high ground, where its windows overlook a broad expanse of meadow, hill and vale, with the blue Sound in the distance. He is a man of many friends and, I hope, enemies enough to make life varied and interesting and keep his energies from failing. As a dramatist he has made a worthy and brilliant beginning.

*Edward A. Dithmar.*

#### AN ASCRIPTION

O SANTA YERBA, solacer of care!

Many the marvels thou, Great Plant, hast wrought;

Encourager of fancy and of thought;  
Strength-giver, toil enabling us to bear,  
As thy blue vapor vanishes in air;

And hunger-banisher; narcotic, fraught

With magic qualities that set at naught  
Most of the ills we mortals all must share.

Friend of the poor man, yielding him content,

Though all his paths may be with thorns beset,  
Why should I shame to say I love thy scent,  
Sweeter to me than rose or violet?

Celestial weed, be mine till life be spent,

A smoke that owes to thine a mighty debt!

—From "La Santa Yerba," by William L. Shoemaker. By permission of Messrs. Copeland & Day.



From "Marching with Gomez."  
DR. HERNANDEZ

GOMEZ

Lamson, Wolfe & Co.  
COLONEL BOSA

## CORRESPONDENTS AFIELD

**H**AD the author of *Marching with Gomez* imposed less restraint upon himself, had he been less conscientious in severe precision of statement, he would have written a truer book. An account of operations in the field that reflects neither the passions of the one nor the color of the other may have a photographic value, but we are not so patient of the limitations as where these are imposed by nature's laws of light. It is true that Mr. Flint upon his title-page notifies the reader that he is to content himself with a war correspondent's "field

note book." An announcement of the result does not mitigate it. An invitation to pot-luck does not absolve the host from his sacred obligation to turn what he has to the best possible account. The tropics are aflame with color and oppressed with the opulence of their own vegetation. It follows that the tropics cannot be painted in grays. Dr. John Fiske's introductory chapter seems all too slight; he barely enumerates the many revolts that have taken place, but has not taken the room to explain their justification or bear his testimony to the splendid courage, the intrepidity of spirit, and constancy of soul that have characterized them all. He does take the needful pains, however, to explain in detail the Spanish perfidy that plotted the capitulation of El Zanjón at the end of the Ten Years' War, and

**MARCHING WITH GOMEZ.** A War Correspondent's Field Note Book. By Grover Flint. Illustrated by the Author. With Historical Introduction by John Fiske. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

**THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA.** By Henry M. Stanley, M.P., D.C.L. Map and Illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, 16mo, \$1.00.

then with cynic ostentation whistled away every one of its promises and engagements.

A few modest blossoms culled at random from the painted mead we traverse with the author will contribute toward giving a notion of a terrestrial paradise under Spanish rule. "Everywhere," writes Mr. Flint, shortly after joining Lacret and before he reached Gomez, "splendid sugar mills of obstinate planters burned by the rebels, and peasants' huts and country houses of the rich burned by the troops, lay in ashes. Flames and the unburied bodies of slaughtered pacificos of all ages marked the course of Spanish columns." The troop camp one night at the De Armas place, filled with old-fashioned furniture, where our author has a pleasant quarter of an hour with a photograph album of by-gone notorieties. "An hour after we left the De Armas place, a black cloud arose behind us against the clear morning sky, and we knew that the Bungalow and the furniture and the old volante were going up in smoke." At Bolondron one of Lacret's troop, a big, rather stupid fellow, nicknamed "El Japonese" (the Japanese), was taken prisoner. After getting out of him what information they could, the Spanish soldiers gouged out his eyes and beat in his teeth with the butts of their rifles before killing him.

Mr. Flint gives some most interesting accounts of several of the heroines who have accompanied their husbands to the field and shared in their campaigns. The chapter entitled "The Man under the Hub" begins: "He is a gray little man. His clothes do not fit well, and, perhaps if you saw it in a photograph, his figure might seem old and ordinary. But the moment he turns his keen eyes on you, they strike like a blow from the shoulder. You feel the will, the fearlessness, and the

experience of men that is in those eyes"—the eyes of Máximo Gómez, commander-in-chief of the Cuban forces in the field.

On matters African, Henry M. Stanley writes as one having authority and not as the scribes. The contents of the present volume appeared as weekly letters in the journal *South Africa*, and each of them, the writer says, contains the researches of a week. The word "researches" is not used by Mr. Stanley in any random sense. He made no holiday trip to Bulawayo, Johannesburg, and Pretoria, but a trip of researches. He studied the country hard, and he studied it all the time. True, there was not very much time, but then the writer was looking through two American eyes long before familiar with the kind of things South Africa shows, and thus endowed with a kind of prophetic vision. Mr. Stanley has no difficulty in interpreting what he sees. He sees a great future for the country. He dislikes the Boers cordially, and the Boers retort with a hatred that embraces the whole English race. "From the Boers and Afrikanders I heard not one favorable remark about England, but all indulged in banter and irony, to prove that argument with them was of no avail. So extreme was their dislike that they even said 'English servants and clerks are of no use, and they are most unreliable.'" While the English were false and not to be trusted, it was said that the Germans were "good" in the colonial sense and made the best citizens. They were industrious and thrifty, and their improved condition did not alter their habits. Mr. Stanley looks on President Kruger as an old dotard, the possibility of whose hold on power is due to the "dull, dense, and dark minds" of his people, minds impenetrable to good sense and impervious to reason.

S. B.

# THE BEST MUSICAL BOOKS

## SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR MUSICAL READING AND STUDY

### I.—HISTORIES AND BOOKS OF REFERENCE

IN recent years there has been a marked growth in the interest shown by the public in musical literature. The rapid spread of musical culture and the increased number of musical students and music-lovers in general has led to a demand for popular books treating the subject in every branch, and from every point of view. It is gratifying to note that in this case the supply has kept pace with the demand. Excellent and scholarly works abound on every hand, and now no one interested in music need remain ignorant of the art. In fact, so numerous and varied is the output of musical literature that the amateur or student needs some guide in the choice of his musical reading. In this article an attempt has been made to indicate some of the most helpful works on the various topics connected with music. The limited space available forbids, of course, the mention of all the good books, so those have been chosen which it is believed will give the greatest aid to the average music-lover, whose technical attainments are slight, but who feels a desire to go into the subject more thoroughly. Care has been taken to give, in most instances, books that are easily accessible. For practical reasons the list is confined to works in the English language, but those wishing to consult the rich musical literature of Germany, France, and other nations, are referred to the excellent *Annotated Bibliography of Music*, by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the New York *Tribune*, and an acknowledged authority on the subject. A small work called a *Guide to the Study of Musical History and*

*Criticism*, by Prof. Edward Dickinson of Oberlin, Ohio (16mo, 75 cents), also contains some valuable lists of musical books for study in connection with the various divisions of musical history and criticism.

#### WORKS OF REFERENCE

In forming a musical library at least one work of general reference may be considered as almost indispensable. The *magnum opus* in this department is Grove's *Dictionary of Music* (5 vols., 8vo, \$25). In spite of minor faults, such as the undue proportion of space given to unimportant English musicians, and its frequent omission of important matters, it is an invaluable storehouse of information on every phase of the art. Especially to be commended are its critical articles on the scientific side of music, and its monographs on the great composers, which are written by trained specialists, and some of which, such as Sir George Grove's account of Beethoven, deserve republication in a separate form. Another reference work of great value is Champlin and Apthorp's *Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians* (3 vols., 8vo, \$15). A distinctive merit of this work is its simple and novel arrangement, which makes it not only a remarkably full and complete biographical dictionary of composers, but a dictionary of musical works as well. In it the most noted operas, symphonies, oratorios, etc., are treated under their own names in separate articles, and a bibliography forming a guide to musical literature is also comprised in the plan. For those readers who wish less expensive works there is a one-volume *Dictionary of Music*, by H.

Riemann (8vo, \$6), a standard work by a famous German authority, which has recently been translated.

Dictionaries of Musical Terms are very numerous, and it is difficult to select from them. Among the many excellent ones are Ch. Herman's *Handbook of Music and Musicians* (12mo, \$1), which includes biographical notices of 1,500 composers, especially contemporary musicians; Baker's *Dictionary of Musical Terms* (8vo, \$1); and Nieck's *Concise Dictionary of Musical Terms* (12mo, \$1). The most comprehensive work in this line is doubtless Stainer and Barrett's *Dictionary of Musical Terms* (8vo, \$3), of which there is also an abridged edition at \$1. A handy little work, though necessarily brief, is *Everybody's Guide to Music*, by J. Booth (16mo, 75 cents). Notices of several other works of this character may be found in a subsequent article, among the list of books on Musical Criticism.

#### HISTORIES OF MUSIC

A very common question asked by persons inclined to musical study is, "What is the best history of music?" This is a question difficult to answer offhand, without knowing the needs and attainments of the questioners and the purpose for which the volume is desired, whether for study as a text-book or for general reading. One of the most widely known general histories is Hunt's *Concise History of Music* (12mo, \$1). This is an admirable text-book, and is packed with useful facts. For general reading, however, it will be found too condensed. Ritter's *Student's History of Music* (12mo, \$2.50), by a learned musical scholar, is trustworthy, and gives the story in more detail, though the volume is marred by defects of literary style. A *General History of Music*, by W. S. Rockstro (8vo, \$3.50), an English writer who contributed many valu-

able articles to Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, bears an excellent reputation for accuracy and fulness of treatment, and has steadily won its way in popular favor. Another useful work of like character is W. S. B. Matthews's *Popular History of Music* (12mo, \$1.50), which has been successfully used as a text-book, on account of its clear and concise form. Rowbotham's *History of Music* (12mo, \$2.50) comes down only to the age of the Troubadours, but for this reason contains an unusually full account of the early history of music, which in most histories is treated in a very fragmentary manner. Langhans's *History of Music in Twelve Lectures* (8vo, \$1.50) is a translation of the work of a competent German writer.

A larger and more comprehensive work than any of the preceding is Naumann's *History of Music in All Ages and Nations* (2 vols., 4to, \$10). This is especially useful for its wealth of illustration, for it has portraits of musicians, pictures of musical shrines, musical instruments, fac-similes of scores, musical examples, and many other details of the greatest interest and value to the student.

One can hardly leave this division without mentioning the famous old *Histories* of Dr. Charles Burney (5 vols., 4to, worth about \$40) and Sir John Hawkins (reprinted in 2 vols., 4to, \$8.40), both published over one hundred years ago, and for many years classics in their field. They are now most interesting from an antiquarian point of view, but for general use have long since been superseded by more recent and thorough works.

#### SPECIAL HISTORIES

In taking up the history of the music of special countries and periods, we find that Crowest's *History of British Music* (8vo, \$3.50) and Davey's *History of English Music* (8vo, \$2.25) have very full records of the work of English musicians

from the earliest times. Hullah's *Transition Period in Musical History* (8vo, \$3.50) and a companion volume, *History of Modern Music* (8vo, \$3), by the same author, are careful critical studies by a leading English musical writer. There are no separate volumes in English on the music of Germany, France, and Italy, but the music of these countries is partially treated in the series *Masters of Modern Music* (4 vols., 12mo, each \$1.75), mentioned under the department of Biographies, and also in an invaluable work, Paine's *Famous Composers and Their Works* (6 vols., \$25), which covers Scandinavia and other countries as well. Full reference to this book also will be made later in the list of biographical works.

Turning to the musical literature of the United States, it is surprising to find that, with all our musical activity and interest, so little has been written on the history of music in America. Ritter's *Music in America* (12mo, \$2) stands almost alone in this field, and is, in consequence, an indispensable work. The author, being of foreign birth, and somewhat inclined to patronize American art, does not always approach the subject in a sympathetic spirit, and the volume must be read with caution, due allowance being made for his prejudices and one-sided point of view. Matthews's *One Hundred Years of Music in America* (8vo, \$3) is an account of musical effort in this country during the past century, and includes chapters on Popular Music and Singing Schools, Church Music, Musical Conventions, and Festival, Operatic, and Oratorio Music, Popular and Higher Musical Education, etc., etc. The book deserves to be better known than it is, since, though it may not possess any special critical value, it gives extremely valuable biographical material relating to American musicians and composers which is to be found nowhere else. There is also a chapter on

music in America in Paine's *Famous Composers and Their Works*, written by H. E. Krehbiel, which gives the best critical account of the work of American composers yet published.

#### CHURCH MUSIC

For the sake of those who wish to cultivate any special topic in musical history, a few suggestions may be added. On the subject of church and sacred music, a work deserving very high praise is Curwen's *Studies in Worship Music* (2 vols., 12mo, \$3.25). This is a model historical study, marked by catholicity of tone and written out of wide knowledge and experience. Every kind of worship music is touched upon, from that of the Russian church and the Jewish synagogue to Moody and Sankey hymns and Sunday-school songs, and all are treated with sympathy and justice. An authoritative book from the Roman Catholic standpoint is O'Brien's *History of the Mass* (12mo, \$1.50). Humphrey's *Evolution of Church Music* (12mo, \$1.75) is characterized by considerable technical knowledge. The theme is handled by the author with good taste and sound critical judgment.

#### NATIONAL MUSIC

National and folk-lore music is a fascinating by-path of musical study, but the popular interest in it cannot be called great, though those who do pursue it are generally enthusiasts on the subject. A comparatively recent work in this line is Wallaschek's *Primitive Music* (8vo, \$4.50), a very comprehensive and learned review of the origin and development of the music, songs, instruments, dances, and pantomimes of savage races. The works of Carl Engel, a pioneer in this field—*The Music of the Most Ancient Nations* (8vo, about \$6), *The Study of National Music* (8vo, about \$4.50), and the *Literature of National Music* (8vo, \$2)—can be strongly

recommended as the conclusions of a patient and thorough investigator of the sources of authorities on a subject in which it is extremely difficult to gather facts and materials. *Old English Popular Music* (2 vols., 4to, \$10), by William Chappell, is unequalled on the subject which it covers, and comprises many interesting fac-similes of old English airs. *The National Music of the World* (12mo, \$2.40), by H. F. Chorley, for many years the noted critic of the London *Athenæum*, is a concise and popular book on this topic.

#### THE OPERA

The history of the opera is full of romantic interest, and has enlisted the efforts of a number of chroniclers. The latest one, *The Opera, a Sketch of Its Development* (with full descriptions of every work in the modern repertory), by R. A. Streatfield (12mo, \$2), is a capital artistic summary of the various phases of its history from the beginnings to the present time, and forms a striking example of a class of works which are much to be coveted by the student—compact monographs on special topics. A prolific English musical writer, H. Sutherland Edwards, has written several works on the opera—*The Prima Donna, Her History and Surroundings* (2 vols., 8vo, \$6), *Famous First Representations* (12mo, about \$2), *History of the Opera* (2 vols., about \$4.50), *The Lyrical Drama* (2 vols., about \$4.50)—which are now out of print, but can sometimes be picked up

at second-hand. They are all written in a light and anecdotal rather than critical style. Newman's *Gluck and the Opera* (12mo, \$2.40) is a suggestive study of an important period. Clayton's *Queens of Song* (8vo, \$3) is an old and well-known work devoted to great operatic singers. Operatic reminiscences by operatic managers and impresarios are plentiful, as witness the recollections of J. H. Mapleson, Max Maretzek, Benjamin Lumley, Luigi Arditi, and others. These have a certain charm because of their entertaining and gossip accounts of the authors' varied experiences, but are not to be taken too seriously as historical works.

#### SONGS AND SONG WRITERS

The history of songs and song writers touches a popular chord. Perhaps the best known book of the kind is *Our Familiar Songs and Those Who Made Them* (8vo, \$3), by Helen Kendrick Johnson, which gives the music and words of three hundred standard songs, with considerable biographical matter, and full accounts of the circumstances of the composition of the songs. Prof. L. C. Elson of Boston, in his *History of German Songs* (12mo, \$1.25) and *German Songs and Song Writers* (8vo, 35 cents), has made valuable contributions to this branch of the art. A remarkably complete collection of the *National, Patriotic, and Typical Airs and Songs of All Nations* (4to, \$2), is edited by John Philip Sousa, the famous bandmaster.

Frank H. Marling.

(In June, "Critical Works, Essays, and Fiction.")

#### AN "ECHO"

KATE-A-WHIMSIES, John-a-Dreams,  
Still debating, still delay,  
And the world's a ghost that gleams—  
Wavers—vanishes away!

We must live while live we can;  
We should love while love we may.  
Dread in woman, doubt in man . . .  
So the Infinite runs away.

1876.

—From "Poems," by William Ernest Henley. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.



## THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE announcements of the publishers for the spring leave us unthrilled, and do little to relieve the monotony which has settled down on bookland after the successful winter output. The opinion is now freely ventilated that the spring issues might be very well postponed to autumn. There is certainly a good deal of justification for the proposal, so far as the present season is concerned. The most notable contributions to the book world deal with contemporary history, and are really journalism within boards. A great deal has recently been written about the recent Indian campaign, and the curious part of it is that the writers come from a class that has not hitherto figured conspicuously in letters. Thus, Viscount Fincastle—who won the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the campaign—has given us a book in conjunction with Lieutenant P. C. Elliott-Lockhart. Lord Fincastle, who is a son of the Earl of Dunmore, is an officer in the Sixteenth Lancers. When the Afridi rebellion broke out, he was on the point of returning home on furlough, but he stayed at the front, representing the *Times*. He is only six and twenty. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, lieutenant of the Fourth Queen's Own Hussars, who has written "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," is the elder son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and is half American. He is four and twenty. Lastly, Messrs. Thacker—who were Mr. Kipling's first publishers, and who once numbered Sir Henry Irving among their office-boy staff—will come out with a book on Sir William Lockhart's "Advance through Tirah," written by Captain Shadwell. Sir William is a kinsman of Sir Walter Scott's biographer, and has written widely on military subjects.

Another new firm of publishers has sprung into existence. This is Messrs. Duckworth & Co. The head and founder of the firm, Mr. Gerald Duckworth, is the stepson of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and he was till recently with the Messrs. Dent. The spring announcements of Messrs. Duckworth are excellent, beginning with "Studies in Biography," by Mr. Leslie Stephen, while Mr. Edward Clodd appears with "Tom Tit Tot : a Savage Philosophy in Folklore." Curiously enough, Mr. Clodd helped to send off Mr. Grant Richards, who is the nephew of Mr. Grant Allen. I may note that Messrs. Methuen are the latest imitators of Dents' beautiful Temple Classics, for their "Library of Devotion" is a sheer copy of the Aldine House *format*.

The announcement that the tenth edition of "Encyclopædia Britannica" is under consideration must make many a reader feel suddenly old, for it seems only the other year that the ninth edition was completed. There is a constant demand for the great series, especially by people going abroad. The publishers, Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, who have left Edinburgh entirely, propose to reprint the ninth edition at half the original price, which was £37; and to start the tenth in the first year of the new century. Who will edit the new issue? It will be hard to get a man of the cyclopædic knowledge of the late Dr. Robertson Smith. Messrs. Black have gained a good deal of fame recently by their biographical dictionary, "Who's Who." It is far from perfect, however.

An interesting volume of political reminiscences is being written by Dr. Robert Wallace, M.P., who has had a remarkable career. At one time he was a stonemason. For fifteen years (1857-72) he

was a Presbyterian minister; for four he was professor of Church History in Edinburgh University; another four saw him as editor of the *Scotsman* of Edinburgh; and in 1883 he was called to the English bar. He has represented Edinburgh in Parliament for twelve years. His book will be published by Bliss, Sands & Co. His brother William, assistant editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, is the well-known authority on Burns.

The demand for sporting books has led Messrs. Dent to found the "Haddon Library," which will be edited by the Marquis of Granby. The English squire is so typically a sportsman that all these libraries are edited (nominally at least) by men of title. Thus, the Duke of Beaufort's name appeared on the Badminton series, while the Earl of Suffolk is editing the "Cyclopædia of Sport," which Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen have found a remunerative undertaking. The Marquis of Granby is the eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, better known as Lord John Manners, and the famous Haddon Hall was the home of his family for many centuries. The Marchioness of Granby is a very clever artist, and her own portrait is to be seen everywhere.

The death of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley at Mentone, which had long been expected, removes the last mainstay of the dying decadent school. Essentially non-English in its character, it attracted more attention during its short career than one might have expected. Almost the sole survivor of the small coterie which had its being for so short a time is Mr. Max Beerbohm, the brother of Mr. Beerbohm Tree; and, after all, he is really a recrudescence of eighteenth-centuryism, and not a pioneer of that advanced decadence which was made in France. Meantime, the books which Mr. Beardsley illustrated are rising steadily in price. Nearly all his later work has been published by Mr.

Leonard Smithers, who found that the *Savoy*, which Mr. Arthur Symonds edited, would not do. Mr. Smithers' only real hit, so far as the great public is concerned, has been the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," by "C. 3. 3.," who would have found some difficulty in getting any other publisher. Even had Mr. Smithers put the name of Oscar Wilde to this powerful poem, I question whether it would have had the vogue which it has enjoyed. The famous "Ballad" came utterly unannounced, but it conquered instantly. It has been subjected to some childish, petulant criticism, but, on the whole, it has hit home. Whether "C. 3. 3." is to regain his position in letters, however, remains to be seen. I doubt it, even in the more sombre guise which he has assumed. He is still living abroad.

All Ishmaelites will enjoy another of Mr. Smithers' books, "Literary London," written by a clever Irish journalist, Mr. W. P. Ryan. The book, however, is not nearly so pungent as it might have been, and one suspects that it has been toned down on the advice of some of Mr. Ryan's more easy-going friends. His main line of attack is on coteries, of whatever school. Thus, Henleyism is punched as thoroughly as its direct opposite, the Kailyard. "Maudlin Mammiolatry" is the phrase with which he dismisses books like "Margaret Ogilvy." Mr. Ryan has scalped Mr. Le Gallienne and his monitor, Mr. Grant Allen. On the other hand, Mr. Thomas Wright, the biographer of Cowper, has come out with a little book on "Hind Head," Haslemere, and all the little godlets that bask in the breezes of the Surrey Downs. Among these are Mrs. Humphry Ward and Dr. Conan Doyle. Among their predecessors were Tennyson, Tyndall, Gilbert White, Jane Austen, Cobden, and Cobbett—a race altogether more simple and virile. Speaking of coteries, I may draw attention to

*Saint George*, the journal of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham. It is printed by the "Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, Limited," and is the most Ruskinian-looking production I have seen for many years.

Few literary commemorations can have the widespread interest attaching to the scheme for a University scholarship bearing the name of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, for a girls' school at Winchester—a town, by the way, that is very much in evidence over the millenary of Alfred the Great. Miss Yonge may not be "literary" in the narrow sense, but she has had an enormous audience since she published "The Heir of Redclyffe" forty-five years ago. She has written about a hundred and twenty story-books. She gave the profits of the "Daisy Chain" to build a missionary college in New Zealand. Miss Yonge, who is seventy-five, holds a unique place in the affections of her literary contemporaries. Many years ago she founded an essay club, called the Gosling Society. Among its members were Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Christabel Coleridge. Miss Yonge used to publish their productions in the *Monthly Packet*, which she edited at that time. This magazine is now conducted by Miss Coleridge, who is the granddaughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the grandniece of Southey. A very influential committee has been organized to get up the testimonial in Miss Yonge's honor, and it hopes to raise at least £6,000.

An eventful celebration in the history of publishing is the centenary of the Religious Tract Society, which was founded on May 9, 1799, at a meeting held in a coffee-house in St. Paul's Churchyard, not far from where the spacious warehouses of the Society now stand. The Society began its career by printing "An Address to Christians on the Distribution of Religious Tracts." This was written by the

Rev. David Bogue, whose "Essay on the Inspiration of the New Testament" was constantly used by Napoleon on St. Helena. Last year, close on 38,000,000 books, tracts, and periodicals were issued by the Home Depot, and nearly 20,000,000 from the foreign branches. The *Boys' Own Paper*, issued by the Society, is probably the most widely read weekly in England.

The interest in family history on your side is so great that the death of Sir William Fraser, the Scottish genealogist, means a distinct loss to thousands of industrious book-compilers. Sir William came of poor people in Kincardineshire, Scotland, and was educated as a lawyer. He was keenly interested in Scottish family history, and was soon employed by the ancient houses to ransack their charter chests. His output was simply enormous. In the course of forty years—he began in 1858 with a history of the "Stirlings of Keir"—he turned out five and fifty mighty tomes, dealing, among others, with the families of Montgomery, Maxwell, Carnegie, Mackenzie, Fraser, Scott, Grant, Melville, and so on. All these books were printed privately for the heads of the various families, and cost a great deal of money. A complete set of them represents a little fortune to-day, for they are steadily rising in price. Of late years, Sir William—he got his knighthood in 1887—had been engaged on the Scottish manuscripts dealt with by the Historical MSS. Commission. He has left £25,000 for the establishment in the University of Edinburgh of the "Sir William Fraser Professorship of Ancient History and Palæography," and £10,000 for the equipment of a library upon the subject. About £5,000 more will be devoted to scholarships in his beloved hobby, and £5,000 to the establishment of homes for poor students. In his official capacity Sir William was well known to many American historical scholars.

J. M. Bulloch.

## NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

**I**N the *New York Times* for April 2d was printed a list of all books sold by auction since 1856 which have fetched \$200 and upwards. The list was arranged by sales and chronologically, beginning with the Corwin sale and ending with the Frederickson, sold at Bangs & Co., in May, 1897. Besides giving the prices, the pedigree of the important books was also given—thus adding to the interest in the list and showing the gradual rise of certain classes of books, and decline in others.

At the Deanesale in Boston, March 29th to April 1st, the surprise of the sale was the price realized for Captain John Smith's "A True Relation of Such Occurances and Accidents of Noate as hath Happened in Virginia," etc., London, 1608. This is the earliest published work relating to the colony at Jamestown, and is the first printed work of Captain Smith. The Barlow copy, bound in full calf by Rivière, fetched \$570, while this brought the unusual price of \$1450, largely because it was in the original boards, uncut. The price, however, indicates the upward tendency of immaculate copies of the rarer Americana.

The other notable prices realized were the following: An autograph letter from William Bradford to John Winthrop from Plymouth; December 11, 1645; \$1080. Lechford's "Plain Dealing," London, 1642, \$71. Mason's "Pequot War," Boston, 1736, \$120. Mather's "Troubles in New England," Boston, 1677, \$170. More's "Utopia," London, 1551, \$187.50. Morton's "New England's Memorial," Cambridge, 1669, \$125. Morton's "New England's Canaan," Amsterdam, 1687, \$110. Mourt's "Relation," London, 1622, \$320. Plymouth Colony Laws, Cambridge, 1672, \$180. Purchas' "Pilgrimes," 5 vols., London, 1625-26, \$382. Robinson's "Manumission to a Manuduction," etc., etc., n. p., 1675, \$100. Sandys's "Relation of the State of Religion," London, 1605 (John Robinson's copy), \$455. Smith's "Map of Virginia," Oxford, 1612, \$101. Smith's "Description of New England," London, 1616, \$350.

Among the excessive rarities to be sold in the last portion of the Ashburnham Library, at Messrs. Sotheby's, in London, May 9th to 14th, are the following, all printed on vellum: Pliny, Nicholas Jenson, Venice, 1472; Pliny, 1476;

Plutarch's *Morals*, Naples, 1526, with exquisite illuminations; a complete set of the facsimile Prayer Books published by Pickering, London, 1844-45 (one of two sets on vellum); Salisbury Primer, Paris, 1531; Primer, in English, London, 1535; Valdarfer edition of *The Psalms*, 1477; Roman de la Rose, n. d. (Derome binding); *Sanctorum Lectiones Proprie*, Salamanca, 1603; Savonarola, 1480. Besides these, many extremely rare editions of the Book of Common Prayer are offered, including what is known as Edward VI., printed at London in 1549, and John Evelyn's copy, London, 1559. Other books of equal interest and of a kindred nature, are John Knox Liturgy, Edinburgh, 1565; Laud's "Prayer Book" with numerous MS. notes, Edinburgh, 1637; Henry VII. "Psalter," printed by Faques in 1504 (probably unique).

Of New Testaments there are a large number, especially first editions by Tyndale and Coverdale, and the portions by Paynell, Taverner, and others. In English literary monuments the most remarkable books offered are the five first editions of Walton's "Complete Angler," London, 1653, 1655, 1661, 1668, one a presentation copy by Izaak Walton, and all in the original bindings. The first four folio editions of Shakespeare, 1623, 1632, 1664, 1685. Here are also original editions of Skelton, Spenser, and Taylor.

Of Caxtons there are several, viz.: *Speculum Vitæ Christiæ*, Westminster, 1488; *Tribulation*, 1490 (A boke of Divers Ghostly Matters); *Voragine* "Legenda Aurea," 1498; *Canterbury Tales*, 1478, (imperfect); Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1488 (imperfect).

Some extremely rare sporting books and Americana complete the list. It is safe to predict that this third and last portion will quite equal the other two in the amounts realized.

Book-fanciers are certain to give more than a passing notice to Bernard Quaritch's "Catalogue of Monuments of Printing," comprising books produced by the earliest presses in Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, France, Spain, and England. Few of the great museums of the world, and certainly no private owner, can show such a varied and important collection. When one considers the fact that this catalogue of 312 pages is confined entirely to books printed in the fifteenth century, it is all the more remarkable. Mr. Quaritch, with becoming pride, accompanied with an eye to business, offers

these 600 books for the modest sum of £32,500, or, roughly, \$160,000, a good nest-egg for some rich man to start a library with, private or public. Of this sum, one-third is absorbed by two items of unusual interest. It may be recalled that Mr. Quaritch bought the Gutenberg Bible, printed on vellum, at the Ashburnham sale in London last July. This he now offers for £5,000, Lord Ashburnham having bought it at the sale of Henry Perkins in 1873 for £3,400. The other item is the Fust and Schoeffer "Psalter," also on vellum, 1459, also printed in Mentz. For this he wants £5,250, the highest price ever asked for a book. This also has the distinguished honor of being the second book printed with a date. Besides these two items, he offers a "Durandus" on vellum, Mentz, Fust and Peter Schoeffer, 1459, the fourth book printed with movable type and the third with a date. For this he asks £400. This "big four" is completed by a copy of Johannes Balbus de Janna's "Catholicon," Mentz, 1460, the fourth book printed with a date, for which he asks £325. Thus the total for these four books is about £11,000, or, roughly, \$55,000. Surely the title "Napoleon of the book trade" belongs rightfully to Mr. Quaritch. The notes to this catalogue are highly valuable and instructive.

The echoes of the sale of the uncut edition of the Kilmarnock "Burns" for £572 have not died away. A friend of the rare and beautiful, upon being asked why he thought the "Burns" brought such a high price, replied in the following highly interesting letter, which may be termed the philosophy of the situation :

"Burns is distinctly a national poet and the idol of his nation ; and without a rival in that nation,

or, in fact—within his limits—in any nation. He is near enough in point of time to be within the understanding of and in thorough touch with the masses and the classes, and that in a land where these two are closely allied. He and his verses were essentially of the people and for the people; they filled, moreover, a long-felt want (to use the graphic language of the current advertiser). His poetry excels in homeliness, shrewdness, humour, earnestness, frankness, spirit, and grandeur. There are few poets in any country or language for whom more can be claimed.

"Of the 600 (or thereabouts) copies of the 1786 edition, most were probably long since destroyed or badly damaged by their readers. Simultaneously there has been developing in numbers and voracity that ominous prodigy : the first-edition fiend, who has reached the stage, through various preliminary gradations, of being exacting in the 'condition' of his prey. It must be 'uncut,' 'in the original binding,' or, better yet, 'in the original boards,' or 'the original paper cover,' 'clean,' 'sound,' and 'complete,' 'with all the illustrations,' 'verses,' or 'half-titles,' even the 'slips,' and 'advertisements.'

"Besides all which, 'rarities' become rarer every year by being destroyed, and by being absorbed into museums and public libraries; and then, too, the size—and especially the number—of large private fortunes go on multiplying prodigiously. Therefore—or at least in part therefore—when, on the 7th day of February, 1898, at Edinburgh, there was sold by auction an immaculate copy of the first edition of Burns's Poems, Kilmarnock, 1786, it fetched the sum of £572."

*Ernest Dressel North.*

## WHEN EARLY MARCH SEEMS MIDDLE MAY

WHEN country roads begin to thaw  
In mottled spots of damp and dust,  
And fences by the margin draw  
Along the frosty crust  
Their graphic silhouettes, I say,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

When knotted horse-tails are untied,  
And teamsters whistle here and there,  
And clumsy mitts are laid aside  
And choppers' hands are bare,  
And chips are thick where children play,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

—From "*Rhymes of Childhood*," by James Whitcomb Riley. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

When through the twigs the farmer tramps,  
And troughs are chunked beneath the trees,  
And fragrant hints of sugar-camps  
Astray in every breeze,—  
When early March seems middle May,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

When coughs are changed to laughs, and when  
Our frowns melt into smiles of glee,  
And all our blood thaws out again  
In streams of ecstasy,  
And poets wreak their roundelay,  
The Spring is coming round this way.

## CURRENT LITERATURE

### DR. MCGIFFERT'S "HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY"

**I**N this masterly work the author has won for himself a name and place among scholars in the field of historical criticism. While many have welcomed this book as a permanent contribution to the literature of New Testament interpretation, there are others, however, to whom its appearance has been a signal to sound a note of nervous alarm. Heretical tendencies have been keenly scented which, it is stoutly urged, may prove subversive of the truth. A person who is suspected of a taint of heresy, however slight the suspicion may be, arouses an extraordinary interest in himself and in his writings. Therefore it is not surprising that Professor McGiffert's book has caused a sensation in theological circles which its rare scholarship alone would hardly provoke. Before condemning any one's teaching as hazardous in its general drift, we should inquire carefully and with all fairness concerning the three essential aspects of historical criticism, namely, one's general attitude to the subject under investigation, one's method, and the results attained. No unbiassed reader can fail to be impressed with the reverential and sympathetic spirit which characterizes Professor McGiffert's conscientious and earnest study of the history of the Apostolic Church. He is no iconoclast; but rather a seeker after truth, and with a profound desire to discover light rather than darkness.

As to his method, it is needless to state

that there is throughout this painstaking inquiry a fine appreciation of the rigor of scholarship. He undertakes a critical scrutiny of each New Testament book, considered as an historical document, and there is a searching examination of the internal and external evidence concerning questions both of authorship and of trustworthiness. If his method is criticised adversely, then the methods of scholarship in general must be brought to the bar for trial and condemnation. The Bible, however, is an open book, not only in the sense that he who will may read, but also in the sense that he who will may investigate. It challenges inspection, nor shrinks from the white light of criticism, however intense and searching that light may prove to be. The verdict, therefore, concerning Professor McGiffert's work should be determined wholly by an estimate of his results; and from this point of view there is really no occasion for alarm. The results of his criticism are uniformly constructive and not destructive. This general characterization may be indicated by a reference to some of the prominent features of his teaching. He emphasizes the gradual and continuous development of the Apostolic Church both as regards the widening sphere of its influence and the deepening significance in the minds of the Apostles as to the teachings of Christ, and their interpretation of His life and death. In this development of doctrine Professor McGiffert recognizes throughout a divine guidance. A divine leading is also recognized in the unfolding events of the early church. Moreover, he acknowledges a special power in the preaching of the Apostles which was due to the reality of Christ's resurrection, one of the foundation truths of Christianity. Again, concerning the author-

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A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE APOSTOLIC AGE. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Ph.D., D.D., Washburn Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary. International Theological Library. Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, \$2.50.

ship of the several books of the New Testament, it is true that he denies the traditional view which refers the third Gospel and the Acts to Luke, and that he is uncertain as to the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel; nevertheless he is stoutly insistent upon two important points. The one is that these controverted books are all genuine compositions of the first century, and therefore within range of the events themselves which they record and to which they refer. The second salient point is that, although the author of the third Gospel and the Acts, as well as the author of the fourth Gospel, may not have been eye-witnesses of the scenes which they narrate, nevertheless the internal evidence of these books makes unquestionably for the trustworthiness of the documentary sources which were available for their purposes as historians, and that therefore these authors are to receive the credence which is due to accurate and conscientious historians in possession of accredited facts. These are some of the indications that this work is constructive. This is not only true of its general tendencies, but it may be further illustrated in reference to a specific point concerning which it has been subjected to very harsh criticism. It has been urged that Professor McGiffert's teaching in reference to the Lord's Supper detracts from the sacred character of this Sacrament, and tends to minimize its significance to the life of the church. In this he has been misunderstood, perhaps misrepresented. In a footnote on page 68, where his views upon this subject are expressed at length, it is to be noted that he is here attacking the views of Prof. Percy Gardner, who attributes the institution of this Sacrament to Paul. Professor McGiffert is therefore defending the traditional view. He thinks, however, that in the original purpose of the founder of the feast it was not necessarily designed as a memorial,

but that Christ broke the bread and poured out the wine "with a reference to his approaching death." This emphasizes the sacrificial significance of Christ's death, and certainly in this respect the view is constructive and conservative. Professor McGiffert also acknowledges that the supper was celebrated as a memorial feast in the Apostolic Church; his only contention is that this observance was not the result of a command, but that it became a customary procedure through the logic of events, and dictated by the love of loyal disciples.

Having emphasized the scholarly spirit and method of this work, with its constructive rather than destructive tendencies, a word of criticism will not be misunderstood. In the author's view of Paul's doctrine concerning the individual's relation to Christ, there seems to be an undue stress placed upon the mystical aspect of such a relation, namely, the indwelling divine life in the human. A simpler relation, such as a child sustains to a father where forgiveness of the child's disobedience is the natural antecedent of renewed communion, is not fully appreciated by Professor McGiffert as the necessary condition of a mystical union between God and man.

Another idea, growing out of this, creates a certain confusion in the reader's mind, namely, that this union with the Christ-life frees the believer from the law. Here Professor McGiffert uses the phrase freedom from law, now in the sense of freedom from the moral law, and again as freedom from the ceremonial law of the Jews. In the former sense it is not a freedom from the requirements of the law, but freedom from the feeling of constraint in obeying the moral law. In this sense love is the fulfilling of the law, not its abrogation. Freedom from the ceremonial law is freedom from its requirements. Professor McGiffert, of course,

recognizes this distinction, but an ambiguous phrase may often prove misleading to the reader, and especially a phrase which is employed so frequently, and is so central to his fundamental doctrine.

Though one may differ in these, and perhaps in other particulars, and not accept all of the author's conclusions, one may hold, nevertheless, a hearty appreciation of the scholarly work as a whole.

*John Grier Hibben.*

### RECENT POETRY

OF the several verse books before us, the place of honor should be given, perhaps, to Robert Underwood Johnson's *Songs of Liberty and Other Poems*. For the nature of the subject matter as well as the execution must be reckoned with, and Mr. Johnson essays a high and difficult kind of verse in this volume and performs his task with considerable success. Patriotic poetry, to be good, must be largely conceived, virile, and inspired with genuine fervor, otherwise we get rhetoric and unconvincing coldness. The opening "Apostrophe to Greece" has dignity and nobility; it strikes us as sincere and, still more, the following "Song of the Modern Greeks" has the lyric impulse and the note of true feeling. Some of the purely lyric and song pieces—notably the lovely "Oh, Waste No Tears"—are thoroughly good, and the

*SONGS OF LIBERTY AND OTHER POEMS.* By Robert Underwood Johnson. The Century Co., 16mo, \$1.00.

*THE VOICE OF THE VALLEY.* By Yone Noguchi. William Doxey, 16mo, \$1.00.

*THE FAIRY CHANGELING AND OTHER POEMS.* By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). John Lane, 12mo, \$1.25.

*THE EARTH-BREATH.* By A. E. John Lane, 16mo, \$1.25.

*ONE WAY TO THE WOODS.* By Evalde Stein. Copeland & Day, 18mo, 75 cents.

*SONNETS OF JOSÉ MARIA DE HEREDIA.* Done into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. William Doxey, 12mo, \$1.50.

*THE SLOPES OF HELICON AND OTHER POEMS.* By Lloyd Mifflin. Illustrated. Estes & Lauriat, 16mo, \$1.25.

*SHADOWS.* By M. A. De Wolf Howe. Copeland & Day, 16mo, \$1.00.

Servian paraphrases from Zmai Iovan Iovanovich, based on a literal translation by the electrician, Mr. Tesla, who furnishes a welcome introductory note on the Servian poet, are interesting and well done. We like nothing better in the collection than the two final very strong blank-verse poems, "The Voice of Webster" and "Hands Across Sea." The former is not only a noble tribute to the great American (an estimate too frankly eulogistic to win common assent), but displays a keen sense of the dangers facing our latter-day democracy, and its love for country rings true; while the other, in its invocation to the brother English to realize that we of the United States are one with them in blood and deed, again has an inspiring accent. Altogether, this book is an earnest of a writer who has no little art and manly vigor and whose themes only occasionally lead him into the perfunctory and the commonplace. Mr. Johnson's technique is sound, and he seems always willing to give his work the labor of the file and to produce slowly.

It is an abrupt change to the orphic rhapsodies and inchoate meters of Yone Noguchi, Japanese chanter of the Yosemite. Professor Warren's preface to *The Voice of the Valley* is also rhapsodic, and he believes that a theme like the Yosemite demands a Whitmanesque movement. This may be true. Noguchi's is, in form, just the kind of verse—sired of Whitman and represented by Emily Dickinson, Crane, William Sharp, Henley, and Carman at times—of which cheap fun can easily be made. We do not object to dithyrambs, if they are really inspired. This verse has picturesqueness and a naïve, fresh word use, due in part to the writer's origin. Now and then it is happy; the atmospheric effect is invigorating. But it is, on the other hand, nebulous as a whole; there is little or no thought-progression and no variety. It is interesting



as a phenomenon rather than satisfactory. Noguchi has the making of a poet possibly; he has not as yet "attained."

Prominence is given in *The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems*, by Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter), to ballad measures and the Celtic impulse and atmosphere. Indeed, this interesting verse-writer has from the first made strong use of the legendary motives of Ireland, and she has a gift for the ballad story. Yet we are not sure that we do not like best in her volume, lyrics like "Sanctuary," "An Eastern God," "A Vagrant Heart," and "The Old Maid," which have insight, sympathy, and pathos, together with a surer technique than is sometimes found in the ballads. Mrs. Shorter's hand, in fact, is not sure in her art, but she possesses poetic imagination and both strength and earnestness are hers.

Those who recall "A.E.'s" "Homeward Songs by the Way" will welcome his later *The Earth-Breath and Other Poems*, for this English poet's work has a delicacy and beauty that are unmistakable. Nature worship and a mystic spirituality characterize Mr. Russell's verse; his lyrics come like faint sweet odors, full of suggestion. The responsive soul and the quiet mind are needed to appreciate such poetry, which to us seems both rare and fine, though it will never please the crowd. Such a longer piece as "The Fountain of Shadowy Beauty" (the finest thing in the book), or brief estrays like "The Mountaineer," "Immortality," "Exiles," and the very touching "Epilogue," have a loveliness in which the vagueness hardly detracts from the charm.

Evaleen Stein, in her *One Way to the Woods*, read after Mr. Russell, seems comparatively mundane. But the change is not unpleasant, for this new singer knows Nature, loves it, and her verse catches many of its picturesque and happy moments. A good example of her felici-

tous description is the "Evening Down the Long Drift." In the more subjective lyrics too, dealing with humanity, she is at times successful, as in "Conscience." While never quite compelling, nor gifted with the magic of phrase and imagination of conception which thrills the reader, Miss Stein has written a first book of verse decidedly pleasing and promising.

Those who keep in touch with modern poetry are aware that José-Maria de Heredia is one of the modern masters of the sonnet form; that his work, slight in extent, has a perfection and richness of workmanship which have brought him the coveted French Academy admission. A good English translation of his *Sonnets* is therefore a welcome thing, though any translation must at the best be an aggravation to those who know the original. Mr. Edward R. Taylor's attempt is interesting and at times pleasing, if not thoroughly successful. He has a certain gift for orotund speech and some ear for the metrical music of this most exacting of verse forms; as a result, he occasionally gives a really impressive rendering of the French. This is true of the opening "Oblivion," for example. Often, however, Mr. Taylor's hand is unsure; the meter jars and the diction lacks fitness, and at times is forced and obscure. This is, of course, particularly unhappy in view of Heredia's technical perfection. As a whole, the translation is tentative and only acceptable as a pioneer effort. It should be added that the book Englishes Heredia's "Les Trophées": over a hundred sonorous and vivid sonnets seizing for subject on representative scenes in the historical development of man from the classical time to the present day, or using scenes of nature that lend themselves to chromatic imaginative treatment.

With Lloyd Mifflin's remarkable first volume of sonnets in mind, the reader will feel something of disappointment in

the author's *Slopes of Helicon and Other Poems*. It almost seems as if sonnet writing were a gift by itself, not a certificate for general felicity and power in English poetry. The odes and lyrics making up this second collection are artistic and graceful; often they have an earnest ideality that is welcome. But rarely if ever do they strike one as original or inspired. Such verse is mainly the result of book-culture. Indeed, in the longer pieces one walks in a Hall of Echoes, at times. The sonnets—of which there is a group—are admirable, notably the opening, "From the Battlements," which has the thrill and lift that denote real poetry. Some of the love songs, too—"Take Back Your Words," and the lighter "In Pall Mall," and "The Luncheon al Fresco"—are very happy. Mr. Mifflin seems to us more derivative when he sings in the minor key (as in the division called "Beneath the Raven's Wing"); here his debt to Swinburne, Poe, Landor, and other masters becomes obvious. Such a blot on good taste as the use of the word *galore* in the sombre poem, "The Land of Nevermore," luckily is unique. Of the more ambitious things, perhaps the "Ode to the Memory of Keats" takes precedence for art and heart. The poems as a whole can be enjoyed, while they by no means hail the writer as an independent voice, or a new force in verse.

A first volume of verse, of more than average merit, is M. A. De Wolf Howe's *Shadows*. The writer's art is quiet but adequate; technically, there is little to criticise in his well-turned verses. Mr. Howe is serious-minded, too, his aim is earnest, and he does not ask us to feast on syllabub or syllables. We like his touch in dealing with Nature: some of the best lyrics of the collection come under this head. Witness "The Field Day" or "Golden Rod." "The Orchestra," again, is a charming poem—as good as

anything in the book. In another vein, "By the Shore" appeals to us, though, in general, Mr. Howe does not quite hit it off in his attempts at contemplative verse. His crisp neatness of manner enables him to write very clever quatrains, of which there are a number.

We should like space also to quote so good a poem as "The Horizon at Sea," which has a larger suggestion than is customary with the writer. On the whole, Mr. Howe has produced a promising first book and one made up of decidedly agreeable verse. He has technique and worthy purpose: the higher imaginative flight may yet come.

Richard Burton.

#### MEN AND LETTERS

COLONEL HIGGINSON is almost the sole survivor of the Old Guard of American literature—the New England group of writers, thinkers, and orators which, in ante-bellum days, stood for our intellectual aristocracy. The quiet ease of his style lends itself happily to mellow reminiscence, which is the note struck in his felicitously named *Cheerful Yesterdays*—though "Stirring Yesterdays" might have been more appropriate, if one might amend Wordsworth. The Colonel talks frankly about himself: but about himself in relation to historic things and important happenings. One gets from his pages a pleasant picture of old-time Cambridge and Harvard, when there was plenty of country-house visiting, and electives were not—the author, by the way, having a firm faith in the latter system. The conditions that produced not only Higginson, but Hawthorne and

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CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS. By THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, \$2.00.

EMERSON AND OTHER ESSAYS. By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

Alcott, Emerson, Phillips, and Curtis, Lowell, Dr. Holmes, and Longfellow, are reviewed in these memories; nor was the Colonel's part inconspicuous in that life. Few men have lived so fully and to such purpose; the very variety of his activities has resulted in giving him less prominence in a particular field. In addition to a literary labor which has included history, biography, poetry, the essay, and fiction, Colonel Higginson has a noble record as orator, reformer, politician, and soldier. In this story of his life one sees him leading stormy anti-slavery meetings in Boston and risking personal attack in evading the Fugitive Slave Law; or rough-riding in Kansas during the Free Soil agitation, plotting dangerous expeditions with John Brown, or leading his famous black regiment—the First South Carolina. The Olympian calm in which the Colonel now lives leads one to forget that his earlier days knew such storm and stress; to read his book is to realize it. Many of the scenes are graphically described, though in a simple, straightforward way.

Chapters on literary London and Paris twenty years ago furnish agreeable and interesting *aperçus* of dominant personalities. In a final retrospect Colonel Higginson finds himself fairly well satisfied with the world and his share in it; life has been interesting to him; he has enjoyed it and been useful in several directions: and he has, in the course of a half century of observation, seen society grow better. He therefore is content, though he would like to live to see international arbitration, more civil service reform, wider woman's rights, public (not private) monopolies, absolute religious freedom, and a few other improvements and betterments.

It may be added that his chronicle is enlivened by illustrative anecdote and *bon mots*. We regret that he should have deemed it necessary (p. 297) to furnish a

gloss to a joke which we assure him any reader, whether Boston-bred or not, will grasp without aid. *Cheerful Yesterdays* is such welcome gossip that the Colonel's occasional tinge of amiable egotism is easily pardoned.

As the work of a young writer Mr. Chapman's *Emerson and Other Essays* is promising. The papers are never dull; they have suggestion (in a non-hypnotic sense) and they are often well-said. If they irritate at times, they never make one drowsy—the cardinal sin of literature. Mr. Chapman's principal faults are a complacent cocksureness and an overfondness for epigram—both recognizable signs of youth. He treats his own mind as if it had come of age, whereas it is still a minor, though an active and well-mannered child. Later he will be willing to sacrifice smartness on the altar of truth; at present he trips now and again over his own cleverness. Of the seven essays, the first and longest, that on Emerson, is, on the whole, the best; it shows real perception of the Concord sage's greatness, and, too, of his defects. It is too much to call the paper a revaluation of Emerson, but it is a fresh treatment, and does present him much as he appears to the younger generation. The manner is brilliant, but the occasional touch of patronage in dealing with that lofty soul is hard to hear. Some of the epigrams are striking, to wit (p. 106): "If a soul be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson."

The thesis of the essay on Browning is sound enough: especially good are the points on the artistic defects of the poet. It is the essayist's way of putting home-truths that will enrage the Browning Societies. The same wholesome dose has been less flippantly administered by Professor Woodberry. Prejudice is more apparent in the Whitman paper, though here again it is the manner of saying it

rather than the thing said which is likely to offend. Mr. Chapman goes altogether too far in calling the Camden bard a quack and in declaring he was "neither chaste nor industrious nor religious." This is subjective criticism with a vengeance. In fact, Mr. Chapman's method is nothing if not subjective. The slighter papers on "Michael Angelo's Sonnets" and "The Fourth Canto of the Inferno" call for notice because they serve to introduce some remarkably good translations by the essayist. Mr. Chapman certainly has a rare touch in this difficult feat. Of the final deliverance upon Robert Louis Steven-

son it is enough to say that it is a very readable unfolding of an opinion wofully astray. Mr. Chapman falls into the not uncommon mistake of thinking that because Stevenson was at pains to perfect his technique, therefore he had no original inspiration—a beautiful *non sequitur*. To say that the author of "Weir of Hermiston" "never grew up" savors both of absurdity and insolence—from which remark it may be observed that Mr. Chapman's piquant power of arousing opposition has not failed in the case of the present reviewer.

R. B.

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#### RECENT COMMENTS ON MEN, WOMEN, AND MANNERS

IT is a hopeful sign that the keenest critics of the extravagancies and idiosyncrasies of what is known as the woman's movement are women; for the necessary surgery is thereby relieved of what might otherwise have seemed an exhibition of an antiquated assumption of superiority. Mrs. Moody brings to her task some very delightful gifts. She has a keen eye for the weak points in the various activities of organized and unorganized women, and she has engaging frankness in dealing with them. Her touch is light, her spirit cheerful to the point of gayety, and her sense of humor fresh and pervasive. The extreme seriousness with which some of the highly developed energies of contemporary women are invested neither oppresses nor overawes her. She makes her quick and effective sallies with serene indifference to the perils to which she exposes herself. Her obvious justification lies in the fact

that she does her work with extraordinary skill, and in the very act of pointing out the folly of some lines of feminine endeavor, shows how much clear vision a woman can combine with ease of mood and deftness of touch. The letting out of the pent-up energies of modern women could not fail to be accompanied with much confusion, noise, unrest, and extravagance. This is the period of feminine storm and stress; hence its self-assertion, its uncertainty of aim, its waste of energy, its lack of adjustment of time, strength, and intelligence to accessible ends. Women are too keen not to have discovered their own blunders, as this breezy book abundantly shows. Behind Mrs. Moody's cheerful thrusts there is thorough rationality; her criticism is common-sense, armed with keenness and tempered with good humor. Her lance is set, not against the substantial advance, but against the ill-supported and rash movements which begin in mistaken zeal and end in wasted effort. The subdivisions of her subject, "The Woman Collegian," "Women's Clubs," "Women

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THE UNQUIET SEX. By Helen Watterson Moody. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

WORLDLY WAYS AND BYWAYS. By Eliot Gregory. ("An Idler.") Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

and Reforms," "The Evolution of 'Woman,'" enable her to concentrate her wit and illustrate her points with precision. Her own agility betrays the influence of the very expansion which, in its excesses, she attacks; she sets the real movement in clearer light by skilfully pointing out its perversions. Her lightness of touch is in itself a satire on the extreme seriousness with which she closes in mortal antagonism; but it ought not to conceal the solid substratum of her own purpose and conviction. "The Case of Maria," for instance, is not only very easy reading, but it is also one of the wisest glances into the fathomless depths of the question of domestic service of which the world has yet had a report.

"An Idler" takes the reader in another field, and a field which offers the social essayist a greater variety of topics. Mrs. Moody, with all her gayety of mood, has serious things to say and a definite point to make. "An Idler" is often serious in temper, but the folly of the world passes before him, and one cannot hope to convict the world of sin in one small volume.

To write wisely and well about the follies of the world one must know the world familiarly. The satire which really cuts society is rarely written by the man who keeps outside the circle of the gay, the frivolous, or the privileged; it usually comes from the man who knows and loves his world and touches its weaknesses with a hand not quite devoid of tenderness. These brief essays are varied in their knowledge, sound in their taste, and wise in their conclusions. They are well balanced, free from fanaticism, without malice, and thoroughly good in manner. They have the quality of good talk; the talk of a man who knows the drawing-rooms, the clubs, the places of resort, and who has not only observed, but thought. The comparison of modern manners and habits with old-time ways, which are inevitable in such a book, is judicious and judicial. There is not only profit in these comments on the fashion of the hour and the social aspects of the country; there is also pleasure; for the book is full of variety and interest.

*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

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### "AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS"

IT seems eminently fitting that a man who belongs to the craft of writers, as well as to the craft of publishers, should take upon himself the proper office of proving that these are twin crafts, not rivals; that they owe to each other their joint existence; that they must stand or fall together. As a publisher first, and as a writer next, Mr. George Haven Putnam speaks, as is natural, from the manufacturer's point of view; wondering, as

an author, why the men of that guild are so prone to assume that they receive but little sympathy, and not always their just dues, from the men of the guild of publishers, of which, by the claims of descent and by his own well-applied and well-considered efforts, he may be held to be the local Dean.

The author of "The Pleasures of Memory" toasted, once, the memory of Bonaparte, because that warrior shot, in cold blood, poor John Palm, of Nuremberg, for printing and distributing a pamphlet which Palm himself had never read; and from the days of Milton, through Johnson

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AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS: A MANUAL OF SUGGESTIONS FOR BEGINNERS IN LITERATURE. By G. H. P. and J. B. P. Seventh edition; rewritten, with new material. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, half leather, \$1.50.

and Scott, down to Sir Walter Besant, the self-considered clan of "oppressed literary workers" have, as a rule, complained that in their business relations with the makers and the sellers of books, they have found, generally, either gross neglect or cruel injustice.

Perhaps Mr. Putnam's strongest argument against this traditional theory is from the pen of an author, not of a publisher; for he quotes George William Curtis, a good man and a just, as asking in "The Easy Chair" the incredulous writer of poems, or of essays, or of tales, or of sketches of travels, or of any articles, "to reflect that one-half of the books published each year in the United States fail to return their cost, and that one-half of the remainder bring no profit; leaving the cost of supporting the publishing machinery of the country to be borne by the publisher's share of the profits of one-fourth of the books issued"; thereby showing that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ben Hur" paid for the entire output of the unsuccessful, and of the semi-successful, and, perhaps, of the equally meritorious, volumes which appeared simultaneously with them.

*Authors and Publishers* originally appeared in 1883, a decade and a half ago; and the fact that it has now entered its seventh edition, and has never lost its selling powers—to the mutual profit of publishers and authors—is proof enough of its value. It is divided into two parts. The second, and shorter part, bearing the initials "J. B. P." by Mr. J. Bishop Putnam, relates to the making of books—to the preparation of the manuscript, to corrections of the proof, and to the many things which the novice wants to know. The first part, signed "G. H. P." by Mr. George Haven Putnam, is written for the edification of authors of all grades and of all experiences. It not only sets the publishers right in the eyes of the world of

letters, but it gives the authors no little information and advice, absolutely unprejudiced, which in their business they need.

It bears all the impress of that careful and compact literary style which distinguishes Mr. Putnam's later works, "Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages," "The Question of Copyright," and "Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times." And to the consideration of all the authors of modern times, and of all the makers of books to-day, it is here cordially recommended.

*Laurence Hutton.*

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#### RECOLLECTIONS LONG DRAWN OUT

INTO her *Eighty Years and More* Elizabeth Cady Stanton crowds a great variety of "snap-shots" at the passing panoramic show her memory unrolls for her. But her selection and arrangement lack perspective and proportion. As the law student said of Blackstone, "there is not much plot" in her book. The style is commonplace, and the celebrities of whom she constantly chats—not to say chatters—are, with notable exceptions, reform eccentrics, interesting rather as types than as people one cares to know about for themselves. Yet the story of so wide-awake a life, spanning so long a period, cannot fail of interest for those who care for the making over of our social ideas. She tells anything and everything, from the awful damnation effects of Revivalist Finney's preaching on the correct young ladies of the justly celebrated Miss Willard's seminary at Troy, to the domestic resources of Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison when her hus-

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*EIGHTY YEARS AND MORE (1815-1897).* By Elizabeth Cady Stanton. European Publishing Company, 8vo, \$2.50.

band unexpectedly brought home to dinner a company of abolitionist friends he had picked up at a convention, or to the proper way of stopping a baby's crying. But she is at her best—as those of us will be, too, some day, who are spared to an equally advanced age—in the vividness of her descriptions of her girlhood's life and environment in a village of interior New York. There is a touch of genuine pathos in her attempt to make good to her father the loss of an only son, and more especially in her repeated failures when the only appreciative comment she could draw from him by some almost masculine success in school rivalries was

the reproachful regret: "Ah, you should have been a boy." Mrs. Stanton, too, does not lack a sense of humor even when the sacred cause of woman is touched. At a rally at a Quaker meeting-house at Farmington, N. Y., her invitation for questions and discussion at the close of her address was followed by a long period of silence. "At length a middle-aged man, with a broad-brimmed hat, arose and responded in a sing-song tone: 'All I have to say is, if a hen can crow, let her crow.'" Mrs. Stanton adds: "The meeting adjourned with mingled feelings of surprise and merriment."

A. R. K.

## TWO MUSIC HAND-BOOKS

THERE is no royal road to learning the art of music, or the science of acoustics. The results of research extending over centuries, and occupying hundreds of specialists, may be compressed into a hand-book, but the hand-book will be of doubtful value. It cannot interest the well-informed, it cannot instruct the student, and, except in rare instances, it cannot serve as a reference book. All these deficiencies are due, of course, to the very compression that makes the hand-book what it is. To acquire a real understanding of a subject that requires demonstration, the student must either conduct or observe the demonstration, and he must acquaint himself with elementary principles, and work out for himself steps that are necessarily omitted in a hand-book.

In a preface to *Music: How It Came to*

*Be What It Is*, the author tells us that the book "is founded upon various courses of lectures. . . . To put them into this form it has been necessary to make many changes." She then indicates the nature of the changes, confessing that "where the treatment of a difficult subject could in a lecture be aided by an adjustable chart, it has been necessary to forego such aid and trust to verbal explanation alone." A careful reading of the book leads to the conviction that the original lectures must have been highly instructive, and the temptation to condense their subject matter to book form was likely enough stimulated by well-meaning friends who had profited from the lectures, and who did not realize that what had been so clear to them when demonstrated to the eye and ear, could not possibly appeal with equal force when reduced to bald statements of fact. I hasten to say that the criticism suggested does not apply to the entire book, in which there is much to commend. It is the first part of the book that suffers from over-condensation.

**MUSIC: HOW IT CAME TO BE WHAT IT IS.** By Hannah Smith. With many illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25 net.

**WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC? Suggestions to Persons Desiring to Cultivate a Taste in Musical Art.** By W. J. Henderson. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.00 net.

The pages devoted to "Musical Acoustics," "Ancient Music," "Mediæval Music," and "The Evolution of the Modern Scale," are perfectly comprehensible to one who is already familiar with the subjects; but to the beginner they seem calculated to bring more darkness than light. Having read, for example: "The octave of any tone has two undulations to one—that is, every other wave of the higher tone fits into one of the lower," will he not grope blindly for that aid that the lecturer can give him by way of demonstration, and that the author cannot? I think so. Of course matters of this kind may be taught in books, but not successfully in books so limited in size as the one under discussion. It would serve its best purpose with respect to the subjects named, I think, by use as a text book in the hands of one who was attending a course of thorough-going lectures. Then its brief statements would help to fix in the memory the various points developed by the progressive steps of the lecturer.

There are features in the book, to an understanding of which ocular and aural demonstrations are not necessary, that commend themselves to a highly favorable verdict. These are the chapters on "Opera," "Oratorio," "Precursors of the Pianoforte," and "Pianoforte Playing." They comprise more than half the subject matter, and they cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. While a ponderous volume might be written on each topic, the brief discussions here are well suited to those who have neither time nor taste for exhaustive reading; and for the elect who cannot be content without comprehensive study, the author has touched upon the subjects so truthfully and so attractively as to incite that independent and deeper research that alone can result in real knowledge. One more thing should be said of the book—no one will

glean the least trace of misinformation from reading it.

Mr. Henderson's book has this modest but very significant sub-title: "Suggestions to Persons Desiring to Cultivate a Taste in Musical Art." The purpose thus indicated is admirably served, if one who lays claim to cultivated taste in music may be permitted to judge. Mr. Henderson does not say so directly, but he makes it perfectly clear that good taste is not to be attained by the mere reading of his chapters. Taste, with most of us, is a growth. In the beginning, if we are honest with ourselves, we confess to positive enjoyment in the sturdy efforts of the village brass band and in the "Battle of Prague." At that period we would experience pleasure at the beginning of a Beethoven overture, and fatigue before the end of it. A Bach fugue would appeal to our astonished ears as a monstrous impossibility not to be credited if it were not for the hearing of it. Yet it is possible for taste to have its timid birth even in the stormy atmosphere of Bach if the listener is sufficiently persistent in his listening. It may be of little consequence that I speak from experience, but the progression from the village band to the classic symphony was made in my case through the Bach fugue, and as I recall how slow was the march, how beset with darkness and confusion, I regret that I had no such book as Mr. Henderson's for *vade mecum*. Carefully read, and used persistently as a guide, it cannot fail to aid any one who takes music seriously enough to observe its essence. Therefore it should be welcomed as a valuable contribution to musical literature. But it is more than that. The book is so full of philosophic thought that the limits of its serviceability are far from the beginner. The author's calm and lucid discussions of "The Content of Music" are stimulative to further thought



on the part of those who have delved most deeply in the mystic soil of this infinitely mysterious art. It seems the manifest aim of the author to avoid provoking controversy when he treats of the nature of music, and he has taken so sound a position, and advanced his argument so logically, that the impulse of his utterance is to a still further development of his philosophy rather than an attempt to refute it. The influence of the book, whether a part of its conscious purpose or not, is toward that point of view whence all music is regarded as abstract beauty, as far dissociated as possible from things material and from emotions that can be expressed through any other than the exact channels of this art. The book is a good sermon to the congregation of music lovers, for it makes them conscious that the art is even nobler than it has seemed, and more worthy of their grateful worship.

*Frederick R. Burton.*

#### MR. WHIGHAM ON GOLF

TEN years or more ago appeared the first edition of Sir Walter Simpson's delightful classic, "The Art of Golf." Since then the golfing world has been favored with some half a dozen other weighty manuals upon the subject, written by eminent authorities, both amateur and professional, and now Mr. H. J. Whigham, of the Onwentsia Club, of Chicago, and twice amateur champion of the United States, sums up the united wisdom of the decade in *How to Play Golf*, a hand-book that is intended especially for American players, and more especially for the American duffer.

Now, if there is any prime, great secret in the art of driving a golf-ball, there are

any number of despairing golfers who would give the very red coat off their backs to know it, but, alas! Mr. Whigham's summing up and Sir Walter's foreword differ by hardly so much as a syllable. Practically, the discussion was opened and closed ten years ago by the genial ex-captain of the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers.

In proof of this assertion it is only necessary to compare what Sir Walter Simpson and Mr. Whigham have to say about the one essential of swing, for all the authorities are agreed that minor differences in stance, grip, and general style are not to be taken into the account. Both Sir Walter and the American amateur champion steadfastly withstand the precepts of *Badminton* and the counsel of the ordinary professional adviser, and warn the adult beginner against the fatal consequences of the full swing. It is the one great stumbling-block in the path to success, and cannot be acquired by the man (or woman) whose muscles have become set, except through the slow process of gradual development from the half-shot. This is the nub of the whole matter, and it was clearly and convincingly demonstrated in "The Art of Golf." The principle was ignored by *Badminton* and the later writers upon the theory of the game, and it has been left to Mr. Whigham to revive it and to make its application so plain that even he who golfs may read. By a series of chronomatographic pictures Mr. Whigham analyzes the swing used and made effective by Messrs. Fenn, Tyng, and Harriman, a trio of American players who fairly represent the degree of golfing skill that may be acquired by the man who takes up the game comparatively late in life. In every case the swing is properly of the half-shot variety, as may be easily seen by comparing it with the chronomatographic reproductions of Mr. Whigham's own style in driving. Un-

fortunately the pictures are blurred and indistinct, either through a defect in the recording mechanism or by the process of reproduction, but they are quite clear enough to show the essential features of the style. It is interesting to note that in every case the club has disappeared entirely from view just before reaching the ball, showing that the speed is greatest at the moment of impact. Mr. Whigham has included Mr. W. R. Betts among his American players, but the latter's swing is both freer and longer than that of the others, and closely approximates the true Scotch style. It is the exception that proves the rule, for Mr. Betts is a much younger man than either Tyng or Fenn, and his swing has been acquired by the natural process of youthful imitation.

Mr. Whigham also believes in the half-swing for iron play in approaching, and he again corroborates Sir Walter Simpson in warning the novice against the misleading term of "wrist shots." "Above all things, they ought not to be played with the wrists," says the author of "The Art of Golf," and Mr. Whigham entirely agrees with the dictum. A quarter or a half shot is not a modification or a segment of a full swing; on the contrary, the player should begin at the other end, with a very short approach, and then go on gradually to extend the capacity of his half-shot.

As a practical manual, Mr. Whigham's book is sound, and if golf can ever be learned through theory, a careful perusal of its precepts may be expected to bring about satisfactory results. But its principal value is in a negative sense; the beginner is told what he must not do if he ever hopes to play golf and not some other game, which may be amusing, but which is certainly not the royal and ancient sport.

The miscellaneous chapters make interesting reading, and particularly so the

ones on the development of the game in America and the comparison between our players and the crack amateurs of Great Britain.

The rules of the game, as annotated by the U. S. G. A., are given in the appendix.

*W. T. van Tassel Sulphen.*

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### THE BURDENS OF RESTLESS LIVES

THERE is strength of a remarkable kind in the fore-castle yarn of Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose *Children of the Sea* are the crew of the ship "Narcissus," homeward bound, from Bombay to London. The tale is told from the sailor's point of view, and the writer, disdaining the usual devices of a story-teller, weaves no extraordinary adventures into the slight fabric of his plot. Except for a terrific gale, so vividly presented as to make the reader thankful for having escaped it, the long voyage is comparatively uneventful. It is not enlivened by the presence of any "lady passenger" to furnish a conventional love-interest, and the master-villain to whom sea-tales have long accustomed us is here conspicuously absent. The captain and mate are alike human, as well as humane. In discarding all time-honored material, and in confining himself to the delineation of character and its development under circumstances of physical discomfort closely allied to privation, the author shows the courage of great skill, which is justified by the result. For his characters are not lay-figures; they breathe, on the contrary; and he reveals so much intelligent sympathy with the heavy burden of their narrow, limited lives, that no further

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THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA. By Joseph Conrad. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

TALES OF UNREST. By Joseph Conrad. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

warrant is needed for the source of his knowledge, which must have been acquired at first-hand. In laying aside the book, one feels this to be a chronicle of bitter experience rather than a story. The method employed, in the main, is the modern realistic one, not entirely free from the vice of over-elaboration, sometimes long drawn out. The squalor of the fore-castle seems insisted upon unnecessarily, and too much space is taken up with the miserable Donkin, a first-cousin to Mr. Stevenson's Huish in the "Ebb-Tide." Yet the style is original, strong, and impressively direct. The book would hardly tempt a schoolboy to ship before the mast, but the atmosphere of the "rough, rude sea" clings to all its pages, which have occasional descriptive passages, always too short, of uncommon beauty. The closing scene at the Tower Dock, in which the seamen are paid off, is a masterpiece. Its final paragraph gives a good example of the writer's force, and also indicates the scope of his successful experiment in a new order of fiction.

"A gone shipmate, like any other man, is gone forever; and I never saw one of them again. But at times the spring-flood of memory sets with force up the dark River of the Nine Bends. Then on the waters of the forlorn stream drifts a ship—a shadowy ship manned by a crew of Shades. They pass and make a sign in a shadowy hail. Haven't we, together and upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives? Goodbye, brothers! You were a good crowd. As good a crowd as ever flsted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale."

Though the *Tales of Unrest* vibrate with that note of sadness sounded in the title, they do not therefore restrict the author's imagination, which flies from the East Indian archipelago to London and back again, touching at Brittany and Lower Guinea on the way. This is an un-

usually wide range to cover in one small volume, and the mere record of it indicates Mr. Conrad's varied study of humanity and his preference for themes as far removed from commonplaces as one may hope to find upon our planet. Two of the five stories, though masterly in execution, prove, as to subject, grim beyond endurance. But there is haunting pathos in the inarticulate sorrow of his savages. Karain and Arsat of the Malaysian tales are impressive, tragic figures, retained by the mind involuntarily as convincing evidence of their creator's power. And the setting of these island stories gives opportunity for description of which he has availed himself abundantly, though never excessively. His dim, mysterious lagoons and impenetrable forests; his landlocked harbors, with their dawns and sunsets and starlit silences, have a strong fascination that is the stronger for his restraint. With a single word he seems to conjure up wondrous effects of landscape, bringing them home to us, and making them, in all their strangeness, as real as any that we know.

The tale of London—the longest in the book—deals with a new dramatic situation, which in the hands of a Frenchman would, inevitably, have formed the pivot of a one-act play. But Mr. Conrad has chosen to treat the theme introspectively rather than dramatically, dwelling upon all its possibilities somewhat as Hawthorne did long ago in "Wakefield." Here, however, the treatment is prolonged, and its first effect is strange in the extreme. The fine, original motive awakens absorbing interest, inclining one to grow impatient over the microscopic details that encumber it, and to press on hastily in eagerness to learn the end. When this has been ascertained, a second reading becomes almost a necessity for calm consideration of these same details and their drift. The dialogue, with its

incidental false notes, then sinks into secondary importance. It is the weakest part of the story, which may be described as a pitiless study of two human hearts at variance, struggling desperately for a mutual ground of comprehension. The melancholy words of the great Hindoo lawgiver might well serve as its motto:

"Single is each man born into the world, single

he dies, single he receives the reward of his good and single the punishment of his evil deeds."

Despite its flaws, this short story of "The Return" makes a distinct and lasting impression, one as remote from that of the author's sea-novel as *London* is from *Bombay*, yet demonstrating again his power to distinguish himself in an untried field. T. R. Sullivan.

## NEW FICTION

IN taking up Mr. Crane's new volume of short stories, one should be in pink condition to enjoy the purring of bullets and hurtling of shells—when they do not blip into the sea, and to listen to the whir of a shark's fin and the chug-chug-chug of the filibusters' engines. The sky will be an arch of stolid sapphire, the white-lipped sea will change from slate to emerald streaked with amber lights and besprent with brown mats of seaweed, while the chief engineer watches with care his red-painted mysteries. Besides the Cuban and the Greek, there will be a fat, green Mexican, and a drunken gambler chanting Apache scalp-music, and amid the mesquit and the cactus we will glimpse

crimson serapes, whose wearers breathe treachery and cowardice. Yes, like all Mr. Crane's writings, *The Open Boat, and Other Tales of Adventure* is nothing if not high-keyed and chromatic. So, too, are Marie Corelli and Emma Brooke, the difference being that the latter soar and flutter skyward, with not so much as a kite-string to connect them with earth. The person who can take them seriously is herself either very young or very melodramatic, I should say—or perhaps even should not. But Mr. Crane has his feet on the ground. He psychologizes no less than pictures, as in the sentence, "Richardson was too frightened himself to do anything but hate this man for his fear." The little ironies of life which he depicts so stoically and relentlessly are a sort of inverted reality, if not the real thing, to almost every one who has "lived!" He is master of his sensations, and a symbolist in communicating them. He gives a tragic event its true setting in a world of apathy. Nature is nonchalant, and dancers dance, while filibusters drown, and only a little girl on the hotel piazza hears the voice of wind and breakers, as also it is a little girl who asks the fugitive Greek, "Are you a man?" Thus Mr. Crane's drama is a drama of character.

It would be very easy to call him to account for slovenliness of composition, for excess of luridness, for being attracted to themes inherently coarse, and to enumerate the slang which narrator and cowboys use. But for every wrong word I find a right word or phrase, for every far-fetched simile one that rivets itself in

THE OPEN BOAT, AND OTHER TALES OF ADVENTURE. By Stephen Crane. Doubleday & McClure Co., 16mo, \$1.00.

YANKEE SHIPS AND YANKEE SAILORS. By James Barnes. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

ACROSS THE SALT SEAS. By John Bloundelle-Burton. H. S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE SACK OF MONTE CARLO. By Walter Frith. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.25.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. By H. G. Wells. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE DISASTER. By Paul and Victor Margueritte. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

A DESERT DRAMA. By A. Conan Doyle. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

BLADYS OF THE STEWPONEY. By S. Baring-Gould. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

THE ROMANCE OF ZION CHAPEL. By Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane, 12mo, \$1.50.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE. By H. D. Fuller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.

THE MAN WHO OUTLIVED HIMSELF. By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 16mo, 75 cents.

MIDDLEWAY. By Kate Whiting Patch. Copeland & Day, 16mo, \$1.25.

THE SPIRIT OF SWEETWATER. By Hamlin Garland. Doubleday & McClure Co., 32mo, 50 cents.

AN AMERICAN MOTHER. By Mary Lanman Underwood. Van Vechten & Ellis, Wausau, Wis., 12mo, \$1.50.

MADEMOISELLE DE BERNY. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER CRESCENT. By Helen Choate Prince. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.

mind, and granting the author's right to choose his own themes, few there are who can handle such as Mr. Crane has chosen, especially in the Mexican sketches, with equally good taste. "The Open Boat," relating "the experience of four men from the sunk steamer 'Commodore,'" should rank very high among short stories. It suggests that every one of Mr. Crane's stories might have been as well told had he, like Maupassant, gone to school for a decade to some Flaubert before publishing.

There are two ways of getting the public ear—that of doing what others have done with an added freshness of touch and observation, as has Mr. Davis, and that of doing something different. Mr. Crane's choice of the latter way is apparently an easy one. If he could profit by example, as well as follow his original bent, his development would be commensurate only with his outlook upon life. But, unhappily, the man who is determined to be himself, in America at least, is the last man to learn from others. So it is that one finds Mr. Crane persisting in puerilities and vaguenesses, and even grammatical errors, which detract from the literary value of much of his work. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

Among the yarns which should jump with our present bellicose humor is Mr. James Barnes's *Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors: Tales of 1812*. The author has applied what he calls the "feather duster of investigation" to the traditions concerning the "Constitution," the "Wasp," and the ill-starred "Chesapeake," and with many graphic details and little or no dependence on his imagination has depicted the brave Jackies and rattling sea-fights of the most picturesque period of our naval history. The tales, numbering fourteen, can hardly be judged as short stories either in plot or characterization, they are so obviously historical sketches. "Facts are not lacking to prove much here to be true." One would like to know how much, and is a little sorry that Mr. Barnes, who seems to derive his chief inspiration from authenticated facts, does not undertake to write a thoroughgoing history. His present vigorous, sledgehammer style is in singular contrast with the reposeful atmosphere in which were set the more startling events

of "A Loyal Traitor," published by the same writer about a year ago. The change is the natural result of having to make an air-tight compartment out of each of a series of disconnected chapters surcharged with action. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Barnes can retell history well. He performs a valuable service to education, which is reinforced by the vivid illustrations of Messrs. Zogbaum and Chapman. (The Macmillan Co.)

The spokesman and hero of Mr. J. Bloundelle-Burton's *Across the Salt Seas* is a lieutenant in the Netherlands commissioned by the Earl of Marlborough at the beginning of last century to convey a secret message to the English fleet, that it may intercept Spanish galleons loaded with treasure. On the same coaster to Cadiz is a "white-haired reverend-looking gentleman" who purposes to forewarn the filibusters, but finds soon that there are three avengers on his track—the young girl, masquerading as a soldier, whose fortune he has misappropriated; her lover; and her father, the notorious Gramont, just returned from the West Indies in the disguise of a monk's cowl and gown. The identity of the liquid-eyed Juana once established, the Alcáide Morales, who has immured both father and lover in a dungeon, endeavors to traffic in the girl's honor as against her father's freedom, and by mistake releases the lover, who promptly saves the story from an unhappy ending. The pivotal turns are not sufficiently the outgrowth of plot and character, and one quickly loses sight of the historical background. But that, I suppose, is a substantial tribute to the author's agility and ingenuity, for in these neo-historical romances one need not expect to have more than a bowing acquaintance with people and should give full tether to the unexpected, so long as there are plenty of musketoons and blackamoors, and a liberal sprinkling of French and Spanish persiflage, and the story is animated with a variety and abundance of action and sentiment. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's has all these qualities, and is readable to the finish. It is an attractive book, to the covers if not the contents of which one's eyes will be likely to return. The author is a natural story-teller. He writes almost too easily. Mr. Weyman's chastened beginnings in this field are an

example which few seem inclined to follow. (H. S. Stone & Co.)

A much severer strain on credulity is exerted by Mr. Walter Frith in *The Sack of Monte Carlo*, because he lacks the dry humor and constructive power necessary to give plausibility, amid such surroundings, to a prank worthy of a Jonathan Wild or a Chicago hold-up "artist." The culminating scene, where before unloaded revolvers a dozen tables are cleared in as many minutes and there is a rushing to and fro, as of rats in a pit, while *les anarchistes* take to their boats, is well managed. But before this the characters are weak, conscious, apologetic beings—to whom one must deny a capacity for such a climax of assertion. There is flippant puling about the morality of the proceeding and whether the "swag" shall not be devoted to a charity, when the reader knows that the ancestral home of Lucy, the narrator's unnecessarily second *fiancée*, is going under the hammer unless £30,000 is immediately forthcoming. And why satirize the "American gentleman" who "supplied most of the brains" by making him chew cigars and talk about "pants"? Other than "sympathetic" readers are cautioned against taking up this volume. If such is the author's desire, no effort should be spared to elicit sympathy by consistent portraiture and the cultivation of an easier style. (Harpers.)

Mr. H. G. Wells wears his skeleton of scientific knowledge so palpably on the outside that the most erratic flights of his imagination are received with a docile hushfulness accorded to few of the inventive. In *The War of the Worlds*, with clean-cut, stirring language, he discusses the exquisite possibilities of a bombardment of London by the planet Mars. The outrage upon experience which, with the gravity of a Swift, he calls upon us to accept is so tremendous and far-reaching as to counteract the effect of humorous details and leave a sense of horror and baffled intelligence. Over a track of forty million miles, in obedience to predictions at Lick Observatory, are shot missiles, or cylinders, which on arrival unscrew from the inside and liberate living Martians, "bipeds with flimsy, silicious skeletons and feeble musculature," who generate a devastating Heat-Ray accompanied by

puffs of green smoke, and from their gun-like tubes shower canisters of black gas. The *Telegraph* and the *Times* give fair warning, and a curate expostulates "Why are these things permitted?" but in vain. From the hail of projectiles there is safety only in the underground railway and the Thames, though the latter is scalding hot if one of the toadish, bedevil-fished "bipeds" dips into it so much as a foot. Just when, as a superfluous artilleryman said, it threatens to be "up" with humanity—no more "blessed concerts," picture exhibits, or anything—and the strangers with the V-shaped mouths and oily brown skins, deprived of their accustomed excess of oxygen, are becoming inured to the increased weight of their bodies, they disappear, and are found piled, with their war machines, in a great circular pit, where they have perished from the "putrefactive and disease bacteria against which their systems were unprepared." No mere résumé can suggest the well-sustained boldness of Mr. Wells's conception. Du Maurier's *Martia*, although unseen, had the familiar manner of a western next-door neighbor. Mr. Wells's Martians command respect but defy comprehension, although we know all about their interior anatomy. At the taxing point they cease to be amusing. While in "The Invisible Man" he approached Mr. Stockton, here he veers away toward Jules Verne. (Harpers.)

*The Disaster*, translated by Mr. Frederic Lees from the French of Paul and Victor Margueritte, whose father, General Margueritte, was killed at Sedan, narrates from the officer's point of view the struggle of the Army of the Rhine, previous to the capitulation of Metz, somewhat as "La Débâcle" depicts the Sedan catastrophe from the soldier's point of view. Although a documentary novel, perhaps written with a purpose of revealing the weakness of Marshal Bazaine and the exasperating ignorance to which all around him were subjected, it is instinct with the kind of imagination that gives color and picturesqueness to recreated scenes. "A corpse with white face laughing under the moon" is not agreeable to think of, but such vivid touches, coupled with an unrestrained play of sentiment, as in Du Breuil's remembrance of the auburn-haired girl in the glove-shop while Anine

was winning his love, go far to make fiction out of history. While the story is diffuse and somewhat lengthy, it has a unity of recurrent notes and piquant dialogue. The endurance, companionship, and heroism incidental to military life are pictured rather than preached, and with a visual refinement and sense of values which practised French writers since Gautier have rarely been without. The translation has a few departures from English idiom, but they are not sufficiently pronounced to mar its transparency—which nowadays is high praise. (D. Appleton & Co.)

To transplant a Boston "old maid," whose time has been divided between Commonwealth Avenue and the Tremont Presbyterian Church, to the midst of Nubia in a party composed of a Frenchman, an Irishman, and several Englishmen, and have them all captured by Dervishes, while discussing politics and religion, is manifestly a simple device for violent contrast and comical situation, especially when the American lady, conceiving herself to be on a missionary tour, has a niece who exclaims "They make me tired, those women" (with the yashmak veils), and then sews up rents in the picturesque clothes of their children and even undertakes to "do the chores" in Nile dugouts because the rooms are not as clean as New England. Judged by any worthy standard, Dr. Doyle's *A Desert Drama*, the successful execution of which might have severely taxed the combined efforts of MM. Loti and Bourget, is devoid of literary quality; but that is a trifle to the majority, who care not for literature but for action. Of this there is an overflowing fulness, with interlarded slabs of character-sketching and description, and the adventurers emerge from their misfortunes, and only one recorded love affair, feeling that they have never so understood their own natures, Miss Sadie repenting of a life of wickedness and the Harvard man's "keener emotions" serving as an antidote to the "Oxford manner" with which a comrade was "tainted." Although Dr. Doyle is here conventional and cocksure in several matters which deserve study, or to be left alone, and rarely uses the convincing adjective or rises above the level of feeble jokes in lieu of humor, he still

has access by a rough and ready path to the perennial springs of human interest. If his American women were better drawn they would be passable satire. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The Reverend S. Baring-Gould's Nan was a handsome girl, and when she spoke there was a dash and fire in her manner that plainly said, in contradistinction to Dr. Doyle's Sadie's religiosity, that the "wickedness of the world did not vastly grieve her, that the world would have been but a dull planet without some spice of wickedness in it, and that highwaymen were not to her objects of utter abhorrence." One may not prefer Nan to Miss Sadie and yet be pleased with *Bladys of the Stewponey*, Bladys being the eighteenth-century daughter of the lord of Stewponey Inn, Shropshire, who must marry the victor in a bowling and wrestling contest. As it fell out, the latter was not the man she loved, but a hangman named Onion. How she kept Onion at arm's length until the marriage could be annulled, meanwhile witnessing the burning of another woman at the stake for petty treason of a like nature, is told as pleasantly as is consonant with such a theme, which was in part derived, as the author acknowledges, from Herr Jokai's "Beautiful Michal." Despite the internal evidence of two stories incompletely rolled into one and a rather pretentious diction, dramatic skill is not wanting, and the tale moves on with fluent ease. Mr. Baring-Gould is one of the few novelists of his class who do not cultivate the telescoped sentence. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

The four stories of transatlantic travel which Mr. H. B. Fuller publishes in the volume *From the Other Side*, while by no means his strongest work, are excellently written and show, at least two of them, that the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" has not, as was recently intimated, been "swept by the tide of realism" irrevocably "from his morning course." The longest is a fine bit of analysis, with a painter denying that he has "an eye for character" or "throws light" on anything, and diners at an eight-course table d'hôte wondering with different degrees of self-repression if one another are "respectable." The mysterious Russian woman of enthralling

intelligence and angelic devotion is so gradually presented as to seem real. "What Youth Can Do" casts a momentary glamour over the marriage of Piero, the gondolier, to a Birmingham heiress. "Pasquale's Picture" recalls Ouida. Mr. Fuller's English is so uniformly good that it is a doubtful pleasure to observe one of "The Pilgrim Sons" using such words as "clarionification" and "the humans." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Like many another dreamer to whom terrestrial contact is a pain, Mr. Le Gallienne dissipates his energies when he abandons himself to his own meditations under the "chaste beams of the watery moon." His book reviews and less erratic "Prose Fancies" are admirable. His religious disquisitions are touched with a poetic insight that few of his verses possess. It is when one turns to *The Romance of Zion Chapel* (and its unmentionable predecessor), which is everything but a novel, that one perceives the self-consciousness and vulgarity in which vagrant talent may revel. It is diluted Dickens, diluted Sterne, and diluted Oscar Wilde in equal parts. Happily its erotic fatalism and pudgy satire are sufficiently innocuous to be rather amusing. "Jenny loved both Isabel and Theophil, and both Isabel and Theophil loved Jenny, and the three loves, meeting in one river of love, flowed on together to the eternal sea," which was suicide for two of them. The moral adhering to these appalling complications is that faithfulness is an attitude of mind! Clearly, Mr. Le Gallienne is beyond his depth, and that, when he scamps the picturesque aspects of romance in Gasometer Street, is downright folly. (John Lane: The Bodley Head.)

*The Man Who Outlived Himself*, foremost of three stories in a little volume from the pen of Judge Albion W. Tourgée, deals with the benumbing effects of "too much stock ticker" on the brain of a Wall Street broker, who, after several years of delightful oblivion spent in a retreat, recovered his memory and endeavored to resume his previous life. As a psychical study it is most suggestive. A more rugged story, with sprightly dialogue, is "Poor Joel Pike," which unravels the mystery in the tragic life of a quaint old countryman. "The Grave of Tante Angelique" is a Southern tale of

the texture of "A Fool's Errand," its plot turning on the verification of a birth-date by means of an inscription on the under side of a gravestone. Judge Tourgée is too strenuous a writer to be other than conventional in depicting love, or, perhaps, to see the comparative difficulty of a fictional attempt to arouse interest in "institutions" and cemeteries. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

It is with genuine pleasure that one peruses *Middleway*, a collection of tales relating to New England village life, by Mrs. Kate Whiting Patch. While Mrs. Patch's range is limited, and within that range idealism is rampant, one cannot long withstand the simplicity and gentle cheerfulness which inform these tales, at any rate after pursuing the somewhat artificial and devious course of Mr. Le Gallienne. Mrs. Patch tells of Tilda, the minister's daughter and district school-ma'am, who humbled two audacious youths pretending to be official visitors by turning on them the questions of the history class; of the delirious man of imaginary wealth who died serene in the thought of having sent to his pastor a check for ten thousand dollars; of Miss Thankful, who arranged the professor's books and papers and made herself quaintly indispensable; of the radiant, absent-minded, trustful soul who, as his wife said, was in some likelihood of a safe return from the World's Fair. There are times when one is willing to pay the price of being coddled into a Sunday-school mood of self-surrender to the satisfactory. Even Mrs. Patch's deaths are happy deaths, and none of her stories more joyous (or better constructed) than the ones that so end. (Copeland & Day.)

In Mr. Hamlin Garland's exquisitely illustrated storyette of the Colorado mountains, *The Spirit of Sweetwater*, an invalid young woman from the East regains her grip on life through the influence of an assertive, "healthy" mine-owner, who, as is revealed to him by her pure kisses, is not as morally healthy as he has imagined, since he has never paid their full share to Biddy and Dan, who originally were with himself equal owners of "The Witch." One is unprepared for the turn which the sketch finally takes, because Clement's sudden gloom and self-disparagement are already sufficiently ac-



counted for by his unworthily "thinking how far above all this life his bride was." Mr. Garland's manful ruggedness is apparent in every line. No one is more sincere, or could better afford to forget that he is sincere. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

The late Mary Lanman Underwood, several of whose short stories were published in Eastern magazines and are now gathered in the well-printed volume called, from the first story, *An American Mother*, liked young men and young women, and was able to write pleasingly of their loves and disappointments and ambitions. Her observation had just that restraint and delicacy which, with further and less introspective development, might have given her recognition among the humane realistic writers of the day. "An Unattractive Girl" and "Agathe Sage" are distinctively American in sentiment and ideals, and show that the author had a story to tell, and knew how to tell it. (Van Vechten & Ellis, Wausau, Wisconsin.)

Pauline Bradford Mackie's *Mademoiselle de Berny*, a story of Valley Forge, meanders pleasantly about the incident of a Loyalist maiden's love for an American spy, and the similar desertion of her blind brother to the cause of the "rebels," that he in turn, but without military authority, may play the part of a spy. The boy's arrest affords to Mademoiselle Diane an opportunity of conferring with General Washington, whose usually "cold countenance" is on this occasion "frozen into a silence." The story has a number of well-conceived miniature effects. One must attach somewhat the same significance to the dropping of a teacup, or to a dog's mischievous detention of an important missive, as to Stevenson's incidental remarks to the effect, "I observed he put salt on his meat," and a little further, "I observed again that he put salt on his meat; this time, however, he added a little pepper." The friendship of the secretive blind boy for his Great Dane hound, and the tribute of imitation he pays to the man whom in youthful fashion he idealizes, has a gentle pathos that is quite distinctive. For fighting one must wait till the closing chapters, and could longer without a sense of deprivation, for the story ends before it closes. The historical touches are altogether conventional,

and there are numerous instances of careless writing. The loose construction is due, in part, to the slightness of the underlying incident. The strength of the performance lies in a certain truthfulness to human nature, as where Diane talks bitterly of Heyward passing from her life, and then follows him through the lines with the pretext of finding her brother. In both cases her pride is wounded more than her loyalty, for they have not "told her" of their plans. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

Another story in which the leading lady (she scarcely merits the name of heroine) is Diane, and as Gallic a Diane as one could desire, is *At the Sign of the Silver Crescent*, by Miss Helen Choate Prince. This has the unreal and well-spiced atmosphere of a French society play, and may be easily outlined in five acts. Act I., scene Faubourg St.-Germain, Diane, "a child of her epoch," forced to marry a wealthy Jewish baron. Act II., scene an old château in Touraine, Diane amuses herself intellectually with an American artist, while the baron yields his purse and heart to the enticements of a Madame de Lussac, and plans an annulment of his marriage, appealing to Rome on the ground that Diane had been "forced into the match." Act III., Diane amuses herself emotionally with the American artist, to see if he really loves one Suzette, and is duped by a clumsy conspiracy, that the baron may have sufficient ground for civil divorce. Act IV., Madame de Lussac, the adventuress, intimates to the baron that the complications are not all on his side, and, amid her lover's ravings, disappears under a cloud. Act V., Madame de Lussac marries some one else, the American artist marries Suzette, and Diane becomes pietistic and begins to "care for" her husband. But the story, nevertheless, lacks dramatic form and force. The characters come in *tandem* as they are needed, principally in what, for convenience, I have called the third act. Suzette alone is attractive, unless one excepts also the dog Paddy, who chaperones Diane and her American visitor, and indeed is tender-appreciated by these two, if not by the author, as the question, "Did he have little thunderstorms in his little insides?" clearly and none too delicately indicates. To remon-

strate may point, as M. de Beaulieu self-excusingly said, that one is "far behind modern ideas"; but Diane "smoking numberless cigarettes" and remarking nonchalantly, "It must be a very strange sensation to be in love—with your husband. They can't have any forbidden-fruit sort of fun," causes several different

kinds of shudder. Other rhetorical lapses might be enumerated. *Bon mots* which pass for international criticism in the pensions and studios of Paris are retold with vivacity. And there is a Catholic vein, as little satirical as anything in the story, but well calculated, nevertheless, to irritate the elect. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

*George Merriam Hyde.*

## SUNDRY TRAVELS, FROM THE CAUCASUS TO THE EVERGLADES

IT can hardly be said that the expedition of Prince Henri of Orleans in 1895-6, described in *From Tonkin to India*, has added much to geographical science. The itinerary was, briefly, to cross Tonkin from Hanoi on the Red River, to the Mekong, the great river of the Siamese Peninsula, and to follow up that river northward to the confines of Thibet, at Atentsé. From this point the route turned westward through the Patskoi, or Langtang, Mountains, in which the Irawady has its source, to Sadiya, in Assam, on the Bráhmputra River, and so to Calcutta. The French missionaries have for

many years been established on the upper Mekong, and the English have pushed the Indo-Chinese telegraph line across it from Burmah into the Yang-tse-Kiang valley, and are fast following it up by a railroad from Mandalay. To the Thibet frontier Prince Henri found little difficulty, but had a hard time crossing the heads of the Irawady to Sadiya, the English frontier post of the northeast. The scientific appendices written by Emile Roux, a French naval ensign, do not amount to very much; as, through the loss of instruments, he was unable to establish any longitudes after the first few hundred miles. In a scientific expedition it is usual to say something of the geology of the country traversed; but the single geologic word in the whole work is "granite," which is used once only. The illustrations are really the most interesting part of the book, if they are not idealized.

In *The City of the Caliphs*, Mr. Reynolds-Ball quotes so largely from Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole "and others," that we might do better to read these works in the original, without his comments, some of which are peculiar. For instance, speaking of the "Ptolemaic Dynasties" (p. 24) he says:

"In short the large proportion of those who died by violence is as noticeable as in the remarkable list of the prehistoric Kings of Ireland."

*FROM TONKIN TO INDIA.* By Prince Henri D'Orleans, translated by Hawley Bent, M.A. Illustrated by G. Vuillier. Dodd, Mead & Co., 4to, \$5.00.

*THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS.* A popular study of Cairo and its Environs and the Nile and its Antiquities. By Enstace A. Reynolds-Ball, B.A. (Oxd.), F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Estes & Lauriat, 8vo, \$3.00.

*THROUGH FINLAND IN CARTS.* By Mrs. Alec. Tweedie. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., 8vo, \$3.00.

*ACROSS THE EVERGLADES.* A canoe journey of exploration. By Hugh L. Willoughby. Illustrated from photographs taken by the author. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, \$2.00.

*JAVA: THE GARDEN OF THE EAST.* By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. With thirty-eight Illustrations and Index. The Century Co., 8vo, \$1.50.

*A WORLD PILGRIMAGE.* By John Henry Barrows. Edited by Mary Eleanor Barrows. A. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, \$2.00.

*ORIENTAL DAYS.* By Lucia H. Palmer. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., 8vo, \$2.00.

*WITH A PESSIMIST IN SPAIN.* By Mary F. Nixon. A. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

*EASTERN JOURNEYS.* Some notes of travel in Russia, in the Caucasus, and to Jerusalem. By Charles A. Dana. D. Appleton & Co., 16mo, \$1.00.

Speaking of a "Panathenic Festival in the days of Pericles," the author remarks :

"We feel ourselves in a sort of glorified Holborn restaurant, where the resources of art are lavished on the walls of an eating-room."

On page 32 the sentence occurs :

"The difficulty of unravelling the intricate labyrinthine maze of Egyptian history during the 800 years of the Ptolemaic rule is intensified, owing to the bewildering recurrence of certain royal names."

Thank you, Mr. Reynolds-Ball ! a new edition of Baedeker is just announced, and we prefer his plain statements to "popular" history made up of such sentences as these.

Despite certain Norse-English sentences, somewhat hard to parse, Mrs. Tweedie's book *Through Finland in Carts* will interest and charm many readers. We western folk know still less of Finland than do Europeans, which is almost nothing ; and therefore Mrs. Tweedie's jottings of a summer's travel in that country, during 1896, give us many new ideas of a region of lakes, rivers, islands, and forests, inhabited by two millions of people, who live entirely to themselves, "doing their duty quietly in that station of life unto which it hath pleased God to call them." 'Tis true they were conquered by the Swedes centuries ago, and that later the Russian Bear put his paw on them. But for the past thirty years the White Tzar's paw has been a kindly one and Russian and Swedish speech and manners are giving way to those of their forefathers and the land of "Suomi" is becoming itself again.

Not the least interesting part of Mrs. Tweedie's book are the chapters on the National Songs and Poems of Finland—Sagas, one had better call them—on a par with the Icelandic Eddas of Snorri, and which, as the Eddas, were handed down

from generation to generation of the "Runo-Singers" till lately compiled by a Finnish poet named Elias Lönnrot. These are sung to the accompaniment of a sort of zither, called the "Kantele." The Finns are a most musical nation—all sing well—and their great yearly gatherings are only equalled by the Welch "Eisteddfod."

The social and political "renaissance" of the Finns began about thirty years ago, and it is remarkable how much they have achieved in that short time, as may be seen on reading Mrs. Tweedie's really valuable work.

A very jolly and well illustrated little book is Lieutenant Willoughby's *Across the Everglades*. The Everglade district of Florida is the last remaining piece of unexplored country in the Eastern States, and to-day therein exist a few survivors of the once great Seminole nation, famous as fighters from the time when De Soto started on his ill-fated expedition from Auté to the realms of Apalaché. Swamp and jungle it was then ; jungle and swamp it remains now ; and Lieutenant Willoughby is the first to have solved some of its deepest mysteries. The lover of woods and waters will have a pleasant hour or two with the author, who has added a valuable vocabulary of the Seminole language as an appendix.

With such a book as Mrs. E. R. Scidmore's *Java: the Garden of the East*, how much pleasanter it is to travel in mind rather than in body, and thus avoid innumerable trials, which notwithstanding her desire "that many will be induced to follow there," the writer has plainly set before us : the "steaming, wilting quality in the sun of Asia that so soon makes jelly of the white man's brains" ; the daily afternoon showers, and the wet monsoon occurring from October to April, during which "the air is heavy and stifling, all the tropic world is asteam, and astew, and

a float," "the mountains are hidden in a perpetual mist," and the land becomes a helpless prey to reptiles and insects; to say nothing of minor tribulations.

However, bold and enterprising spirits, in quest of new emotions and experiences, will not be deterred by such obstacles, and nevertheless be perhaps eager to visit this "Pearl of the East," this "Java Major" of the ancients, when they read about the "ruined temples and sites of abandoned cities" yielding rich antique ornaments, and "all the appurtenances of Buddhist worship characteristic of the Greco-Buddhist art of India. To behold such archæological remembrances of a dead past, lingering amid a vegetation the luxuriance of which beggars description, is well worth travelling to the end of the world. Yet, how much more agreeable and easier it is to stay at home and peruse a charmingly written book, and thank the authoress for the pleasure she has afforded us.

Mr. John Henry Barrows' letters, published in book form under the title of *A World Pilgrimage*, will be particularly interesting to those seeking information as to the great educational and religious movements abroad. Those subjects are evidently nearest the writer's heart. In his "World's Pilgrimage" he also gives us a pleasant, if somewhat superficial, view of the countries he has visited in his voyage around the globe. Mr. Barrows states that a traveller should possess not only "a pair of good eyes, trained to careful observation, but the social, appreciative, and unprejudiced spirit which enters sympathetically into the lives of other people"; and "the ability to see the life that has been," and to "connect the present with the shadowy remoteness of distant ages." Whether he possesses all these attributes is a matter for the reader to decide. His first impressions of German life are perhaps the most pleasing; he

leads the reader into an unambitious desire to go "bummelling" (?) with him through the "quiet and studious shades of Göttingen," or up in the secluded wilds of the Hartz Mountains. One follows him with interest in his comparative observation of German, French, English, and Mohammedan colleges as contrasted with our own. Although Mr. Barrows is clearly one of those patriotic Americans who always carry the Stars and Stripes in his portmanteau, he never unfurls *the* flag aggressively.

Mr. Barrows was connected with the Chicago Congress of Religions in 1893, and is now taking a prominent and active part in the promotion of another great religious congress to meet in Paris in 1900.

Such a book as Mrs. Lucia H. Palmer's *Oriental Days* comes opportunely at a time when recent archæological discoveries in Egypt have turned all questioning eyes towards the Pyramids. Mrs. Palmer suffers from Anglophobia, and looks with horror upon English power in the East. She does not, however, delve deeply into matters political or scientific, nor is she in any way an explorer. She does not consider herself responsible for all of her own statements, particularly with regard to Palestine, and boldly declares the fact (page 133) in the following words: "And right here, I wish to say that under Turkish rule, exact information is almost out of the question, and from this on I shall make no apology for any inaccuracies. I have written of things and places as I have seen them, or from such information as I have gained from sources that ought to be reliable."

Mrs. Palmer has a sense of humor, and her book, though superficial, is quite readable.

Among the great mass of American readers, there are many of us, who, caring nothing as a rule about books of travel, will to-day turn to Mary F. Nixon's *Pessimist in Spain* in order to find out something

about a now hostile nation, who thus far may have been to us little more than a name on a map—the name of a people different in race, language, and religion to ourselves.

To this large class of untravelled persons, possessed with but a limited knowledge of foreign lands, this particular book may be attractive; it is certainly lighter reading than Murray or other handbooks, and contains much of the information found in those admirable works. The writer has little to say concerning the people, their character, manners, and customs; yet, from light passing sketches of the young Spanish friend "Diego," the pretty Madrileña Esperanza, and the child-king Alphonso XIII., we judge that she could have given us a better book had she started on her travels with an object other than sightseeing. We would suggest that next time the authoress leave her guide books at home and cultivate a more thorough acquaintance with the natives.

Nowadays every one who passes his own threshold on a visit to a neighbor a few miles away finds it incumbent on him to write a book of travels to get himself before the public, if he can only find a publisher. And yet how sadly few of their productions are worth reading! It is often the case of "eyes and no eyes"; but even if a person has the eyes to see, how few can describe what is to be seen! And after wading through page after page of dreary, ill-written sentences, often rehashes of better men's work, how delightful it is to take up a small volume written by a master of English, an experienced traveller, a man of keen insight! It is with this feeling one dives into the late Mr. Dana's book of *Eastern Journeys*, divided into the following short chapters: (1) Across the Four Seas to Odessa; (2) The Russian Riviera; (3) The Southern Aspects of the Caucasus; (4) Tiflis and Trans-Caucasia; (5) Through the

Dariel Pass to Rostov; (6) Nijni, the New City; (7) Moscow and Warsaw; (8) Jerusalem, How to Get There; (9) The Holy City; (10) Bethlehem and Bethany.

"The Russian Riviera" is a delightful sketch of that curious subtropical country extending along the north shore of the Black Sea, from the Crimea to the old site of Phasis at the foot of snow-crowned Caucasus—the only few hundred miles of temperate coastline in Russia's vast but ice-blocked possessions. This journey was undertaken by Mr. Dana in the year 1896: but the last three chapters of the book, on "Jerusalem," are the results of a trip to the Holy City made four years previously. From it we cannot forbear quoting a passage thoroughly characteristic of the man and his wisdom.

"We hate to say a word that may discourage any one's search after knowledge; but we must advise our readers who are preparing to see Jerusalem not to read too many books of modern exploration and criticism, for fear of losing all faith in the holy places where the remembrance of the founder of the Christian religion is most religiously preserved. This modern criticism, conducted in considerable part by men as pious as they are learned, has put into dispute almost every spot of importance in the history of the Sacred City. Excepting the site of the Temple and the Mount of Olives, I don't think there is a single locality which remains free from question or denial. . . . It is evident that much study in this direction cannot lead to that reverential and prayerful spirit in which any person of Christian education must naturally approach the place where he believes the Redeemer of the world was laid after his execution."

But to begin to quote from it would be to quote page after page of charming pen-pictures worthy of the master hand that wrought them, in whose memory we may only sigh:

"But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

F. R. G. S.

# BOOKS RECEIVED

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

*Stand Up for God.* Sphinx. Peter Eckler, paper, 12mo, 15 cents.  
*Sermons to Young Men.* Henry van Dyke. Scribners, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*The Christian Gentleman.* Rev. Louis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 12mo, 75 cents.  
*The Earnest Communicant.* Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D. E. R. Herrick & Co., 18mo, 35 cents.  
*The Herods.* F. W. Farrar, D.D. E. R. Herrick & Co. Popular Biblical Library, 12mo.  
*Addresses to Women Engaged in Church Work.* Henry C. Potter. E. P. Dutton & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
*The Preparation for Christianity in the Ancient World.* R. M. Wenley. F. H. Revell Co., 12mo, 75 cents.  
*American Baptist Year Book, 1898.* Rev. J. G. Walker. American Baptist Publication Society, paper, 8vo, 25 cents.  
*Current Questions for Thinking Men.* Robert Stuart MacArthur. American Baptist Publication Society, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Henry VIII and the Reformation, in Relation to the Church of England.* Rev. Wm. Frederic Faber. Thos. Whittaker, narrow 18mo, paper, 15 cents.  
*Paul and His Friends.* Rev. Louis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS

*The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes.* William Elliot Griffis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*History of Our Country.* Edward S. Ellis. Lee & Shepard, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.00, net.  
*Scrap-Book Recitations.* H. M. Soper. T. S. Denison, paper, 12mo, 25 cents.  
*Geographical and Statistical Notes on Mexico.* Matias Romero. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, \$2.00.  
*A French Volunteer of the War for Independence.* Translated and edited by Robert B. Douglas. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo.  
*The Founding of the German Empire.* By Heinrich von Sybel. T. Y. Crowell & Co. Vol. VII, 8vo, \$2.00.  
*Lettres inédites de Lamennais a Montalembert.* Avec un Avant propos et des Notes par Eugène Forgues. Perrin et Cie., Paris, 8vo.  
*Mirabeau.* P. E. Willert. Macmillan Co., 12mo, 75 cents.  
*The Eugene Field I Knew.* Francis Wilson. Charles Scribner's Sons, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.00.

## POEMS AND PLAYS

*Poems.* Florence Earle Coates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
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*Home from the War.* Mary Lowe Dickinson. For the Author, illustrated, paper, 4to, 30 cents.  
*La Santa Yerba.* William L. Shoemaker. Copeland & Day, 18mo, \$1.00.  
*Shakespeare's Sonnets.* Copeland & Day. English Love Sonnet Series. 4to, \$2.50.  
*Ireland, and Other Poems.* Lionel Johnson. Copeland & Day, octavo, \$1.50.  
*Shapes and Shadows.* Madison Cawein. R. H. Russell, 16mo, \$1.25.  
*La Choeur Triomph.* Edmond Rioné and Henry Bassères. Bibliothèque d'Art d. "La Critique." Small 4to, paper.

## ESSAYS

*Benjamin Franklin.* Little Masterpieces. Selections from his writings. Edited by Bliss Perry. Doubleday & McClure Co., 18mo, 30 cents.  
*Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy.* E. L. Godkin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, \$2.00.  
*Washington versus Jefferson.* Moses M. Granger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

## FICTION

*This Little World.* David Christie Murray. Town and Country Library. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
*The Spirit of Sweetwater.* Hamlin Garland. Doubleday & McClure Co., illustrated, 18mo, 50 cents.  
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# THE LITERARY QUERIST

*How answer you that ?*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, III.-1.

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

246.—How many and what stories have been published that are founded on, or represent, the passage of living beings from one planet to another ?  
S. J. S.

We think of these, and there may be others : Jules Verne's "From the Earth to the Moon," and "Hector Servadac," which describes a ride on a comet; Percy Greg's "Across the Zodiac," John Jacob Astor's "Journey in Other Worlds," and H. G. Wells's "War of the Worlds," just published.

247.—Can you tell me the names of half a dozen of the best hand bookbinders in the United States ? I mean those who do the hand-tooling and original designing.  
E. O. G.

We can give you four, without saying there may not be others equal to them : The Club Bindery, 15 West 28th Street, New York, which does the work of the Grolier Club; James Macdonald, 96 South Fifth Avenue, New York; Miss E. H. Nordhoff, 39 East Washington Square, New York; and Stikeman & Co., 124 East 14th Street, New York.

248.—A New York publishing-house, about forty years ago, issued an oblong duodecimo volume of comic pictures entitled "Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck." The work was adapted from a brochure published in Geneva, Switzerland, under the title of "Les Aventures de Monsieur Vieuxbois." The French work was written by a poor man who, expelled from France, had sought refuge in Switzerland, where he endeavored to earn a living by writing poetry, and this pictorial brochure was his last effort when he was ill and starving. The story of this unfortunate man was told in the *Atlantic Monthly* some years ago. Who can furnish the name of the refugee ? or give a key to the story of his life ?  
O.

The author was Rudolph Töepffer, a native of Geneva (1799-1846). The *Atlantic* article, which appeared in November, 1865, was written by Mrs. Henriette M. Fletcher. His biography (in French) has been written by Relave and Blondel. See also Sainte-Beuve's "Literary Portraits."

249.—I shall esteem it a great favor if you or any reader will kindly tell me who are the authors

of the following quotations, and in what works they appear :

1. "Dread not here deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong."

2. "No distance e'er can wear away  
Esteem long-rooted, and no chance remove  
The dear remembrance of the friend we love."  
A. M. J.

250.—I have a volume of "Village Tales, by Oliver Oakwood," published seventy years ago. Can you tell me the author's real name ?

C. A. C.

It was written by Stacy G. Potts, a New Jersey lawyer and judge (1799-1865).

251.—Who is the author of these lines :

"Within our souls the real landscape lies ;  
There rise our Alps ; there smile our Southern  
skies ;  
There winds the true Ilyssus, by whose stream  
We cull the hyacinth and invite the dream."

B. B.

252.—Will you kindly answer these two questions :

1. Who said *Et ego in Arcadia vixi* ?

2. Who called Villon "our sad, bad, glad, mad brother" ?  
B.

1. Bartlett says: "This is the motto which Goethe adopted for his 'Travels in Italy.' It is said to have been a saying of the Schidoni (or Schedon), 1560-1616."

2. Swinburne.

253.—1. The *Christian Advocate* gives the origin of Gottschalk's "Last Hope," and says this description was given by a "correspondent of a New York paper." Will any one tell me who was this correspondent, and in what paper his description first appeared ?

2. Has anything adequate ever been written about the life or the poetry of Jean Ingelow ? Kindly say if any of our literary critics have analyzed her poetry or solved the puzzles of her biography since she died last summer.  
C. H. E.

2. Miss Ingelow's poetry is of that clear and simple kind which does not require much comment, and her life appears to have been so uneventful that not much could be written about it.

We know of no puzzle concerning it, except that the date of her birth used to be given as 1830, and after her death it was changed to 1820.

**254.**—Appletons' "Cyclopedia of American Biography" says that Francis Marion Crawford is a son of the sculptor, Thomas Crawford, and that the latter was born in New York City, March 22, 1814. The "Century Cyclopedia of Names" makes the same statement; so do the "Britannica," "Johnson's," and several other cyclopedias. On the other hand, the "Library of the World's Best Literature" asserts that Marion Crawford's "father, Thomas Crawford the sculptor, was a native of Ireland." I suppose some hitherto undiscovered facts concerning the nativity of the sculptor Crawford have recently been unearthed. Is this the case? R. L. C. W.

**REPETITION.**—Information about F. W. Bourdillon and his little poem, "The night has a thousand eyes," appeared in this department in January, 1894, November, 1895, and March, 1896.

### ANSWERS

**220.**—Quintard, in his "Dictionary of Proverbs," says the one about castles in Spain originated in the eleventh century, when Henry of Burgundy received from Alfonso of Castile Theresa and the county of Lusitania, which un-

der his son became the kingdom of Portugal. Similar dreams of magnificent success were inspired by the Norman conquest of England, and gave rise to the phrase, *faire des châteaux en Albanie*. Murray's Dictionary, either rejecting this explanation or ignorant of it, simply defines the phrase, "to build in a foreign country, where one has no standing-ground."

**221.**—Charles H. Crandall was born near Greenwich, N. Y., June 19, 1858. He has been a newspaper man and general contributor. Author of "Representative Sonnets" (Houghton); "Wayside Music," poems (Putnams); and "The Chords of Life," which contains "Flowing" (Springdale, Conn.). x.

**231.**—1. A complete edition of the poems of the brothers Horace and James Smith, edited by Epes Sargent, was published in 1856 by Hurd & Houghton, New York. The line that "E. D. C." quotes as the beginning of the poem is the third line of the first stanza, the first two being:

"They warned me by all that affection could urge,  
To repel his advances and fly from his sight."

R. L. C. W.

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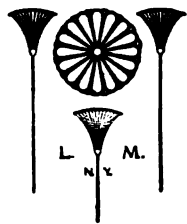
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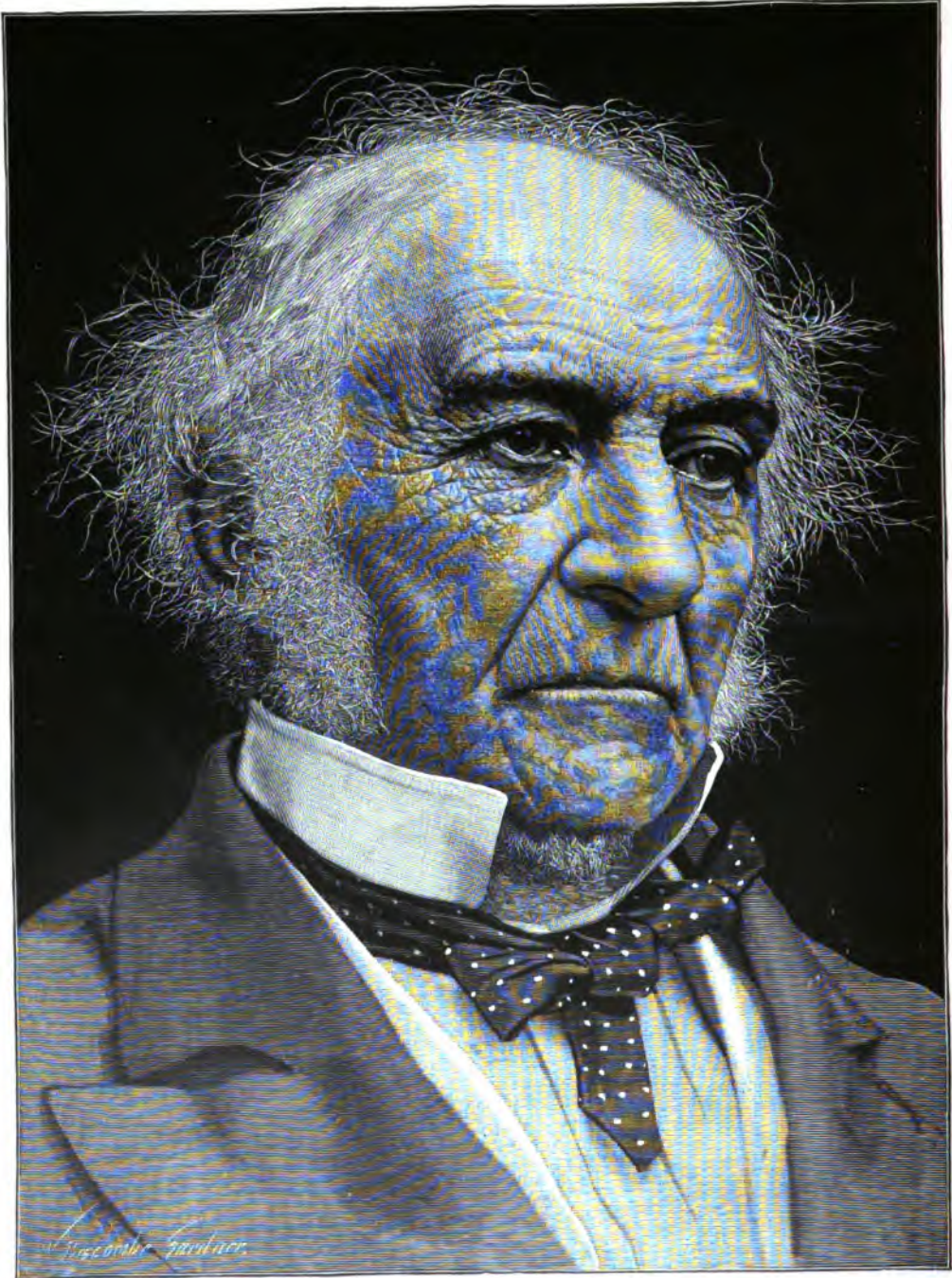
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VOL. XVI

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We do not profess that we can solve all the difficulties that are suggested even by the superficial consideration of a character so exceptional—we do not aspire to be prophets. Mr. Gladstone's destiny perplexes us perhaps as much as it perplexes our readers. But we think that we can explain much of his past career; that many of his peculiarities are not so unaccountable as they seem; that a careful study will show us the origin of most of them; that we may hope to indicate some of the material circumstances and conditions on which his future course depends, though we should not be so bold as to venture to foretell it.

During the discussion on the Budget, an old Whig who did not approve of it, but who had to vote for it, muttered of

its author : "Ah, Oxford on the surface, *but* Liverpool below." And there is truth in the observation, though not in the splenetic sense in which it was intended. Mr. Gladstone does combine, in a very curious way, many of the characteristics which we generally associate with the place of his education and many of those which we usually connect with the place of his birth. No one can question the first part of the observation : no man has through life been more markedly an Oxford man than Mr. Gladstone. His "Church and State," published after he had been several years in public life, was instinct with the very spirit of the Oxford of that time ; his "Homer," published the other day, bears nearly equal traces of the school in which he was educated. Even in his ordinary style there is a tinge half theological, half classical, which recalls the studies of his youth. Many Oxford men much object to the opinions of their distinguished representative ; but none of them would deny that he remarkably embodies the peculiar results of the peculiar teaching of the place.

And yet he has something which his collegiate training never would have given him, which it is rather remarkable it has not taken away from him. There is much to be said in favor of the University of Oxford ; no one can deny to it very great and very peculiar merits ; but certainly it is not an exciting place, and its education operates as a narcotic rather than as a stimulant. Most of its students devote their lives to a single profession, and we may observe among them a kind of sacred torpidity. In many rural parsonages there are men of very great cultivation, who are sedulous in their routine duties, who attend minutely to the ecclesiastical state of the souls in their village, but who are perfectly devoid of general intellectual interests. They have no anxiety to solve great problems, to busy themselves with

the speculations of their age, to impress their peculiar theology—for peculiar it is both in its expression and its substance—on the educated mind of their time.

. . . The shrewd eye of Mr. Emerson, stimulated doubtless by the contrast to America, quickly caught the trait : "Ah," says the "languid Oxford gentleman" of his story, "nothing new or true—and no matter !"

To this, as to every other species of indifferentism, Mr. Gladstone is the antithesis. Oxford has not disheartened *him* ; some of his colleagues would say they wished it had—he is interested in everything he has to do with, and often interested too much. He proposes to put a stamp on contract notes with as eager earnestness as if the destiny of Europe, here and hereafter, depended upon its enactment. He cannot let anything alone. "Sir," said an old distributor of stamps in Westmoreland, "my head, sir, is worn out. I must resign. The Chancellor, sir, is imposing of things that I can't understand." The world is not well able to understand them either ; the public departments break down under the pressure of the industry of their superior. Mr. Gladstone is ready to work as long as his brain will hold together, to make speeches as long as he has utterance (words he is sure to have) : but the subordinate officials will not work equally hard—they have none of the excitement of origination, they will not share the credit of success ; they do, however, share the discredit of failure. In the high-pressure season of this year's Budget, acts of Parliament have been passed in which essential provisions were not to be found, in which what was intended to be enacted was omitted or exceeded, in which the marginal notes were widely astray of the text. In his literary works Mr. Gladstone is the same. His book on Homer is perhaps the most zealous work which this generation has



produced; he has the enthusiasm of a German professor for the scholastic detail, for the exact meaning of word No. 1, for the precise number of times which word No. 2 is used by the poet; he has the enthusiasm of a lover for Helen, the enthusiasm of an orator for the speeches. Of his theological books we need not speak; every reader will recall the curious succession of needless *quæstiunculæ* by which their interest is marred.

Some of this energy Mr. Gladstone probably owes to the place of his birth. Lancashire is sometimes called "America and water": we suspect it is America and very little water. The excessive energy natural to half-educated men who have but a single pursuit cannot, indeed, in any part of England, produce the monstrous results which it occasionally produces in the United States—it is kept in check by public opinion, by the close vicinity of an educated world; but in its own pursuit, in commerce, we question whether New York itself is more intensely eager than Liverpool—at any rate, it is difficult to conceive how it can be. Like several other remarkable men whose families belong to the place, Mr. Gladstone has carried into other pursuits the eagerness, the industry—we are loth to say the rashness, but the boldness—which Liverpool men apply to the business of Liverpool; underneath the scholastic polish of his Oxford education he has the speculative hardihood, the eager industry of a Lancashire merchant.

Such is one of the principal peculiarities which Mr. Gladstone's character presents even to a superficial observer; but something more than superficial observation is necessary really to understand a character so complicated and so odd. We will touch upon some of the traits which are among the most important; and if our minute analysis has or seems to have some of the painfulness of a vivisection,

we would observe that a defect of this kind is in some degree inseparable from the task we have undertaken. We cannot explain the special peculiarities of a singular man of genius without a somewhat elaborate and a half-metaphysical discussion.

It is needless to say that Mr. Gladstone is a great orator. Oratory is one of the pursuits as to which there is no error; the criterion is ready. Did the audience feel? Were they excited? Did they cheer? These questions, and others such as these, can be answered without a mistake. A man who can move the House of Commons—still, after many changes, the most severe audience in the world—must be a great orator; the most sincere admirers, and the most eager depreciators of Mr. Gladstone are agreed on this point, and it is almost the only point on which they are agreed.

It will be well, however, to pause upon this characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's genius, and to examine the nature of it rather anxiously, because it seems to afford the true key to some of his most perplexing peculiarities. Mr. Gladstone has, beyond any other man in this generation, what we may call the oratorical *impulse*. We are in the habit of speaking of rhetoric as an "art," and also of oratory as a "faculty"; and in both cases we speak quite truly. No man can speak without a special intellectual training; but neither this gift of the intellect nor this education will suffice of themselves—a man must not only know what to say, he must have a vehement longing to get up and say it. Many persons, rather skeptical persons especially, do not feel this in the least; they see before them an audience, a miscellaneous collection of odd-looking men, but they feel no wish to convince them of anything. "Are not they very well as they are?" They believe that they have been brought

up to believe." "Confirm every man in *his own* manner of conceiving," said one great sage. "A savage among savages is very well," remarked another. "You may easily take away one creed, and then not be able to implant another; you may succeed in unfitting men for their own purposes without fitting them for your purposes"—thus thinks the *cui bono* skeptic. . . . Mr. Gladstone would not feel these skeptical arguments: he would get up to speak; he has the *didactic* impulse; he has "the courage of his ideas." He will convince the audience: he knows an argument which will be effective, he has one for one and another for another; he has an enthusiasm which he feels will rouse the apathetic, a demonstration which he thinks must convert the incredulous, an illustration which he hopes will drive his meaning even into the heads of the stolid—at any rate he will try. He has a *nature*, as Coleridge might have said, towards his audience; he is sure if they only knew what he knows, they would feel as he feels and believe as he believes: and by this he conquers. This living faith, this enthusiasm, this confidence—call it as we will—is an extreme power in human affairs: one *croyant*, said the Frenchman, is a greater power than fifty *incrédules*; in the composition of an orator, the hope, the credulous hope—that he will convince his audience is the *primum mobile*, it is the primitive incentive which is the spring of his influence and the source of his power. Mr. Gladstone has this incentive in perhaps an excessive and dangerous measure. . . .

Nor is the didactic impulse the only one which is essential to a great political orator, nor is it the only one which Mr. Gladstone has: we say it with respect, but he has the *contentious* impulse. He illustrates the distinction between the pacific and the peaceful. On all great

questions, on the controversies of states and empires, Mr. Gladstone is the most pacific of mankind: he hates the very rumor of war; he trusts in moral influences; he detests the bare idea of military preparations; he will not believe that preparations are necessary till the enemy is palpable. . . . Some one said he was not only a Christian, but a morbid Christian: he cannot imagine that anything so coarse as war will occur; when it does occur, he has a tendency to disapprove of it as soon as he can. During the Russian war he soon joined, in fact if not in name, the peace-at-all-price party; he exerted his finest reasonings and his most persuasive eloquence against a war which was commenced with his consent. At the present moment no Englishman, not Mr. Bright himself, *feels* so little the impulse to arm; he will not believe in a war till he sees men fighting. He is the most pacific of our statesmen in theory and in policy; when you hear Mr. Gladstone, he is about the most combative. He can bear a good deal about the politics of Europe; but let a man question the fees on vatting, or the change in the game certificate, or the stamp on bills of lading—what melodious thunders of loquacious wrath! The world, he hints, is likely to end at such observations, and it is dreadful that they should be made by the honorable member who made them—"by the honorable member who made them"—"by the honorable member who four years ago said so and so, and five years before that moved"—etc., etc. The number of well-intentioned and tedious persons whom Mr. Gladstone annually scolds into a latent dislike of him must be considerable. . . .

To hardly any man have both the impulses of the political orator been given in so great a measure: the didactic orator is usually felicitous in exposition only; the great debater is, like Fox, only great



when stung to reply by the *æstrus* of contention. But Mr. Gladstone is by nature, by vehement overruling nature, great in both arts: he longs to pour forth his own belief; he cannot rest till he has contradicted every one else.

In addition to this oratorical temperament, Mr. Gladstone has in a high degree the most important intellectual talent of an orator—he has what we may call an “adaptive” mind. . . . No one, indeed, half guides, half follows the moods of his audience more quickly, more easily than Mr. Gladstone. There is a little playfulness in his manner, which contrasts with the dryness of his favorite topics and the intense gravity of his earnest character. He has the same sort of control over the minds of those he is addressing that a good driver has over the animals he guides; he feels the minds of his hearers as the driver the mouths of his horses.

The species of intellect that is required for this task is preëminently the advocate’s intellect. The instrument of oratory, at least of this kind of oratory, is the *argumentum ad hominem*: it is “inextricably mixed up with practice.” It argues from the data furnished to him “by the mind of his hearers.” He receives his premises from them like a “vapor,” and “pours” out his conclusions upon them like “a flood.” Such an orator may believe his conclusions, but he can rarely believe them for the reasons which he assigns for them. He may be an enthusiast in his creed, he may be a zealot in his faith, but not the less will he be an advocate in his practice; not the less will he catch at disputable premises because his audience accepts them; not the less will he draw inferences from them which suit his momentary purpose; not the less will he accept the most startling varieties of assertion, for he will imbibe from one audience a different “vapor” of premises from that which he

will receive from another; not the less will he have the chameleon-like character which we associate with a consummate advocate; not the less will he be one thing to-day, with the color of one audience upon him; not the less will he be another to-morrow, when he has to address, persuade, and influence some different set of persons.

We scarcely think, with Mr. Gladstone, that this style of oratory is the very highest; though it is very natural that he should think so, for it exactly expresses the oratory in which he is the greatest living master. Mr. Gladstone’s conception of oratory, in theory and in practice, is the oratory of Pitt, not the oratory of Chatham or of Burke; it is the oratory of adaptation. We do not deny that this is the kind of oratory which is most generally useful, the only kind which is commonly permissible, the only one which in general would not be a *bore*: but we must remember that there is an eloquence of great principles, which the hearers scarcely heed and do not accept—such as in its highest parts is the eloquence of Burke; we must remember that there is an eloquence of great passions, of high-wrought intense feeling, which is nearly independent of the peculiarities of its audience, because it appeals to our elemental human nature, which is the same or much the same in almost every audience, which is everywhere and always susceptible to the union of vivid genius and eager passion—such as this last was, if we may trust tradition, the eloquence of Chatham, the source of his rare, magical, and occasional power. Mr. Gladstone has neither of these. Few speakers equally great have left so few passages which can be quoted—so few which embody great principles in such a manner as to be referred to by coming generations. He has scarcely given us a sentence that lives in the memory; nor is his declamation, facile

and effective as it always is, the very highest declamation—it is a nearly perfect expression of intellectualized sentiment, but it wants the volcanic power of primitive passion. . . .

Another of Mr. Gladstone's characteristics is an extraordinary love of labor. We have alluded several times to his taste—we might almost say his whimsical taste—for minutiae: he is ready with whatever detail may be necessary on any subject, no matter of what kind. He covers his greatest schemes with a crowd of irrelevant appendages, till it is difficult to see their outline. . . . Mr. Gladstone's energy seems to be strictly intellectual: nothing in his outward appearance indicates the iron physique that often carries inferior men through heavy tasks. Whatever he does that is peculiar, he does by the peculiarity of his mind; he is carried through his work, or seems to be so, by pure will, zeal, and effort.

The last characteristic of Mr. Gladstone which is very remarkable, or which we shall mention, is his scholastic intellect. We have not much of this in conspicuous men in the present day, but in former times there was a good deal of it; Lord Bacon had something like it in his eye when he spoke of minds which were not "discursive" or skilful in discovering analogies, but were *discriminative* or skilful in detecting differences. The best scene for training this sort of intellect is the law-court. Lord Bacon must have seen much of it in the work of Gray's Inn when he was young, and traces of the discipline which he then underwent may perhaps be found even in books which were written by him many years afterwards. When, as in positive law, the first principles are fixed, there is no room for the highest originality; the only admissible controversy is whether a particular case comes or does not come within a particular principle. On this point there

is room for endless distinctions and eternal hair-splitting. When the principles settled by authority are not entirely consistent, the function of this kind of distinguishing reason is even greater: it has to suggest nice refinements which may reconcile the apparent differences between the principles themselves, as well as to settle the exact relation of the case or the facts to the doctrine of the authorities. Accordingly, the scholastic theologians of mediæval times were the most expert masters of the discriminative ratiocination which the world has ever seen: they had to reconcile the recognized authorities of the Catholic Church—authorities vast in size, and scattered over centuries in time—with one another, with good sense, with the facts of special cases, with the general exigencies of the age. By their labor was formed that acute logic, that subtle if unreal philosophy, which fell at the Reformation, when the authorities of the Catholic Church were no longer conclusive and the art of arranging them was no longer important. We have learned to smile at the scholastic distinctions of former times: the inductive philosophy which is now our most conspicuous pursuit does not need them, the popular character of our ordinary discussion does not admit of them. In a free country we must use the sort of argument which plain men understand, and plain men certainly do not appreciate or apprehend scholastic refinements. So at least we should say beforehand: yet Mr. Gladstone is the statesman whose expositions have, for good or for evil, more power than those of any other; his voice is a greater power in the country of plain men than any other man's—nevertheless his intellect is of a thoroughly scholastic kind. He can distinguish between any two propositions; he never allowed, he could not allow, that any two were identical. If any one on either side of the House is bold enough to infer anything

from anything, Mr. Gladstone is ready to deny that the inference is correct, to suggest a distinction which he says is singularly important, to illustrate an apt subtlety which (in appearance at least) impairs the validity of the deduction. No schoolman could be readier at such work. . . .

Mr. Gladstone is essentially a man who cannot impose his creed *on* his time, but must learn his creed *of* his time. Every parliamentary statesman must, as we have said, do so in some measure; but Mr. Gladstone must do so above all men. The vehement orator, the impulsive advocate, the ingenious but somewhat unsettled thinker, is the last man from whom we should expect an original policy, a steady succession of mature and consistent designs. Mr. Gladstone may well be the expositor of his time, the advocate of its conclusions, the admired orator in whom it will take pride; but he cannot be more. Parliamentary life rarely admits the autocratic supremacy of an original intellect; the present moment is singularly unfavorable to it; Mr. Gladstone is the last man to obtain it.

. . . Mr. Gladstone will fail if he follow the seductive example of Sir Robert Peel. It is customary to talk of the unfavorable circumstances in which the latter was placed: but in one respect those circumstances were favorable—he had very unusual means of learning the ideas of his time; they were forced upon him by a loud and organized agitation. The repeal of the Corn Laws, the repeal of the Catholic disabilities—the two acts by which he will be remembered—were not chosen by him, but exacted from him; the world around him clamored for them. But no future statesman can hope to have such an advantage. The age in

which Peel lived was an age of destruction; the measures by which he will be remembered were abolitions. We have now reached the term of the destructive period. We cannot abolish all our laws; we have few remaining with which educated men find fault. The questions which remain are questions of construction: how the lower classes are to be admitted to a share of political power without absorbing the whole power; how the natural union of church and state is to be adapted to an age of divided religious opinion, and to the necessary conditions of a parliamentary government. . . .

There are two topics which are especially critical: Mr. Gladstone must not object to war because it is war, or to expenditure because it is expenditure. Upon these two points Mr. Gladstone has shown a tendency—not, we hope, an uncontrollable tendency, but still a tendency—to differ from the best opinion of the age. He has been unfortunately placed: his humane and Christian feelings are opposed to war; he has a financial ideal which has been distorted, if not destroyed, by a growing expenditure. But war is often necessary; finance is not an end, money is but a means. A statesman who would lead his age must learn its duties. It may be that the defence of England, the military defence, is one of our duties: if so, we must not sit down to count the cost; if so, it is not the age for arithmetic; if so, it is for our statesmen—it is especially for Mr. Gladstone, who is the most splendidly gifted amongst them—to sacrifice cherished hopes, to forego treasured schemes, to put out of their thoughts the pleasant duties of a pacific time, to face the barbarism of war, to vanquish the instinctive shrinkings of a delicate mind. —*From Bagehot's Essay on Gladstone.*

## THE RAMBLER

**A**MONG all the estimates of Mr. Gladstone which have appeared since his death on May 19, we have not seen a more searching analysis of his character than Mr. Bagehot gave, nearly forty years ago, in an essay which we have ventured to condense in the foregoing pages, with the courteous permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. It is interesting to see how clearly and accurately Mr. Bagehot stated Mr. Gladstone, and how time has shown that his wonderful force prevailed, and how mightily he was able to impose himself upon his time, even if he could not "impose his creed upon his time." For great as Mr. Gladstone was as statesman, orator, scholar or man of letters, he rose to greatest height as a personality—an influence upon his century. The fact that all the great memoirs of the past fifty years are full of his name is the nearest witness to this fact. He was part of the world's progress during the closing century: very part of the web of history, and a pervasive power among all civilized peoples. The significant value of his presence in the world will be more thoroughly appreciated as time passes, and he is not here. We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Outlook* for the portrait of Mr. Gladstone which forms the frontispiece to this number of *THE BOOK BUYER*. It is reproduced from the engraving by Mr. W. Biscomb Gardner, after a photograph by Samuel A. Walker of London.

Many of the writers and illustrators of books have gone to the war, or as near to it as they can get, in the service of newspapers and illustrated periodicals. Among the writers are Henry Norman, Poultney Bigelow, Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Crane, John R. Spears, John Fox, Jr., Caspar Whitney, and James Barnes; while

W. J. Henderson, the music critic of the *New York Times*, and writer of navy stories for boys, is an ensign in the Naval Reserve. Among the most noted artists who are drawing pictures of the fights past and prospective are Frederic Remington, Carlton T. Chapman, and Rufus Zogbaum. The first book announced on the general subject of the war is, we believe, Mr. Davis's "War of 1898 from First to Last," to be published by the Scribners as soon after the war as possible. The opening sketches, "The First Shot of the War" and the "Bombardment of Matanzas," will be published in the July number of *Scribner's Magazine*.

Speaking of Mr. Davis, in the May *BOOK BUYER* the reviewer of Mr. Winston Churchill's story, "The Celebrity," expressed his belief (following several expressions elsewhere of the same idea) that Mr. Churchill's hero was intended to satirize a certain very well-known and broad-shouldered young novelist, who was "described so carefully that even a detective could identify him." Mr. Churchill has written to say that he had no special person in mind, and we take pleasure in printing his disclaimer:

*To the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER:*

*Dear Sir.*—I hope you will permit me a few words of self-justification concerning the recent review of my book, "The Celebrity," which appeared in the April *BOOK BUYER*. I see that your reviewer has fastened the identity of the Celebrity upon some well-known magazine writer, who has "had the misfortune to offend Mr. Churchill among others." Who this "well-known magazine writer" is your reviewer neglects to say, but he adds that enough data are given to enable a detective to identify him.

If I have hit any "well-known magazine writer," I am extremely sorry, and assure you that it was done unconsciously and unintentionally. The character of the Celebrity was to me



WINSTON CHURCHILL

an essential in the make-up of my little comedy; on it my plot hinges. I had no person in my mind when I created him, and the description of the Celebrity's appearance was entirely imaginary, conforming only to what my notion of the character demanded.

Your reviewer also says that I hold up a literary friend to ridicule. I reply that I have no literary friends, or even acquaintances, corresponding to my description of the Celebrity. He also says that "'The Celebrity' seems to have been written to pay a private grudge." It was not. I am glad to be able to say that I have no grudges against any one, and have no reasons for any. "The Celebrity" was written merely as a bit of fun, and I should be the first to regret having published a book in which has been held up to ridicule any literary gentleman whatsoever.

Yours very truly,

*Winston Churchill.*

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.,

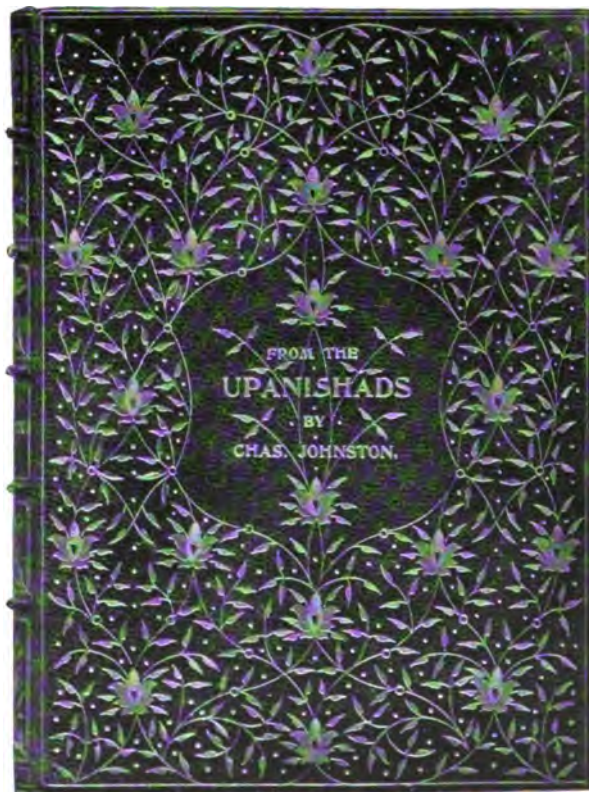
*April 28, 1898.*

Mr. Churchill's portrait is made from his latest photograph, we believe. The same is to be said of the picture of Mr. Morgan

Robertson, another young writer whose new books are reviewed appreciatively on another page.

The two examples of different styles of modern book-bindings form an interesting contrast with the antique bindings which Mr. Andrews describes in an article on his famous "little books" elsewhere in this number of THE BOOK BUYER. This morocco cover for the "Upanishads" is the production of Mr. Otto Zahn, a sketch of whose work was given in the March number; and the "commercial" cloth cover for Mr. Lee's yarn is another exploit of Mr. T. W. Ball.

The development of amateur naval strategists at every dinner table in town naturally brings about large sales of the



A BINDING BY ZAHN



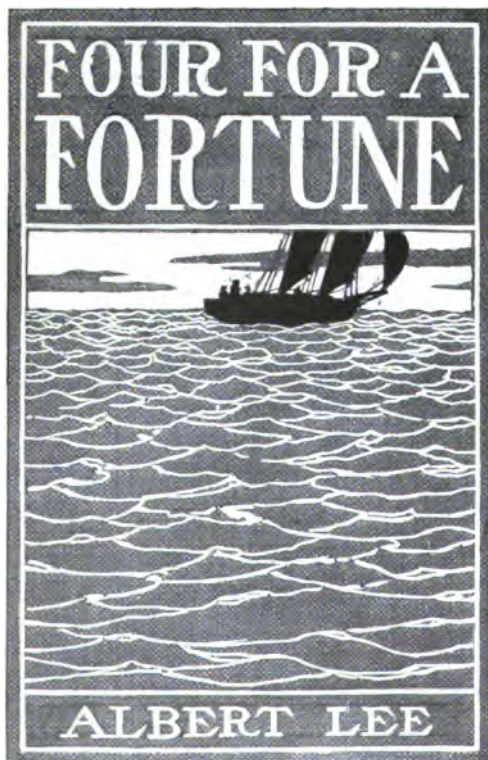
best books relating to naval warfare, past and present. One result thereof is the announcement by the Appletons of Macclay's "History of the United States Navy, from 1775 to 1898," technically revised by Lieut. R. C. Smith, U.S.N., with several new chapters and illustrations. It is reported that Captain Mahan's books are in large and steady demand, as is also Mr. John R. Spears's "History of Our Navy," the popular history in four large illustrated volumes issued last year by the Scribners. A fifth edition of Wilson's "Ironclads in Action" is announced by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

The preface of Captain Mahan's book, "The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future," is dated November, 1897, and there the unity of the detached



MORGAN ROBERTSON

papers which make up the volume is attributed "to the fact that they embody the thought of an individual mind, consecutive in the line of its main conceptions, but adjusting itself continually to changing conditions, which the progress of events entails." It was not with an "antecedent purpose," says Captain Mahan, that the unity was created, nor could such a purpose have told him how soon the progress of events would render the subjects of his essays timely to a vital degree. One of them deals with "Hawaii and Our Future Sea Power," another with the "Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion," and still another with the "Strategic Features of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico." If it is fortunate that the government can now use the thoughts of a man who has been thinking to good purpose on these themes, it is only in another way the good fortune of an author, as such, to have devoted his labor to subjects regarding which so many need to be enlightened. A new demand for this book is the result of present conditions, which have also helped to render Mr. Grover Flint's "Marching with Gomez," long ago announced, but finally



A POSTER-COVER

published in the very nick of time, one of the popular successes of these stirring days.



The death of Mr. James Payn, which occurred on March 25, has left English letters the poorer, not so much by a first-rate draughtsman, as by a charming and permeating personality, possessed by few writers of our time. When one comes to sum up his place in fiction, it is difficult to see his claim to ultimate enshrinement.

As a novelist he had ceased to be talked about, although his books appealed to that large class of middle-aged people who do not wish to be harrowed by the latest sensational newcomer and are uninfluenced by authors "on the boom." Mr. Payn will really be remembered by his friendships, and his place in latter-day literature has much in common with the position held by some writers of an earlier date, notably

Charles Rogers and Southey. Mr. Payn, during the later years of his life, had gathered round him a circle of acquaintances who called constantly at his house, where very bad health compelled him to remain a prisoner. An excellent whist-player and an unmatched raconteur, he cultivated the gift of friendship as a busier man of to-day is unable to do, and his weekly appearance in the *Illustrated London News* made him known to English-speaking people all over the world, and brought him quantities of letters. It is an interesting fact that his successive illnesses created the greatest anxiety among people who had never seen him, and brought, at

times, suggestions of help in a very practical form. Much astonishment has been caused by the sale of his library; he had some rare treasures, but they were placed in the hands of a firm of auctioneers not accustomed to deal in books, and went for beggarly prices. The manuscript of "Lost Sir Massingberd" fetched only £3.



Few writers have increased their reputation so much recently as Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose most recent book, "Tales of Unrest," has just been published in this country by the Scribners. A former story, "The Nigger of the Narcissus," received the commendation of Mr. Henley, who published it in the *New Review*, while Mr. Heinemann issued it in book form. This book was published here by Messrs. Dodd & Mead, under the title "The Children of the Sea." Mr. Conrad is a man of about forty. Early in life he went to sea, ris-



JAMES PAYN

ing to be a captain of a vessel engaged in the South Sea trade. Like Mr. Louis Beck, a writer of the same school, he published his first work, "Almayer's Folly," through Mr. Fisher Unwin, in 1895, and the following year he gave us "An Outcast of the Islands." We have had books galore about the sea, but not one of them is conceived in the same spirit of poetry as Mr. Conrad's. His forthcoming book, "The Rescue," will make its appearance in serial form in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and Mr. Heinemann will afterwards publish it. We believe the Doubleday & McClure Co. have the American rights. Mr. Conrad leads a quiet life in



JOSEPH CONRAD

the quaintly named Ivy Walls Farm, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex, and does not figure in literary circles of London.

"Pendennis" is issued as the second volume in the new Biographical Edition of Thackeray, in which there is so much to praise. Yet it may not be hypercritical to call attention to the fact that while many hitherto unpublished drawings by the author are included in the biographical introductions to this new edition, the smaller text pictures of earlier editions are not included, and full-page drawings, even, are not to be found. For instance, in "Vanity Fair," everybody remembers the picture called "Becky's Second Appearance as Clytemnestra," but that picture is not given in the new edition. This is to be the more regretted since it is by this picture alone that we are informed that Becky was within earshot when Dobbin went to see Jos that night at the

hotel in Brussels. There is no word in the text to tell us; only that picture, which we always remember, of Becky behind the curtain. And in "Pendennis" we sadly miss our first portraits of Costigan and the bewildering Miss Fotheringay; and even the large picture of that beautiful daughter, with her less beautiful father, bestowing "the cut direct" upon poor Pen, has been omitted.

Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James will contribute alternate "American Letters" to *Literature*. There are no better equipped spokesmen for American letters than these two men, and the fact that one lives in England can only add piquancy to their delightful essays.

By an unlucky accident the titles of two of the pictures illustrating Mr. W. L. Andrews's review of "Historic New York" in the May BOOK BUYER were sadly confused. The title given to the picture at the head of the article, "Nieuw Amsterdam—1665," should have been attached to the print used as tail-piece, and the date should have been 1656, instead of 1665. The view given in this second print is of the city a few years later.

"A Yankee" writes to THE BOOK BUYER to call attention to the fact that Dr. Conan Doyle's "local color" is a bit confused in his last story, "A Desert Drama." He says: "The 'Tremont Presbyterian Church' may go down with foreigners, but not with New Englanders. They know there is no Presbyterian church in Boston."

Four volumes in the Scribners' popular edition of George Meredith's novels have appeared: "Richard Feverel," "Diana," "Sandra Belloni," and "Vittoria." The problem of compressing stories so long



within the limits of a light, compact duodecimo volume, at a low price, has been accomplished with considerable skill. Thoroughly inconspicuous in typography and binding, the literature held between the sober green covers is allowed to be its own first attraction.

It is safe to guess that Mr. Gladstone's name will turn up frequently in a new volume of English parliamentary reminiscences, called "Collections and Recollections," written by a Radical M.P., who signs himself "One Who Has Kept a Diary," and to be published shortly by the Harpers. The author is said to be a member of the literary craft, as well as a statesman.

The many friends of Mr. Charles F. Lummis will be interested in the progress of his ambitious plan to make his magazine, *The Land of Sunshine*, the leading illustrated literary magazine of the Pacific coast. A strong literary and financial support has been secured, and Mr. Lummis's strenuous enthusiasm and energy are pretty sure to bring him success. Among those who have pledged themselves to work together for the broadening and brightening of *The Land of Sunshine* are Theodore H. Hittell, David Starr Jordan, Constance Goddard Du Bois, Mary Hallock Foote, Margaret Collier Graham, Ella Higginson, Grace Ellery Channing, John Vance Cheney, Frederick Webb Hodge, Dr. Washington Matthews, George Parker Winship, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Edwin Markham, Charles Frederick Holder, T. S. Van Dyke, and many others.

Under the title, "Pearls Strung by Ella Weed," Miss Anne Brown has published a volume to which we take pleasure in calling attention. It is a slight memo-

rial to the gifted woman whose influence and memory are so much deeper influences than those of the ordinary teacher of young women. As has been said of her: "When Barnard College was established, Miss Weed was one of the first women called upon to give practical form and substance to the idea that inspired its institution, and Barnard owes to her its systematic organization and its insistence on high standards of scholarship. Her judgment of character was a positive force in the development of the college, and she has left an ineffaceable impression upon it."

The book consists of short extracts in prose and verse, arranged in the form of a year-book. It was originally given by Miss Weed to Miss Brown as a birthday remembrance, "chance lines chosen as her fancy dictated, copied in her own strong, unique hand-writing. . . . These selections were never intended for publication, nor would I have printed them [remarks Miss Brown in the short preface] except in answer to the many requests from those who wished them as a personal memorial. In no way must they be criticised as a specimen of her literary ability. . . . To her friends everywhere I pass on the string of pearls as she handed it to me."

The book is daintily printed and bound, and copies are for sale at \$1 each at Putnam's, Dutton's, Jenkins's, and by Miss Brown at 715 Fifth Avenue. All the proceeds of sales are to be devoted to the Ella Weed Scholarship at Barnard College, where Miss Weed worked so faithfully until her untimely death.

Prof. James Bryce is writing for a summer number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article upon the new relations between England and America, for which we are likely to be grateful to the war with Spain. Prof. James K. Hosmer is treat-

ing the same subject from the American point of view.



Students of Shakespeare cannot fail to be interested in "The Poems of Shakespeare," edited with an introduction and notes by George Wyndham, and announced for immediate publication by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. The purpose of the book is to supply a separate, adequate edition of all the poems, apart from the plays, together with such explanatory and critical comment as the editor, in the light of modern scholarship, has seen fit to provide.



A copy of the first edition of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" brought what is said to be the "record price" at the recent "Blanchard sale" in Boston. This was \$165; but it is to be doubted whether there was so much profit for any one concerned as in the sale for \$110 of that other copy of the book which, together with a razor and an earthen jar, was once bought for ten cents at an auction in a Maine village. Alas! for collectors and booksellers, such transfers are all too rare.



Four volumes of graceful and workmanlike fiction which have just been issued by the Harpers are a book of tales by Miss Wilkins, called "Silence, and Other Stories"; Mr. Howells's "Story of a Play" (which appeared last summer in *Scribner's Magazine*, and whose plot, curiously enough, has been almost duplicated in real life by the experiences of a young playwright here in New York during the past few months); and "The Hundred, and Other Stories," a volume of Miss Gertrude Hall's delicate and fanciful tales. The Harpers also issue a new edition of Mr. H. G. Wells's "Thirty Strange Stories," published last year by Mr. Edward Arnold.

The career of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has been so brilliant as to command considerable admiration from the discriminating public, a smallish body which often grudges its praise. He has been called a scholar in politics; he is, more definitely, a scholar in the athletics of public life. Born in 1858, graduated at Harvard in 1880, an Assemblyman from 1881 to 1884, Mr. Harrison's Civil Service Commissioner, a Police Commissioner who overthrew Pharaoh, a biographer of Gouverneur Morris and Thomas H. Benton, an honest historian, a forcible essayist, and a mighty hunter—now, when barely forty years of age, he leaves the Navy Department (where his energy has had greater results than are yet fully seen) to lead a cavalry regiment in the field and "show how a Knickerbocker can whip a Hidalgo," to use the classic phrase of one of his heartiest admirers. As he himself put it one day in conversation, he "has been a Jingo a good many years, and now is going to take his own medicine." We take great pleasure in publishing the best photograph ever made of him, with the permission of Mr. Rockwood, by whom the plate is copyrighted. And when he comes back from the war he will doubtless write the most interesting book of all, for it will be the story of a hunting trip for the biggest game in the world.



Perhaps the most notable novels announced for immediate publication are Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale," now in the Macmillans' press, and George Moore's "Evelyn Innes," to be published in this country, we believe, by the Appletons. Among the books by less distinguished writers are Mrs. Atherton's "The Californians," which Mr. John Lane has in preparation. After "The Virginians" and "The Bostonians," one must look for a brilliant



*Theodore Roosevelt*

[By permission, from a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood]

story under such a title. Mr. Lane will soon publish, also, a tale by Kenneth Grahame, called "The Hackwoman," and in the autumn a new collection of Mr. Grahame's stories, including several published in the American magazines.

Other new story-books are "The Moral Imbeciles," by Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean Greene, coming from the Harpers; "The Forest Lovers," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, from the Macmillan Co.; "The King's Jackal," by Mr. Richard Harding Davis (now a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*); and a volume of "Cornell Stories," by Mr. James Gardner Sanderson, also from the Scribners' press. To recur to the prevailing subject for a moment—a new collection of war stories by Mr. Robert Chambers, called "The Haunts of Men," is announced by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.; "John Ship, Mariner," from the same house, is also full of fighting with Drake; and the Putnams announce a new edition of Mr. Louis Tracy's curious story, "The Final War," which was originally published several years ago, and told of a combination, made in 1898, between France, Germany, and Russia against England, which brought about an Anglo-American alliance and a "final war." This new edition is to be issued at the same time with a new story by the same author, "Lost Provinces," a sequel to "The American Emperor."

It is reported that Zola is coming to America to lecture, as soon as he can set his affairs in order in France. Mr. John Lane announces this writer's "Letters to France," a book made up of the four letters which appeared in *Le Figaro* and *L'Aurore*.

The advantage of a "specialty" for a man of letters, no less than for a man of anything else, is shown by the latest en-

terprise of Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole. He is writing a romance of old Persia, to be called "Omar the Tent Maker." The "Old Man of the Mountains," Hassan el Sabah—to whom we are possibly indebted for the word *assassin*—provides the adventurous element of the tale, of which Omar Khayyâm is the central figure. The scene is laid in Khorasan at about the end of the eleventh century, not far from the time of the first crusade. The book will be published by L. C. Page & Co. of Boston, and also in England.

The Appletons announce a new book by Félix Gras, called "The Terror," which is a romance of the French Revolution; "Kronstadt," by Max Pemberton; "Arachne," another Egyptian story by Dr. Georg Ebers; and "Lucky Bargee," a novel by Harry Lander.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. have recently acquired the right of publishing all of Mrs. Burton Harrison's novels except those issued by Scribners, and are preparing to publish six of her volumes in a uniform edition.

A thoroughly unconventional, yet equally useful, little reading book for schools has been compiled by Miss Mary E. Burt and Mrs. George W. Cable from the writings of Eugene Field. It is called "The Eugene Field Book," and Mr. Cable contributes an introduction. There are many amusing and interesting illustrations, mainly from photographs.

Mr. Robert Howard Russell has shown his disposition to catch the early worm by adding a war song to his list of publications. "Remember the Maine" is the refrain and the title, and the lithographed cover, which first appeared in *Truth*, catches the eye at once.

*The Rambler.*



From "Windows."

RENAISSANCE MOSAIC GLASS  
[In Rouen Cathedral]

Charles Scribner's Sons

## A DEFINITIVE TREATISE ON "STAINED GLASS"

**M**R. DAY'S book is dedicated, he says, "to those who know nothing of stained glass; to those who know something, and want to know more; and to those who know all about it, and yet care to know what another may have to say upon the subject."

Mr. Day's book will interest and instruct all these various inquirers: he has succeeded in giving to the public a definitive treatise on what is popularly known as "stained glass"—a treatise both practical and theoretic, within reasonable limits. He has also managed most laudably to explain both theory and practice through a historical sequence, beginning with a notice of the earliest facts, and coming down to the questions of what is done to-day, what can be done, and what should be done. It could have been no easy matter to compress such a mass of material within a practical limit, for, in Mr. Day's scheme—the scheme of a true expounder—the reiterations of principles and the details of practice are

interwoven with accounts of different methods and of exceptional instances. Anyone following carefully his historic analysis is reminded continually of what he has been told before; so that the book consists of a series of lessons, from whose teaching no person, anxious to know, can escape. Were such a method applied to the history of painting, an invaluable addition would be made to the study of art. For, in our usual manners of describing the schools, we are too careless of the methods and technical details through which the schools exist, and those who know are too willing to assume in others a knowledge of detail, which none but the practitioner is really aware



From "Windows."—Charles Scribner's Sons.

POITIERS: EAST WINDOW

**WINDOWS.** A Book about Stained and Painted Glass. By Lewis F. Day. With 50 full page plates and 200 smaller illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, \$10.50.





From "Windows."



Charles Scribner's Sons.

SALOME.—S. VINCENT: ROUEN

of. Notwithstanding the completeness of his work, Mr. Day, in his modest preface, makes "no claim to learnedness," he says. But, at the same time, his book has grown out of an enviable experience. His point of view is "that of art and workmanship, or, more precisely speaking, workman-

ship and art, workmanship being naturally the beginning and root of art. We are workmen first and artists afterwards—perhaps."

In the first division of the book he sets out "to trace the course of workmanship, to follow the technique of the workman

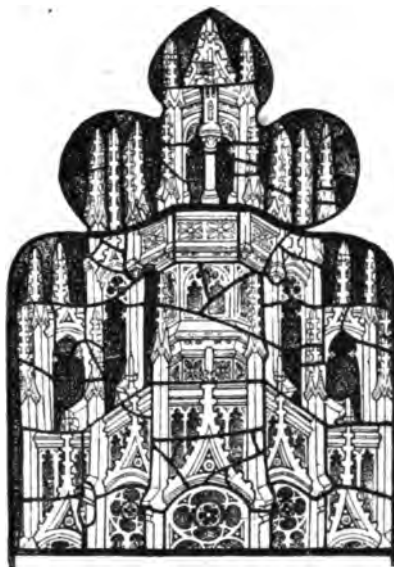
from the twelfth century to the seventeenth, from archaism to pictorial accomplishment."

In the second division, he shows "the course of design in glass from the earliest mediæval window to the latest glass picture of the Renaissance."

In the third division, he undertakes for separate discussion questions not in the direct line either of design or workmanship, "which, if taken by the way, would have confused the issue." In this third division he treats of "Style in Modern Glass," of "How to see Windows," and of "Windows worth Seeing," with "A Word on Restoration."

The book has a running commentary of illustrations which are extremely well chosen; necessarily, they are made by cheap processes, for, otherwise, the book could not be made useful to so many.

In Mr. Day's comments, which accompany his historic account, or his analysis of methods, there are points from which one might differ, but his reasons for mitigating the strength of many of his statements are probably reasonable, in so far that they allow him to meet half-way the objections or the ignorance of the learner. Moreover, as he goes on, he manages to add other statements, which usually balance the concession which he may have made at first, and as he always comes back to the account of practice, the reader is carefully kept to a main track of observation sufficiently logical to enable him to appreciate the point at issue upon its full merits. It might thus be possible to differ from Mr. Day occasion-



From "Windows." Charles Scribner's Sons.  
TYPICAL PERPENDICULAR CANOPY

ally, and yet either to have learned more or appreciated more justly one's difference of position. There is evidence everywhere of what can be said on the opposite side of his own argumentation, so that, as a whole, the work makes an excellent text-book. There is no other, practically. There are excellent essays and treatises on the different divisions of the subject, mostly difficult of access. But this is the only complete account of the subject that I know of.\*

By *complete*, I do not mean that Mr. Day has wished to supersede the admirable essay of Viollet-le-Duc, in the "Dictionnaire d'Architecture," or the writings of Winston and Westlake, but anyone desirous of further reading, would be much better equipped to appreciate either these works, or any others, after having mastered

\*I realize that more might be said: about Spanish windows, for instance, or about certain Eastern glass, but either Mr. Day has not wished to go beyond his actual visual knowledge, or else he has feared the making of his text-book too lengthy for use.



From "Windows."—Charles Scribner's Sons.  
EXECUTIONER OF S. JOHN THE BAPTIST:  
FOURTEENTH CENTURY



From "Windows."—Charles Scribner's Sons.

QUEEN OF SHEBA: FAIRFORD  
[Detail]

Mr. Day's historic account and the lessons he deduces from the facts which he explains.

All through his account, moreover, there persists such a real personal interest, and there are so many fresh and strong statements, that further deductions from what he says would be inevitable for any student or artist working in the Art of Glass. Therefore,

if any fault can be found with his deductions, as not being carried far enough, his statements carry in themselves, through a certain vitality and charm of interest, a sufficient remedy. Occasionally, indeed, some of his phrases are so full of meaning that, in themselves,—in their few words—they amount to new openings for a larger view of the entire subject or its divisions. A simple technical detail is spoken of by him with so much interest, and even enthusiasm, as to lift it entirely out of the plane of mere workmanship, and to make it occasionally a general lesson of art.

Nothing, to my mind, could be better, for instance, than those sentences on page 15, which belong to the opening of the chapter, "Glazing," where he asserts

that "the art of the glass painter was at first only the art of the glazer. To say that may seem like self-contradiction. But it is not so. On the contrary, it is almost literally the truth; and it is difficult to find words which would more vividly express the actual fact." Then comes this statement, which seems to me so full of life, "We are accustomed to think of a painter as using pigment always in some liquid form, and applying it to wood or plaster, canvas or paper, with a brush. Should he lay it on with a palette-knife, as he sometimes does, it is better still. *If he could, by any possibility, put together his colors in mid-air, without the aid of paper, canvas, or other solid substance, it would still be painting.* This is very much what the worker in stained glass, by the help of strips of intervening lead, practically succeeded in doing. As a painter places side by side dabs of paint, so the glazer puts side by side little pieces of colored glass. Glass, you see, was the medium in which his color was fixed, just as oil, varnish, wax or gum is the vehicle in which the painter's pigment is ordinarily held in suspension."

If Mr. Day had written nothing more than these few lines, he would have done more than I have yet seen to explain the point of view—the tendency—that has made the worker in the Art of Glass. This pregnant statement of Mr. Day's balances, in the manner that I have tried to explain, certain yielding of points to conventional ideas, about which a reasoning artist might



From "Windows."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

S. MARY'S: SHREWSBURY





From "Windows."



Charles Scribner's Sons.

FIGURE AND CANOPY WINDOWS: BOURGES

object. There is, with all of us, too great a yielding of the point, that black and white painting is nearer nature than colored painting. We forget that all the methods are merely conventions. To the eye of a Titian or a Veronese—artists aiming at the full representation of nature—most paintings of the modern no-color schools would be extremely unreal. But they certainly, also, would not quarrel with them on that account. All representation is a matter of adjustment, compromise, and convention, nor can we hold nature up as if it were game which we had shot and hung up by the tail. The great mediæval window is as true to nature, in certain ways, as is the best Velasquez, in that it represents light by light itself. No dirty paint on dull canvas can approach it, in that it represents certain effects of nature with the very powers through which nature itself builds the impression upon our eye. It is only in this direction that I should like to offer my objection to Mr. Day's being willing to concede that the painted glass of certain epochs is, in itself, more realistic than the full colored glass of others. But this is a general statement, and applies as much to what we call *painting*, as to representation by glass.

I think it may be well to notice what Mr. Day has to say about my own methods. Not because of any necessity of objection, since Mr. Day kindly states



From "Windows."—Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA BEFORE SOLOMON: FAIRFORD

that no one has better appreciated the quality of glass, but because Mr. Day has not seen enough of my work, or work of a similar kind, to understand the development implied in it. His appreciation of the late Italian work gives me exactly the basis for the explanation of the direction of my own attempts, which are mostly a carrying-out of what Mr. Day has suggested, that "the sequence of Italian art might lead to some important developments." It was this further fact, of the late Italian art having begun to work in harmony with the development of painting, as seen in the Italian masters, like Crivelli, and so forth, which encouraged me to believe that the chain could be taken up there. As Mr. Day remarks, "such a painting by Botticelli might almost be put into the hands of a glass painter to translate." (P. 245.)

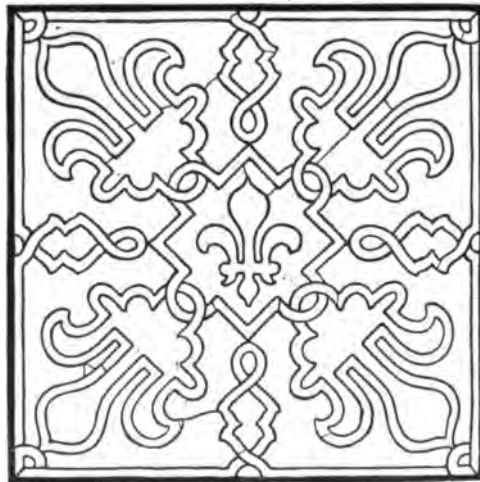
But only in a few of these paintings is distinctly seen the great basis of all color work (which includes painting, as we know it, only as a detail); that is, the balance of the complementary colors, and the use of actual color, and not darkness, to represent shadow. Such a view of painting is more or less indicated in many of the early Italian masters. Indeed, it is of so certain a tradition that Michael Angelo stands by it in the modeling of the figures of the Sistine Chapel. Modern scientific study has tended, also,

to turn painters in a similar direction. The basis of the work, therefore, that I undertook, was a development of what the artists of the Renaissance, more or less, understood, and an attempted conformity with more modern scientific teaching regarding light and color. This, of course, is absolutely in the nature of what glass is most specially capable of. But, more than that, I have turned more and more to the use of the leading, which is a necessity, as one of the most important factors of the window. Of that *necessity* I have tried to make a basis of artistic design, so that the leads alone would give the design of the window. That this should be visible to the average person is not to be aimed at, any more than that the scaffolding should remain upon the façades of the gothic cathedrals.

I, therefore, suppose that Mr. Day has scarcely seen any of my work, or the work of American artists derived from mine. And I should not have explained my own method even thus much, were it not that I consider it, at least, as far as intention

goes, a development of the principles and the methods which Mr. Day has specially explained and recommended ; both those of the past and the necessary tendencies of the future, in so far as derived from these special directions of the past. Mr. Day, himself, explains very fully, in his chapter, "Style in Modern Glass," that "we may be allowed to do what the men of the thirteenth or sixteenth centuries might conceivably have done, had they possessed our experience. It is quite certain that the thirteenth century workman did not realize all that might be done in painted glass, quite certain that those of the seventeenth did not appreciate what might be done in mosaic glass. It would be sheer folly to paint no better than a thirteenth century glazer, because our window was destined for Salisbury cathedral ; to make no more use of the quality inherent in glass than was made by a painter of the seventeenth century, because it was designed for St. Paul's." (P. 358.)

*John La Farge.*



From "Windows."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

A TOUR DE FORCE IN GLAZING : ANGERS MUSEUM

## WHAT WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT SHAKSPERE

PERHAPS the most broadly diffused notion with regard to Shakspeare is that his works have come down to us in a hopelessly mutilated state, and that we know little or nothing about his life as a man and as an artist. The origin of this notion can be pretty clearly traced to two dominant schools of Shakspeare criticism. One, a chosen band of æsthetic interpreters, has regarded him as the myriad-minded creator whose genius at our most inspired moments we are able only faintly to adumbrate; and another, a semi-reactionary school, refuses to connect such a being with a London play actor and manager, and finds a plentiful lack of reason for concluding that the myriad-minded divinity must have been some one else, namely, Bacon. Where the love of Shakspeare is a religion, any collection of everyday details must seem irrelevant or inadequate. A third type of critics has come to the front in the present generation. It is now the custom to approach Shakspeare, like all other artists, on a scientific and historical basis. The texts of the quartos and folios, in spite of their manifold shortcomings, are now considered the best vantage ground for the study of Shakspeare's language; and the study of his development as a man and an artist has prospered most when based on the facts of his life, however meagre, and on a consideration of his plays in the order of their composition. The conception of Shakspeare which we have thus reached is perhaps less nebulously grand, but it is clearer, and perhaps no less truly imposing.

### I

DR. FURNESS belongs originally to the school of Coleridge and the Germans. Shakspeare to him is, first of all, the poet of mankind. His appeal is to emotions that are eternal; and his commentators should illuminate his meaning by means of a spontaneous sympathy. Here is a characteristic note on the passage where Polixenes, while Florizel is standing by, is trying to reconcile the dainty maiden mind of Perdita to the art of grafting, which makes gilliflowers pried:

"This is an Art  
Which do's mend Nature; change it rather, but  
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly-vors,  
And do not call them bastards.

Perd. Ile not put  
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:  
No more then were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say 'twere well."

Upon "So it is" Furness comments: "Perdita, true to her charming feminine nature, instantly makes a personal application of what Polixenes has been saying, who, unwittingly, by his simile of marrying the gentler scion to the wildest stock, has been stating the relative positions of his royal son and the shepherd's daughter; and this 'So it is' is uttered with a swift, furtive, smiling glance at Florizel. That it is no real assent to the philosophy she has just heard is evident from her next words—*Ile not put*, etc." Again, on the passage,

"Daffadils,  
That come before the Swallow dares, and take  
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,  
But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,  
Or *Cytherea's* breath)"—

Furness comments: "When unspeakable love and tenderness are expressed through the eyes, the eye-lids instinctively droop;

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THE VARIORUM SHAKESPEARE, Vol. XI, THE WINTER'S TALE. By Horace Howard Furness, Ph.D., LL.D., etc. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, A CRITICAL STUDY. By George Brandes. The Macmillan Co., 2 volumes, 8vo, \$8.00.



then it is, when such love-glances beam from the half-veiled eyes of the queen of heaven, that her eye-lids become a type of love, as Cytherea's breath a type of sweetness; and in both of them the violet excels." One may doubt whether it be not too curious so to consider, but he will find it hard to banish the image in reading the familiar lines. The words of such a commentator as Dr. Furness and those whose judgments he most delights as an editor to record, ennoble the text like the memory of the voice of an adequate actor. They spring from a large and generous soul which is speaking from no age and for all time. Critics of a generation less creative, and perhaps less robust, can only regret that at the present rate he will hardly have done with the plays before he is a hundred and fifty; and though we have fair hopes of maturity, we shall hardly live to follow him so far. Yet even for his edition of a dozen or so of the two score of Shakspeare's works, scholars owe him an endless debt of gratitude.

In only one respect has Furness come over to the point of view of the historical and scientific critics. In the fifth volume of his series, "*Othello*," he discarded all modern texts, and took as his base of operations the text which is nearest Shakspeare. "Who am I," he says, "that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakspeare's words?" The text of the folios may be an ill-favored thing, but it is nearest to Shakspeare's own. Its very inconsistencies of spelling and punctuation suggest the heedless spontaneity of the world in which Shakspeare wrote; and its corruptions keep plainly in one's mind the fact that he wrote for the stage only. An honest recognition of such seeming platitudes would have spared us tomes of fine-spun theories and appreciations. Beyond this matter of text Dr. Furness has not followed

the scientists. The question of the order in which the plays were written, with its manifold implications as to Shakspeare's mind and art, he speaks of as "that most trivial question, except in Shakspeare's biography, on which time can be wasted."

## II

DR. BRANDES, and the school with which he invites comparison, make the chronology of the plays of equal importance with the facts of Shakspeare's life; and regard both as the initial point in discussing the growth and decay of Shakspeare's mind and art. They aim to tell us wherein an Elizabethan differed from ourselves, and to explain each biographical and literary event, first of all, from the point of view of Shakspeare's contemporaries. They attempt to trace the successive influences under which Shakspeare's style developed: we see the traces of Kyd, Lyly, Greene, Marlowe, Montaigne, and a dozen others. They frankly recognize that in many of the best plays Shakspeare's conception was largely determined in advance by the play or novel from which he took his plot, and in many cases his very words. It is only after exhausting the suggestions of all known facts and inferences from facts that they proceed to sympathetic and imaginative interpretations. To a general reader the amount of the data, positive and inferential, is little short of amazing. We see Shakspeare in his boyhood at Stratford, in his young manhood and prime in London, and in his maturity at Stratford again. We follow many of his business transactions, small and great; we see him in his tavernings with the foremost literary men of his time, and in familiar intercourse with the nobility. We learn much of his love affair with Anne Hathaway, and are led to infer more of an unhappy alliance of his later life,

which he himself half reveals in the sonnets. Most wonderful of all, we are able to trace the effect of all this in his artistic development; we see him experimenting, triumphing, and decaying in his profession of writing plays. And out of all this we gain greater depths of knowledge and of admiration of his genius.

That Brandes, or any other scholar, should write an adequate critical study on such a plan is perhaps not to be expected. In point of fact, his shortcomings are many. He is sometimes caught in the pitfalls of Elizabethan English. "*Reflection*," he says, "hinders" Hamlet; "his resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *thought*." A better philologist would have known that *thought* here means *anxiety*, as in "Take no thought for the morrow," and countless other passages. Such a misreading is fatal when it is made the basis of interpretation. It reminds of Dowden's argument that the mainspring of Hamlet's character is a love of honesty, because (among other reasons) Hamlet asks Ophelia if she is "honest." Sometimes Brandes goes wrong for lack of information. His account of Kyd's influence on Shakspeare is impaired by the fact that he has not read Gregor Sarrazin's "Thomas Kyd und sein Kreis," a fact which invalidates also what he has to say about "Titus Andronicus" and "Hamlet." Again, when he seems to have gone over the data pretty well, he falls short from a failure to digest it. Marlowe is thought by some to have had a hand in "Richard III"; and most critics admit that if Shakspeare wrote all of the play, he was laboring consciously under Marlowe's literary influence. Brandes spends many paragraphs in attempting to reconcile Marlowesque traits in the play with Shakspeare's subsequent dramatic insight. Worse than all this, Brandes treats as facts what is inferential and even grossly conjectural.

On the whole, he has not added much in results to Dowden's "Shakspeare Primer," though his work is twenty times the volume. Professor Barrett Wendell's "William Shakspeare, A Study in Elizabethan Literature," another essay on similar lines, is far more illuminating and stimulative; and though it has not found acceptance as a whole among Shakspeareans, its doubtful issues are in what is plainly put forth as conjectural or interpretative, not in matters of fact. When all these hard words are said, however, Brandes's book remains intelligent, copious, and well written. It is especially rich in its illustrations of Shakspeare's social and literary environment, and in tracing their influence on the plays. For all purposes except those of the expert it has more readable information than any other comparable work.

### III

It is only in the sense of the scientist that our knowledge of Shakspeare can be called meagre. In the same sense the theory of evolution is not established; and similarly Lord Kelvin asserted of late that his nebular hypothesis has no claim to be regarded as a scientific theory. We know a few important things about Shakspeare's life and literary development, and we have well-grounded theories as to many more; and the hypotheses of the more or less nebular sort are without number. Most of the theories and many of the hypotheses may some time be established. For the present we can only say that until we have fixed all possible facts, and purged away the impossible vapors of unscientific appreciations, the field of Shakspeare criticism is the most inviting and profitable that is open to the modern world of scholars.

*John Corbin.*

## SEXTODECIMOS ET INFRA



OFFICIUM BEATÆ MARIE VIRGINIS:  
N. JENSON. 1475

NOTWITH-  
STAND-  
ING the array  
of numerals to  
denote sizes,  
dates, and  
prices which  
the columns of  
a second-hand  
bookseller's  
catalogue pre-  
sent, and the  
formal and ste-  
reotyped char-  
acter of its  
"make-up," it  
is not neces-

sarily the dull and monotonous reading that might be imagined. A deal of entertainment as well as information is to be derived from the perusal of catalogues such as those issued by the "Napoleon of London booksellers," Bernard Quaritch, or by his equally well-known confrères across the Channel, Morgand et Fatout, of Paris, not a few of whose model catalogues are contributions to bibliography of no mean order of literary merit. Bibliomaniacs have been known to become catalogue-crazy, and to find more delight in conning and thumbing them over than they were able to extract from any other variety of mental pabulum.

The charm for a lover of books which lurks in even the purely descriptive portions of a bookseller's catalogue is exemplified in the following clipping:

NOTE.—The reproductions are the same size as the originals except when otherwise noted.

Officium Beatæ Mariæ Virginis. Black Letter, printed on vellum, ornamented with three borders and many initial letters richly illuminated, printed in red and black, with twelve lines to the page, calf extra, the sides richly tooled, and inlaid with morocco of different colours. Venet. per N. Jenson, 1475.

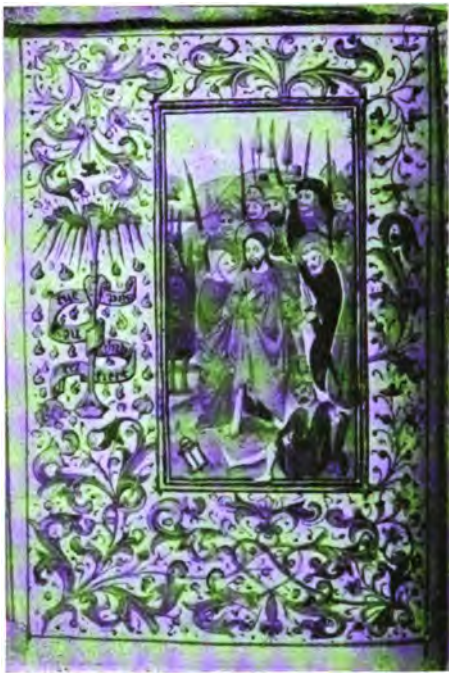
One of the most beautiful little volumes imaginable, and of the utmost rarity, £42. 00. 0.

Surely, this description is enough to make a bibliophile's mouth water, and it conveys the truth, and nothing but the truth, but not the whole truth. The compiler of the catalogue omitted, we fear designedly, to state that the painted (not mosaic) binding in the Grolier style is modern, and not antique, as would naturally be presumed.

Jenson's first book is supposed to have been printed at Venice in 1470, five years before this "Mulum in Parvo" saw the



PSALMORUM LIBER: ANTWERPÆ, C. PLANTINUS. 1584



HORE BEATÆ MARIE VIRGINIS : MS. ON VELLUM—  
XVTH CENTURY  
[Size of original, 8½ x 2½ inches]

light. The great Venetian typographer produced many a volume on a larger and grander scale, but never one more lovely than this miniature epitome of the whole art of book-making. It is an *honestly* made book from the alpha to the omega of its genesis, and one of the fairest of the early fruits of that wonderful invention which leaped to maturity at its birth, and has since steadily retrograded, until books have become mere

“Rows of type and nothing more.”

These “Offices of the Blessed Virgin Mary” transgress a scriptural injunction—old wine is poured into new bottles. The “*Psalmorum Liber*,” Christopher Plantin, Antwerp, 1584, which next claims our attention, is not so ancient an example of typography as the “*Officium*,” but the binding (ascribed to Le Gascon) is more nearly coeval with the book it

covers. It is bound in crimson morocco covered with minute gold tooling (*a petit fers*) with delicately modelled silver clasps in the form of mussel shells. It came from the Beckford Library, that wonderful store-house of rare and beautiful books, the like of which we may never see again until we come to that blissful place where

“Thuanus’ bees go humming through  
The learned groves ’neath rainless skies,  
O’er volumes old and volumes new,  
Within that Bookman’s Paradise!” (*Lang.*)

The “*Testamentum Novum Græcæ*,” Sedani, 1628, also came from the Beckford collection, but before it passed to “Fonthill,” and thence to Hamilton Palace, it rested a while at Strawberry Hill. It contains the book-plate and autograph of Horace Walpole, and therefore boasts a noble “provenance,” a feature in a book the value of which has long been recognized abroad, and is be-



TESTAMENTUM NOVUM GRÆCÆ : SEDANI, 1628



coming gradually appreciated by our own collectors.

The Book of Hours from which the page here reproduced is taken, is as minute a product as one often encounters of the Parisian school of scribes, miniaturists and illuminators, who flourished in the fifteenth century. It came from the Hamilton Palace collection, and is one of the books sold to the German Government, which purchased the collection of illuminated manuscripts "en bloc," and subsequently disposed of a portion at auction in London. Why they parted with this little vellum beauty is a mystery, but public institutions, like private individuals, are occasionally too frugal-minded. Both need to know when to open wide their purse-strings and seize opportunities for acquisition which may not occur again in a lifetime.

This dainty little manuscript bears upon some of its illuminated borders the arms of the Solar family for whom it was written. It still reposes in the old vellum case in which it was placed probably two hundred years ago, and which will be serviceable—barring accidents—for as many more to come. The almost faultless condition of the volume attests the care which naturally would be bestowed upon books in the days when they were "few and fine," and very costly—treasures beyond compare, and the most precious of heirlooms. Books of this description are so yet, for the making of them is a long lost art. Ingenious and skilful counterfeiters may deceive you with their "Raffaelles, Correggios and stuff," but they are blocked at the very outset when they attempt to counterfeit an ancient missal. They cannot produce the vellum. The breed of sheep that yielded the white, satin surfaced and pliable mem-

branaceous article of the Middle Ages appears to have become extinct. The mode of application of the burnished gold also remains to this day an unsolved enigma. It baffled even the genius of that



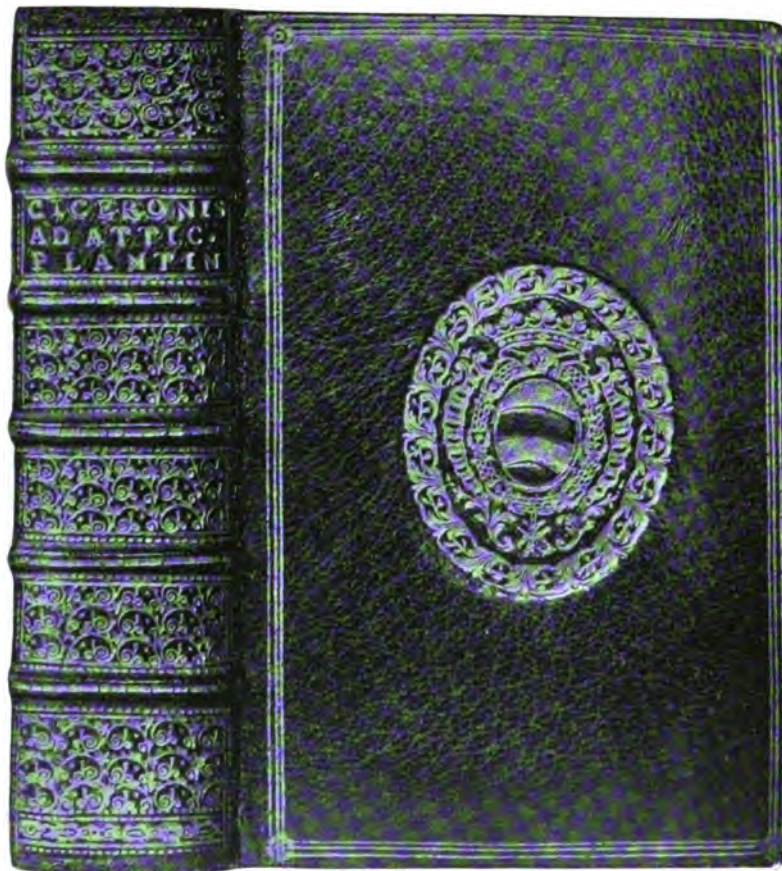
DIURNALE ROMANUM : PARISIIS. 1746

great scribe and illuminator of a later period, Nicholas Jarry,\* the famous calligrapher of Louis XIV of France.

The "Diurnale Romanum," Paris, 1746, is a typical example in miniature of a Derome binding. It has the Vandyke† border of Derome le Jeune, the one of this numerous (sixteen) family of bibliopagists to whom reference is made when

\* Jarry manuscripts are rarities and highly prized; one in sixteenmo, consisting of only 41 pages, sold for 8,000 francs in the Didot sale.

† Ornaments pointed to the centre.



M. TULLII CICERONIS EPISTOLÆ, ETC. : ANTVERPIÆ, CHRISTOPH. PLANTINI, 1567  
[Size of original, 3 x 4½ inches]

a binding is ascribed to Derome. The "Vandyke" pattern of this binder is more widely known and has been more frequently copied than any other style of book decoration, save that of Roger Payne, and yet it never tires or becomes commonplace, which is the best evidence that could be afforded of its true artistic quality.

We are tempted to include in our group another book *ex officina Christoph. Plantini*, the "Ciceronis Epistolæ," Antverpiæ, 1567, for it comes from the library of that renowned bibliophile, but *malheureux gentilhomme*, Count Hoym.\*

\* The cause of his *malheur* will be found in the "Life of Count Hoym," shortly to be published by the Grollier Club.

It bears his arms upon the crimson morocco sides, which adds, as any collector of French books knows to his cost, several hundred francs to the value of any volume upon which they are found, *i.e.*, if they come there legitimately, of which important fact we cannot be too well assured in these days of clever counterfeits.

This "petit bijou" was doubtless bound by Padeloup le Jeune, Count Hoym's binder *par excellence*, and the back of the volume is covered with his beautiful lace-like gold-tooling. With that restraint which the artistic sense of those old binders taught them when and where to exercise, the sides are orna-

mented with a simple gold line, rosetted at the corners, in addition to the ornamental arms which occupy the centre of the panel.

The "Histoire et vie de St. Joseph," Paris, 1620, is a pleasing example of the bibliopegistic skill of Charles Lewis, whose books, says Dibdin, appear to move on silken hinges. The plain gold lines upon the apple-green colored leather sides, and the richly gilded back, harmonize exquisitely with the delicate and silvery little copperplates by Matheus which adorn the interior. It is one of those charming bits of bookmaking within and without that occur but rarely, and in comparison with which all the treasures of the mines of Golconda are but dross in the mind of every true bibliophile.

One more example, and our book gossip is ended for the nonce. The "Historia Bibliothecæ Norimbergensis," Norimbergæ, 1643, is another specimen of English early nineteenth century binding. It came from the collection of Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D.D., whose beautifully made and very useful books about books have of late years undeservedly fallen in popular estimation, and consequently in commercial value.

This fact does not speak volumes in favor of either the taste or discernment of the modern book collector. As fine specimens of typography and beautifully illustrated books on bibliography Dibdin's publications stand unrivalled, and whatever objection there may be to the author's verbose and extravagant style, the fact remains that they contain a store of information in relation to the history of British book-collecting in its palmyest

days not elsewhere obtainable. No bibliophile's library, general in character, should be without Dibdin's "Bibliomania," the "Decameron," and the "Northern" and "Antiquarian Tours." The remainder of his works may be dispensed with.

A clergyman's slender purse would not allow the Rev. Dr. Dibdin to plunge very deeply into the vortex of a book auction sale in competition with peers of the realm and wealthy commoners of Great Britain, but he possessed some beautiful books, and this "Historia Bibliothecæ Norimbergensis" is one of them. It contains Dr. Dibdin's book-plate, and is bound in crimson morocco, *probably* by Charles Lewis, who rivalled Roger Payne as a binder in the estimation of the bibliomaniacal doctor; but by whomsoever the



HISTOIRE ET VIE DE ST. JOSEPH : PARIS, 1620

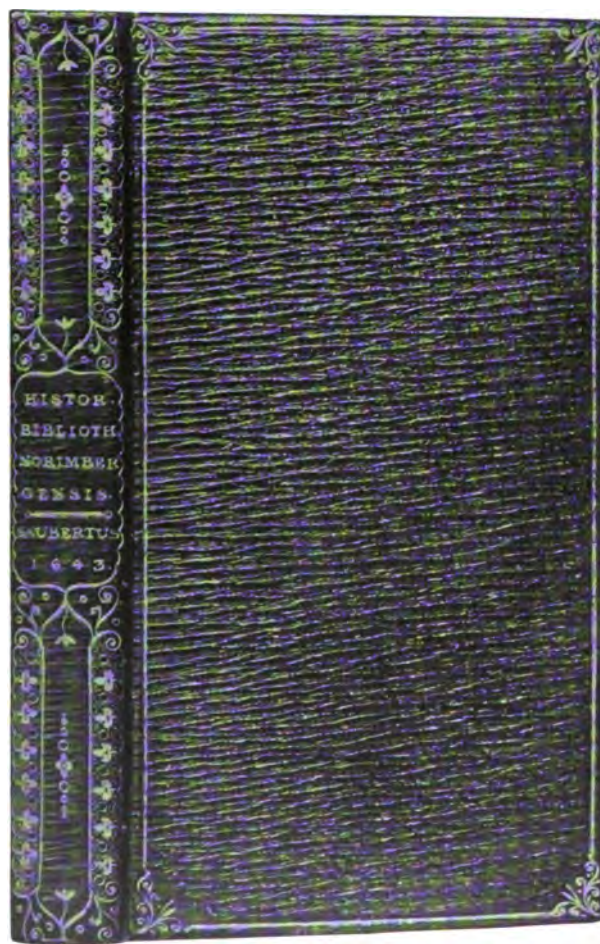
[Size of original, 4½ x 2½ inches]

work was executed, it is a study in bibliography worthy the emulation of the binders of to-day in any and every land. Let them excel it if they can!

The half dozen little books we have now passed in review are all blue-blooded aristocrats. Their family trees shoot their roots down deep into the centuries, and they are gentle sirs, one and all. As in

obedience to our summons these "worshipful tomes" descended from the velvet-lined shelves assigned to books of their high degree, they left behind them a number of diminutive companions equally attractive, to whom, if it please the reader, I may present him at some future time.

*William Loring Andrews.*



HISTORIA BIBLIOTHECÆ NORIMBERGENSIS; NORIMBERGÆ, 1643





From "The Awakening of a Nation."

Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC  
[In the building of the first American university]

## MEXICO : COMMERCIAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, SOCIAL

**M**R. LUMMIS has made a chronicle of perfection, and the record of his enthusiasm runs in parallel threads with the memoranda of his note-book. Let us quote, for instance, a few paragraphs concerning architecture, strawberries, and human rights :

"To-day Mexico is—and I say it deliberately—the safest country in America. Life, property, human rights, are more secure than even with us. . . . Every other colony of Spain in the New World looks to be worse off for the Independencia. . . . Even to one as familiar with the swift development of parts of our West as with the more conservative growth of our East, it is surprising to watch the gait of almost every Mexican city in municipal improvements. . . . I do not understand a fate that has kept Ruskin from

knowing the architecture which more than any other would have set his heart afire—at once the honesty of the sixteenth century, the Moresque art of Spain, the added massiveness taught by the earthquake lands. . . . Splendid theatres are rather likelier to be found in Latin America than elsewhere in this hemisphere. . . . 'No-where,' said Humboldt, at the beginning of this century, 'do the common people enjoy the fruits of their labor more than in Mexico.' . . . I know no factory in the United States which is such a missionary of beauty [as the Hércules cotton mill] to its employees. This eye for the artistic is rather habitual in Mexico and the usual factory there is beautified in a way that would seem absurd to many of us. . . . As for strawberries, Izaak Walton should have lived to visit the Irapuato of to-day. There he would conclude that God not only could but *did* make a better berry than the angler's friend ever knew."

THE AWAKENING OF A NATION: MEXICO OF TO-DAY. By Charles F. Lummis. Profusely illustrated. Harper & Brothers, 8vo, \$2.50.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL NOTES ON MEXICO. By Matías Romero (Minister of the United States of Mexico at Washington, D. C.). G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, \$1.75.

### Zacatecas is

"full of aqueducts of which the chief is the league-long pile built by the corregidor Villareal in the middle of the last century. . . . The *caracoles* or snail-shell stone staircases are always

fascinating; the cathedral of Mexico has a wonderful caracol *without a core*. The ninety-two steps, instead of concentrating to form a pillar, form a central hole, and down that superb spiral one can peer from top to bottom. . . . As late as 1824 Humboldt declared, 'No city of the New Continent, not excepting those of the United States, presents scientific establishments so great and solid as those of the capital of Mexico.'

*Ex pede Herculem!* Whether or not the sale of Mr. Lummis's book is likely to be promoted by assertions of the sort here quoted is a problem. The book is for American consumption, and Americans differ no whit from other folks in preferring to be told that they are themselves the wisest, the strongest, the most virtuous, and the most beautiful of mankind. They are gratified at each fresh assurance that their institutions are the most beneficent, their administration the most capable, their handiwork the most superior, their enterprise the most sagacious known to the human race. To the American, the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the German, each profoundly convinced that he, and he alone, does individually whip creation, there is nothing

grateful in being told that in much of the performance he plays but a second fiddle, and that in a manner occasionally verging upon the grotesque. A philosopher has said that we are all of us grateful to the man who contributes to our store of information. *Sed quære?*—as the lawyers say. Are we really grateful for the information if it leads us to inquire whether we are really the incomparably fine fellows we take ourselves to be? Or, since that conviction is as Gibraltar for stability, is it true that we are grateful for information that mars the complacency of our visage viewed in the mirror of self-esteem? Leaving these philosophic queries, which go a long way down, and are pertinent to Mr. Lummis's foible for odious comparison, let us submit in a chastened spirit to be piloted by him. He has a fine enthusiasm for his subject that is catching.

It appears that our guide has lived some years in Mexico, has travelled over the greater part of the republic, and has observed and picked up a good deal. He speaks, among other things, of cotton, of

coffee, and of tobacco. It is, however, tolerably clear that he has never himself planted any one of these staples; otherwise he would not be so cocksure of his cotton crop in a region where all of its insect enemies seem rather more abundant than motes in the atmosphere. Neither could he deprecate the further planting of coffee on the



From "The Awakening of a Nation."

Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

THE GREAT CARACOL STAIRCASE, CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO

[Looking down from the top]

ground that the market may become oversupplied, seeing that the Mexican contribution to the world's coffee crop must be multiplied many fold before it can become a sensible quantity. One would not infer from Mr. Lummis's remarks upon tobacco that there was any difficulty in hiring the skill and intelligence on which the larger profits of this crop are absolutely dependent. Passing by these imperfections, it remains to be said that Mr. Lummis has observed with zeal, with care, with intelligence, and with general accuracy, and that he has not written a foolish line in his book. This last meed of commendation is one which not red-hot pincers should extort on behalf of any one of his contemporary workers in the field of Hispano-American portraiture. The adulation of the chapters devoted to the President, Don Porfirio, is not difficult to forgive, and if the early biography of that able man is a bit confused, why—the confusion is not important. Somewhere our author mentions that the greatest future wealth of Mexico is destined to be derived from the west coast (which is quite true), and then devotes ten pages to a description of that coast. The sense of proportion here seems imperfect, and the material for another volume abundant. He dogmatizes about the relative merits of harbors: he may profitably consult the maps of the Central Mexican Railroad Company, on file with the Ministry of Fomento. It was not for nothing that the Spaniards of the great epoch made Compostela their western seat of rule.

The last chapter is entitled "The Spanish American Face" (meaning the Mexican Creole Face—a very different thing). It is but six pages long, and embellished with only two examples of the Face. Mr. Lummis ought to be ashamed of himself.

The contents of Mr. Lummis's volume are supplemented, almost as of design,



From "The Awakening of a Nation."—Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers.

#### THE ANDALUZ AMERICANIZED

by those of the handsome volume prepared by Minister Romero. In part these consist of articles that have been published by the Minister during his many years of residence at Washington. These are, however, preceded by one containing geographical and recent statistical information on Mexico that, to quote from the preface, the author "has not seen collected in any single book in the English language." It is scarcely necessary to add that the volume fulfils admirably its avowed purpose of answering a great many demands for information which the Minister constantly receives from citizens of this country. But the volume contains facts that are not of the Gradgrind order. For example: "Ten years ago Americans went to Mexico to make money and return to the United States; to-day they go to find homes. I know several Americans who would not live in the United States again. . . . It is possible, of course, that industry will be stimulated by the inflow of visitors from the North . . . but I think it is easier for Ameri-

cans in Mexico to fall into Mexican ways and Mexican moral views, than it is to convert Mexicans to the American view of life. . . . I fancy that Mexico's power of absorption, like that of Egypt, is greater than its facility of adaptation." If one may ground an inference upon Mr. Lummis's enthusiasm, he ought to be himself a breathing example of Minister Romero's generalization.

The Minister is too old a diplomatist to depreciate his own countrymen in express terms, but in his review of the Spaniards in Mexico he does lay the foundation for the inevitable inference that the natives display their virtues only in an emasculate form. This kind of self-depreciation is a vicious habit of the Mexican mind,

from which, as we now discover, Minister Romero is not wholly free. For while it is true that the Spaniard possesses the capacity for "making a savings bank of himself," and feeding on scraps till he attains to fortune in the twilight of his days, it is not true that the native always fails to attain the same goal, though he does live while he lives. If the Minister will but bethink himself, he will be compelled in candor to admit that it is only in shopkeeping that the Spaniard evinces a superior capacity for achieving material success. In planting and cattle-raising the native is the master, for all his more generous views of living.

*James T. Watkins.*

## A LIST

### OF BOOKS RELATING TO SPAIN AND SPANISH COLONIES

NOTE.—The accompanying list has been compiled by Miss T. L. Kelso and Mr. J. N. Wing from lists furnished by the Library of Congress, the Baker & Taylor Co., Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and other publishers. The books can be obtained through any bookseller.

#### SPAIN

##### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND DESCRIPTION

Amicis, E. de. Spain. \$2.00.

Amicis, E. de. Spain and the Spaniard. 2 vols. \$5.00. Brilliant and full of the romance of Spanish history and traditions.

Baedeker, Karl. Spain and Portugal: a Handbook for Travellers, with 6 maps and 46 plans. *Net*, \$4.80.

Bonner, J. Child's History of Spain. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Borrow, George. The Bible in Spain; or, The Journeys and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scripture in the Peninsula. With portrait. New edition. \$1.00. The Zincoli: An Account of the Gypsies of Spain; their Manners, Customs, Religion and Language. New edition. \$1.00.

Burke, U. R. History of Spain to the Death of

Ferdinand. 2 vols. \$10.50. A recent and reliable work.

Champney, E. W. Three Vassar Girls Abroad. \$2.00.

Clarke, H. B. Spanish Literature. An elementary handbook. *Net*, \$1.60.

Coppée, H. Conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors. 2 vols. \$5.00. Continues the history of the Moors where Washington Irving left it in his Mahomet.

Curry, J. L. M. Constitutional Government in Spain: a Sketch. \$1.00. Ex-United States Minister in Spain.

Field, Dr. H. M. Old Spain and New Spain. Map. \$1.50.

Field, Kate. Ten Days in Spain. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Finck, H. T. Spain and Morocco: Being Studies in Local Color. \$1.25. Brightly written sketches of the principal cities of Spain.

Gadow, Hans. In Northern Spain. Map, illustrated. \$6.00.



- Hale, E. E. *Family Flight through Spain*. \$2.25.
- Hale, E. E. *Seven Spanish Cities*. \$1.25.
- Hale, E. E. and Susan. *Story of Spain*. \$1.50.
- Stories of the Nations series.
- Hannay, D. R. *Don Emilio Castelar*. \$1.25.
- Public Men of To-day series.
- Hare, A. J. C. *Wanderings in Spain*. \$1.00.
- Harrison, J. A. *Spain*. \$1.50.
- Hay, J. *Castilian Days*. \$1.25.
- Hume, Martin A. S. *Modern Spain*. \$1.50.
- Stories of the Nations series.
- Hume, Martin A. S. *Philip II. of Spain*. 75 cents.
- Foreign Statesmen series.
- Hume, Martin A. S. *The Year after the Armada, and Other Historical Papers*. \$3.50.
- Huntington, Archer M. *Note-book in Northern Spain*. Illustrated. \$3.50.
- Irving, Washington. *The Alhambra*. \$1.50.
- Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada*. \$1.50.
- Spanish Papers*. \$1.50.
- Jaccaci, A. F. *On the Trail of Don Quixote*. Illustrated by Vierge. \$2.50. Describes and illustrates a journey in rural Spain.
- Jacobs, J. *Inquiry into the Sources of the History of the Jews in Spain*. \$1.75.
- Janvier, Thomas A. *Stories of Old New Spain*. Illustrated. \$1.00.
- Lathrop, G. P. *Spanish Vistas*. Illustrated. \$3.00.
- Latimer, Mrs. M. E. W. *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*. \$2.50. Last chapter gives a comprehensive account of Cuba.
- Lea, H. C. *Chapters from the Religious History of Spain Connected with the Inquisition*. \$2.50.
- Lane-Poole, Stanley. *Story of the Moors in Spain*. \$1.50. Story of the Nations series. Brief and attractive account of one of the most romantic periods of history.
- Lent, W. B. *Across the Country of the Little King*. \$1.25. Last chapter describes the little King and the Queen Regent.
- Luffman, C. B. *Vagabond in Spain*. \$2.50. Entertaining account of a tramp across Spain by an Englishman.
- Moulton, Louise Chandler. *Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere*. \$1.50.
- Murray's Handbook for Travelers in Spain. By R. Ford. Maps, plans. Illustrated. 2 vols. \$8.00. New edition. Is much more than the ordinary guide-book.
- Nixon, Mary F. *With a Pessimist in Spain*. Illustrated. \$1.50. Brightly written description of modern Spain.
- Ober, F. A. *Knockabout Club in Spain*. \$1.50.
- Ober, F. A. *Rambles in Sunny Spain*. \$1.00.
- O'Shea, J. A. *Guide to Spain and Portugal*. Edited by J. Lomas. \$5.00.
- Prescott, W. H. *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic*. 3 vols. \$3.00.
- History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles Fifth*. 3 vols. \$3.00.
- Rowan, Andrew S., and Ramsey, *Marathon M. The Island of Cuba: a Descriptive and Historical Account of the Great Antilla*. \$1.25.
- Scott, S. P. *Through Spain: a Narrative of Travel and Adventure*. \$5.00.
- Statesman's Year Book (1898). Statistical and historical annual of the states of the world. Maps. *Net*, \$3.00. Official statistics of the relative standing of United States and Spain. New information regarding the commerce distribution. Settlement of Africa, etc.
- Stoddard, C. A. *Spanish Cities*. \$1.50. Customs, manners, and politics of modern Spain.
- Thomas, Margaret. *A Scamper through Spain and Tangier*. \$3.00. An art journey—author is an Australian artist.
- Ticknor, George. *History of Spanish Literature*. 3 vols. \$10.00.
- Watts, H. E. *Story of the Christian Recovery of Spain*. Illustrated. \$1.50. Story of the Nations series. From Moorish conquest to the fall of Granada.
- Whitehouse, H. R. *The Sacrifice of a Throne: Being an Account of the Life of Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, sometime King of Spain (1870-73)*. Por. \$1.50. Includes account of first Cuban rebellion.
- Wilkens, C. A. *Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century*. From the German of C. A. Wilkens. By Rachael Challice. \$1.50.
- Workman, F. B. and W. H. *Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia*. Maps, illustrated. \$2.00. Attractive account of a wheeling tour made by Mr. and Mrs. Workman in 1895.
- Young, C. M. *England and Spain*. \$1.00.

## COLONIES

- Ballou, M. M. *Due South; or, Cuba Past and Present*. \$1.50.
- Bloomfield, J. H. *A Cuban Expedition*. \$2.25.
- Bonsal, S., Jr. *Cuba's Real Condition To-day*. 60 cents.
- Brown, A. S. *Madeira and the Canary Islands*. \$1.00.
- Cabera, Raimundo. *Cuba and the Cubans*.

Edited by Laura Guit  ras. 8th edition, illustrations, map. \$1.50.

Dana, Richard H., Jr. To Cuba and Back; a Vacation Voyage. \$1.25.

Davis, R. H. Cuba in Wartime. Illustrated by Remington. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

Davis, R. H. A Year from a Reporter's Notebook. Illustrated by Remington. Contains descriptive matter sent from Cuba to a New York newspaper. \$1.50.

Ford, I. N. Tropical America. \$2.00. Includes Cuba.

Everett, A. H. Cuba. Paper, 15 cents.

Flint, Grover. Marching with Gomez: Four Months with the Cuban Army. Illustrated. Vivid descriptions. \$1.50.

Forman, John. The Philippine Islands. Map, illustrated. \$5.00.

Froude, James Anthony. The English in the West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses. With illustrations from drawings by the author. 12mo, \$1.50. The Spanish Story of the Armada, and Other Essays. 12mo, \$1.50.

Halstead, M. Story of Cuba. Map, illustrated. \$2.00.

Hershey, A. S. Recognition of Cuban Belligerency. Pamphlet, 15 cents. Amer. Acad. Pol. Sci. Ser.

Ober, F. A. In the Wake of Columbus; Adventures of the Special Commissioner Sent by the World's Fair Exposition to the West Indies. Illustrated. \$2.50.

Ober, F. A. Knockabout Club in the Antilles. \$1.50.

Rowan, A. S., U.S.A., and Ramsey, M. M. The Island of Cuba. Descriptive and historical. Folding map. \$1.25.

Rodway, James. The West Indies and the Spanish Main. Illustrated. \$1.75.

### SPANISH FICTION

[The following group of Spanish novelists have taken a high place in modern literature.

The stories of life of the present day in Madrid and other localities in Spain give as true an insight into Spanish character, traditions, and social life as can be found.]

Alarcon, P. A. de. Brunhilde. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Child of the Ball. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. Moors and Christians,

and Other Tales. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. Three Cornered Hat. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Bazan, E. P. Angular Stone. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. Christian Woman. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. Morri  a (Homesickness). Illustrated. \$1.50. Swan of Vilamorta. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. A Wedding Trip. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Coelho, J. G. G. The Fidalgos of Casa Mourisca. \$1.50. Portugal.

Galdos, Benito Perez. Do  a Perfecta. Translated by Mrs. Serrano. \$1.00. Gloria. 2 vols. \$1.75. Leon Roch. 2 vols. \$1.75. Marianela. 90 cents.

Queiros, E. de. Dragon's Teeth. Paper, 35 cents. Modern life in Portugal.

Valdes, Don A. P. The Grandee. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Marquis of Pe  alta. Paper, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Maximina. Paper, 60 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Scum. Cloth, \$1.25. Sister Saint Sulpice. \$1.25.

Valera, Don Juan. Commander Mendoza. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Don Braulio. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Do  a Luz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Pepita Ximenez. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

[There are many stories dealing with Spanish history and character—Bulwer, Cooper, Grace Aguilar, Mrs. Burnett, Janvier, etc. Henty has written several stories of Spanish history for young people.]

### ATLASES

Bartholomew, J. G. Handy Reference Atlas of the World. \$3.00.

Johnston, Alexander Keith. The Royal Atlas of the World. \$51.00.

Phillips' Imperial Atlas of the World, \$50.00.

Rand, McNally's New Standard Atlas of the World, \$12.50.

Scribner-Black Atlas of the World. \$15.00.

"The Times" Atlas. *Net*, \$12.00.

### CHEAP WAR MAPS

Phillips' Special Map illustrating the Spanish-American War (folded). 40 cents.

Rand, McNally's War Atlas. 25 cents.

# THE BEST MUSICAL BOOKS

## SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR MUSICAL READING AND STUDY

### II.—MUSICAL ESSAYS, CRITICISM, AND ÆSTHETICS

#### AMERICAN CRITICAL WORKS

A NOTEWORTHY feature in the spread of musical culture in the United States within the last fifteen years has been the growth of what may be termed an American school of musical critics, whose writings have not only enjoyed a wide popularity here, but in some cases have won marked success in England. The names of Krehbiel, Finck, Henderson, Apthorp, Elson, Mathews, Upton, Fillmore, Goepp, and others, stand for distinctive contributions to musical thought and literature, and their works bear favorable comparison with those of the writers of older countries, which are greatly in advance of America in general musical cultivation and the traditions of the art. We may briefly recount some of the more prominent volumes in this class.

Probably one of the most successful musical books ever written is *How to Listen to Music; or, Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art*, by H. E. Krehbiel (12mo, \$1.25), issued a year or two ago. The title and plan of the book evidently appealed to a large number of music-loving but not technically informed persons, and, treated as the subject was with abundant knowledge and authority, and at the same time in a popular vein, it took its place at once as a standard handbook on music for the general public. Another work of kindred character is *What Is Good Music?* by W. J. Henderson (12mo, \$1). This covers a different field from that of Mr. Krehbiel's book and forms an admirable companion to it. Mr. Henderson is also the author

of two excellent little works, *The Story of Music* (16mo, \$1), thoughtful and suggestive papers on various phases of musical art, and *Preludes and Studies* (16mo, \$1), treating mainly of Wagner, Schumann, and pianoforte music.

A Chicago writer, Mr. George P. Upton, has compiled some trustworthy handbooks for popular use, which have come into very general favor with a large class of readers. The series is in four volumes, and comprises *The Standard Operas* (12mo, \$1.50), *The Standard Symphonies* (12mo, \$1.50), *The Standard Oratorios* (12mo, \$1.50), *The Standard Cantatas* (12mo, \$1.50). These are indispensable guides for the concert-goer and student, as in a concise manner he presents just the information about the different compositions and their authors which is likely to be sought for by the average person. Another small work by the same author, *Woman in Music* (16mo, \$1), is almost the only volume on this interesting theme, and is a suggestive study of the part woman has played in the history of music, both as composer and musician, and also in her relation to the great masters of the art.

*Music: How It Came to Be What It Is*, a recent work, is by Miss Hannah Smith (12mo, \$1.25), a successful New York teacher and lecturer on the history of music. It is a compilation of facts about acoustics, the growth of musical forms, the development of musical instruments, the various schools of compositions, etc., all of which are set forth for the lay reader in a singularly clear and simple way. An additional merit of the book is the numerous illustrations, comprising examples

of musical notation, instruments, scores, etc.

Prof. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, is an indefatigable worker in musical fields, and has issued several helpful works, the best known of which is *How to Understand Music* (2 vols., 8vo, each \$1.50). Another Western writer, Prof. J. C. Fillmore, of Milwaukee, has given us two useful volumes, *The History of Pianoforte Music* (12mo, \$1.50) and *Lessons in Musical History* (12mo, \$1.50), both of which are particularly adapted for purposes of study.

Mr. Henry T. Finck, the well-known critic of the New York *Evening Post*, in his book, *Chopin and Other Musical Essays* (12mo, \$1.50), has shown marked originality and boldness in his views, and enforces them with a fresh and vigorous treatment which is peculiarly his own.

One of the most acceptable musical lecturers in the United States is Prof. L. C. Elson, of the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston. He has contributed to musical literature a number of volumes growing out of his special studies on musical themes, *Curiosities of Music* (12mo, \$1), *The Realm of Music* (12mo, \$1.50), *The Theory of Music* (12mo, \$1.50), *European Reminiscences* (12mo, \$1.50), and others, all thoroughly readable and presenting in popular form the results of considerable research. A remarkably successful book, which has continued to sell for many years, is *Music Study in Germany*, by Amy Fay (12mo, \$1.25). Her subject—pianoforte study abroad—has proved of great interest to American students, and her reminiscences of Liszt, Deppe, Tausig, and other great virtuosi, are very fresh and lifelike. The works of Thomas Tapper have been greatly valued by many who have studied music as a profession. The titles, *Chats to Music Students* (12mo, \$1.50) and *The Music Life* (12mo, \$1.50), are descriptive

of their contents, which include many valuable hints and suggestions for students relating to their entire musical career.

*Musicians and Music Lovers, and Other Essays* (12mo, \$1.50) is the title of a volume of essays by Mr. W. F. Apthorp, one of our most experienced and thoroughly informed musical writers, who has done valuable service in elevating the art of musical criticism in this country by his long connection with the Boston press. His ripe judgment and catholic taste combine to make his work one of the best of its kind in recent years.

There are other worthy American critical writers, whose names will have to be omitted here on account of want of space.

#### ENGLISH CRITICAL WORKS

It may, perhaps, be truthfully said that England has produced more theoretical and scientific writers on music than original and creative composers of music, though some Englishmen may be inclined to dispute this dictum. In support of it we may mention some of the best work of English critics.

Two volumes of musical criticism which have met with very high praise from the most exacting critics, are entitled *Studies in Modern Music*, First and Second Series (each 12mo, \$2.25), by W. H. Hadow. These cover Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Chopin, Dvorak, and Brahms, and include a noteworthy essay on Musical Criticism and another on Musical Form. For intellectual grasp, breadth of view, and thorough knowledge, these essays have not been surpassed. Sir George Grove, the eminent editor of *Grove's Dictionary of Music*, has made a special study of Beethoven's life and works, and the fruit of his studies, *Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies* (12mo, \$2.40), is a classic of its kind.

Another English critic of note is the

composer C. H. H. Parry. In his works, *Studies of the Great Composers* (12mo, \$1.25) and *The Evolution of the Art of Music* (12mo, \$1.75), he has proved himself to be a fine musical scholar, of wide and exhaustive attainments.

An author of an entirely different character is the Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose *Music and Morals* (12mo, \$1.75) and *My Musical Life* (12mo, \$2.50) have gained a very wide audience here and in England. Though not a thoroughly trained musician, and generally regarded as a superficial amateur by the professional class, he possesses poetical and musical ideas, and has the gift of a flowing and picturesque style. In spite of the fact that he has said unwise things, and is frequently guilty of egotism and sentimentalism, there are in his books many admirable things, as, for instance, his analyses of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and Handel's *Messiah* in *Music and Morals*, and his vivid description of the Wagnerian music dramas in *My Musical Life*.

Other English musical critics of the first rank in knowledge and acumen have been Francis Hueffer, one of the earliest Wagnerian apostles in England, and critic of the *London Times*; Henry F. Chorley, of the *London Athenæum*, author of several well-known volumes—*Modern German Music*, etc.; A. J. Hipkins, an authority on musical instruments; John Hullah, composer and leader in popular musical education; William Chappell, a student of the earliest beginnings of the art; H. C. Banister, an analytical writer; F. J. Crowest, a versatile essayist and historical writer; W. Ashton Ellis, translator of Wagner's prose works; Joseph Bennett, editor of the *London Musical Times*; George Hart, a specialist on the history of the violin; A. B. Bach, a noted teacher of singing, and many others.

The scholarship of English writers on the scientific side of music is shown in

the works of men of the stamp of E. Prout, E. Pauer, J. Stainer, W. S. Rockstro, B. Tours, J. Broadhouse, J. F. Bridge, W. Pole, Sedley Taylor, F. A. G. Ouseley, E. F. Rimbault, G. A. Macfarren, and others. These writers, all British by birth or adoption, have made substantial and valuable additions to the literature of musical acoustics, theory and practice.

#### GERMAN CRITICAL WORKS

The number of German musical critics is legion, and but comparatively few of their works have been translated into English. One of the best known of these in this country is Louis Ehlert, whose *Letters on Music* (12mo, \$1.25) and *From the Tone World* (12mo, \$1.50) reveal unusual critical insight and sympathetic feeling. A famous old work in this line, recommended by Robert Schumann, the composer, is *Purity in Music*, by A. F. Thibaut (12mo, \$1.25). Schumann's own essays, collected under the title of *Music and Musicians* (2 vols. 12mo, \$5.50), are unique in musical literature as evidencing the union in one man of great creative power with rare critical and philosophical ability. His philosophy of music is esteemed to be one of the deepest and truest of all the writers on the æsthetics of music, and his works abound with incisive thoughts and pithy sayings.

A veteran critic in the musical world is E. Hanslick, of Vienna, for many years the bitter opponent of the Wagnerian theories. His work, *The Beautiful in Music* (12mo, \$2.50), has been described by Mr. Krehbiel as "one of the most gracefully written as well as keenest discussions of the nature and essence of music extant."

*The Boundaries of Music and Poetry*, by A. W. Ambros (12mo, \$2), is designed as an answer to Hanslick's work, an opposite view being taken regarding the power of music to express emotions and feelings.

Other German works on musical æsthetics and analysis which have been widely read are *The Æsthetics of Musical Art*, by F. Hand (12mo, \$2); *Beethoven's Sonatas Explained* (12mo, \$1.50), *Beethoven's Symphonies in Their Ideal Significance* (12mo, \$1.50). The two latter are by Ernst von Elterlein, and, according to an English authority of repute, are written with the "ripe knowledge and thorough understanding of a practised musician, who can safely be trusted as a competent and agreeable guide."

Of a like nature, though dealing with a composer of another school, are *How to Play Chopin* (12mo, \$1.50) and *Chopin's Greater Works* (12mo, \$1.75), both by Jean Kleczynski, an eminent scholar and authority upon Chopin.

Though perhaps of a more strictly technical nature than most of the other books mentioned here, a reference must be made to the monumental work of H. L. F. Helmholtz, entitled *The Sensations of Tone* (large 8vo, \$9.50). This is the authoritative work on acoustics, and is the result of original and independent re-

search. An abridged translation has been edited by John Broadhouse (12mo, \$3).

The German writers on harmony, counterpoint, and such subjects, include such musical scholars as Haupt, Hauptmann, Jadassohn, Richter, Kullak, Bussler, Lobe, Albrechtsberger, Marx, and many others. The works of these men are in the hands of musicians and students all over the world.

Space forbids any mention of the critical literature of France, Italy, and other European countries, of which comparatively little, however, has been translated into English.

A discussion of the extensive and growing number of books on musical methods and theory would involve technical questions and features which are not included in the scope of this review of the literature of the subject, and are therefore not touched upon here. A concluding article will treat of musical biography, including Wagneriana, musical fiction, and musical books for children.

Frank H. Marling.

## THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

IN the absence of new authors of striking merit, the books that have gained the most notice lately are the new editions of old favorites—the twelve-volume edition of Byron and the biographical edition of Thackeray in thirteen volumes. As only the poems are included in the first volume of the Byron, criticism as to its real value must wait. The *format*, however, is not quite so good as it might have been; and the ordinary edition is a nicer-looking book than the large paper issue. Of the *format* of Thackeray little can be said in praise. The only book

of Thackeray that was ever issued in a suitable form was the first edition of "Esmond," which was printed in old-fashioned type. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's introduction is much more elaborate than had been anticipated; and it is calculated that, if she writes as much for each of the succeeding volumes, the whole will form a biography of her father as long as "Vanity Fair" itself. This would be a strange result in view of her father's desire to have no life of himself written.

Another old favorite is to come out soon, primarily for the American reader.

This is a new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Brontë, which Mr. Clement Shorter has undertaken. He intends supplementing Mrs. Gaskell with elaborate notes on every page, for, since the book was written, a great mass of Brontë material has been published. It is forty-one years since Mrs. Gaskell's charming book was first published. Its interest only increases, however, with the lapse of time. The Brontë Society, which was founded in 1893, and has the Earl of Crewe (Monckton Milnes' son) as its president, is far and away the most popular institution of the kind in this country, such organizations as the Browning Society and the various guilds connected with Mr. Ruskin's name remaining distinctly esoteric. Thus, I recently met a lively Yorkshire squire who betrayed an extraordinary enthusiasm over the Brontë novels, though he was utterly ignorant of all other literature, save the daily newspaper. The Transactions of the Brontë Society always contain interesting matter. The latest issue prints addresses recently delivered before the society by Mr. Shorter and Mr. Robertson Nicoll. There is a strange irony in all this, for the Brontë sisters were morbidly sensitive, and shrank from any form of notoriety. What would they have thought of the museum which hoards every scrap of lore relating to them? How would they have relished this society's burrowings? Dr. Nicoll seems to have certain qualms on the subject; but he dismisses his doubts in the aphorism that "the history of those who have deeply and long moved the rest is the property, in a certain sense, of the real." Dr. Nicoll, I may note, has recently written an admirable preface for a new edition of "Cranford," published by Ward, Lock & Co.

Still an older favorite is to be re-introduced in gorgeous style, for Mr. Grant Richards is to do Jane Austen in the same

sort of dress as the Edinburgh Stevenson. It is eighty-one years ago since Miss Austen died (in her forty-second year), but she is more popular to-day than ever she has been, and this new edition is a great tribute to her enduring qualities. At the present moment a movement, headed by Lord Selborne (Roundell Palmer) and others, is afoot for a stained-glass window in memory of her in Winchester Cathedral, where she is buried. Her nephew and biographer, Austen Leigh, erected a brass tablet in the cathedral near where her mortal remains lie.

Miss Marie Corelli has felt so much hurt by being classed among "authors I cannot take seriously," that she has threatened "Literary London," the lively *jeu-d'esprit* of Mr. W. P. Ryan, with summary suppression. Mr. Leonard Smithers, its publisher, removed his name from the book, but Mr. Ryan, defying the irate lady, has gone on selling the book himself. Mr. Smithers, however, must have found himself recompensed by the great success of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." The neatest thing that has been said about the poem occurs in a bookseller's catalogue:

Æstheticism's passed from view  
And changes odd we see;  
For he who once was quite too-too  
Now writes as C. 3. 3.

A fascinating book could be written about the inner life of Sir Henry Havelock, as based on a great mass of material which has been left by his son, the late Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, in the hands of General McLeod Innes. General Innes, who holds the Victoria Cross, has already written a brilliant book on the Indian mutiny. He is the father of Mr. A. D. Innes, the publisher.

The tragic suicide of Mrs. Mary Marx Aveling left the last proof-sheets of the epitome of her father's great book on "Capital," which she was seeing through

the press, not quite finished. Karl Marx made the summary himself. It will be published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. The same firm will shortly issue "Life in an Old English Town"—chiefly in Coventry—by Miss M. Dormer. It is noticeable that women have been peculiarly successful in dealing with this sort of history, Mrs. J. R. Green being an excellent case in point.

The four Scottish universities are to be included in Mr. F. E. Robinson's series, the "Illustrated Popular Histories of Universities and Colleges." St. Andrew's will be dealt with by Mr. J. Maitland Anderson, the librarian of the university; Sir Ludovic Grant, son of the late Sir Alexander Grant, will write about Edinburgh; and Aberdeen has been relegated to Mr. R. S. Rait, who has already written a lengthy book on the subject. The Scottish universities are strange relics of mediævalism, based on early French models, which have little similarity to the modern universities and colleges of France.

Miss Arabella Kenealy, whose new novel, "Woman and the Shadow," has just appeared, is a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Kenealy, who defended the Tichborne claimant with such ill-judged enthusiasm. The doctor's case has recently been resurrected by reason of the claimant's burial. Miss Beatrice Marshall, who is translating Sudermann's novel, "The Cat's Path," for Mr. Lane, is a daughter of Mrs. Emma Marshall, whose historical stories have long obtained a wide vogue. Miss Marshall's sister, Christabel, is a literary critic, and her cousin, Mr. Arthur Hutchinson, has just become editor of the *Windsor Magazine*.

A rather curious experiment in publishing has been started by the Unicorn Press, which got its first footing in London by issuing an eccentric art periodical called the *Dome*. The Unicorn Press,

is an organization of some enthusiastic amateurs, among whom there is a clergyman. It has recently published a book of very clever musical essays, called "The Fringe of an Art," by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, one of "Mr. Henley's young men." It now announces a companion volume by Mr. J. F. Runciman, the daring musical critic of the *Saturday Review*. He is the nephew of that brilliant writer, the late James Runciman, whose book, "Joints in our Social Armour," was so cleverly put together.

The publication in this country of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's plays (by Mr. Grant Richards) has created more interest than any volume of plays I can remember. Mr. Shaw is one of the great "characters" of London. He is a tall, sandy-haired man of forty-two. Born in Dublin, he came to London at the age of twenty, and has been art critic of *Truth*, musical critic of the *World*, and dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review* in turn. He is a Fabian. He wears Jaeger clothing, and seldom appears in evening dress. He is a vegetarian, a teetotaler, and a bachelor, and has described himself as having been "accused of levity, audacity, and paradox; admired as a brilliant writer, with a power of handling heavy and difficult subjects familiarly and lucidly." He is a brilliant platform speaker. Altogether he is *sui generis*.

Mr. John A. Stewart, who has become literary adviser to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., in succession to Mr. Stuart J. Reid (the biographer of Sydney Smith and Lord John Russell), is a Scot. He is to follow up his novel, "A Minister of State," by a story dealing with the drink question. Mr. Reid's brother, Sir Wemyss Reid, is the managing director of Cassell's huge business, and edits the *Speaker*, the weekly organ of the Liberal party.

An interesting book for the curious—



old Disraeli up to date, in short—might be made out of the habits of authors. Have you ever seen Mr. Austin Dobson's manuscript? He adopts a curious method. Taking a sheet of paper about the size of this page, he folds it in the middle. On the right half he pens his article in the beautiful copperplate he writes. The left-hand side is reserved for any subsequent alterations and additions he may make. This sort of method is not an affectation. It is simply one of the habits a writer gets into, and which he departs from with extreme difficulty. Mr. Lang, for instance, always writes on foolscap halved, and he typewrites nothing.

Americans have done so much for school and college journalism that I ven-

ture to draw attention to the oldest school magazine in the world, the *Hurst Johnian*, which was forty years old last month, and has issued its four hundredth number. The magazine is issued by St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, and is of small octavo shape. Mr. Baring-Gould wrote a good deal for it during the first four or five years of its existence, at which time he was a master at the school. It was to this curious little periodical that he contributed his Icelandic story, "Oroefa Dal." The *Hurst Johnian* is edited by one of the masters. The attempt to carry out the excellent theoretical scheme of letting the boys conduct it themselves proved a failure.

*J. M. Bulloch.*

## ADDENDUM

### TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE KELMSCOTT PRESS PUBLICATIONS PUBLISHED IN *The Book Buyer* FOR NOVEMBER, 1895, AND JANUARY, 1897

NOTE.—This third and final part completes the issues of this noted press. A most valuable book of reference for students of the press and its objects is to be found in the last issue, No. LVII. Edited by S. C. Cockerell.

#### XLVIII

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR : | Conteyning  
twelve *Æglogues*, | proportionable to the twelve |  
monethes. |

[Colophon] Printed at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex, and finished on the 14th day of October, 1896.

¶ Medium 4to. Printed with Golden type in black and red, with 12 full-page illustrations by A. J. Gaskin, 225 on paper, and 6 on vellum.

Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex, and finished on the first day of April, 1897. The borders and ornaments were designed entirely by William Morris, except the initial words *Whilom & Empty*, which were completed from his unfinished designs by R. Catterson-Smith.

¶ Large 4to. Printed in Chaucer type, double columns in red and black, 250 on paper, 6 on vellum. Issued April 29th, 1897, Mr. Morris began the story in verse, but finally adopted prose.

#### L

Two trial pages of the projected edition of Lord Berners' translation of Froissart's chronicles.

¶ Folio. Printed in Chaucer type, in black and red, 760 printed all on vellum. The borders were engraved by W. Spielmeier and C. E. Keates and printed by Stephen Mowlem.

#### XLIX

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES | by William Morris. |

[Colophon] Here ends the Water of the Wondrous Isles, written by William Morris. It was printed at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall,

## LI

SIRE DEGREVAUNT. |

[Colophon] Edited by F. S. Ellis after the edition printed by J. O. Halliwell from the Cambridge MS., with some additions and variations from that in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. Printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex, and finished on the 14th day of March, 1896.

¶ 8vo. Printed in Chaucer type in black and red, with a woodcut by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, 350 printed, 8 on vellum, bound in half holland.

## LII

SYR YSAMBRACE. |

[Colophon] Edited by F. S. Ellis after the edition printed by J. O. Halliwell from the MS. in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, with a few corrections. Printed at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex, and finished on the 14th day of July, 1897.

¶ 8vo. Printed in Chaucer type in black and red, with a woodcut by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, 350 on paper, 8 on vellum, bound in half holland.

## LIII

SOME GERMAN WOODCUTS OF THE FIFTEENTH | CENTURY |

[Colophon] Here ends Some German woodcuts of the Fifteenth Century, for which the blocks (with one exception) were prepared by Walker and Boutall under the direction of the late William Morris. Now edited by S. C. Cockerell, and printed at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith. Finished on the 15th day of December, 1897.

¶ Large 4to. Printed in Golden type in red and black. 225 on paper, 8 on vellum, bound in half holland.

## LIV

THE STORY OF SIGURD THE VOLSUNG AND THE | FALL OF THE NIBLUNGS by William Morris |

[Colophon] Here ends the Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs, written by William Morris, with two pictures designed by Edward Burne-Jones and engraved by W. H. Hooper. It was printed at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and finished on the 19th day of January, 1898. Sold by the trustees of the late William Morris at the Kelmscott Press.

¶ Small folio. Printed in Chaucer type in

black and red, with two illustrations by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. 160 on paper and 6 on vellum, bound in limp vellum.

## LV

THE SUNDERING FLOOD written by | William Morris |

[Colophon] Here ends the story of the Sundering Flood, the last romance written by William Morris, and printed at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, finished on the 15th day of November, 1897. Sold by the trustees of the late William Morris at the Kelmscott Press.

¶ 8vo. Printed in Chaucer type in black and red. 300 on paper, bound in half holland.

## LVI

LOVE IS ENOUGH, OR THE FREEING OF | PHARAMOND. A morality, written | by William Morris.

[Colophon] Here ends Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond, written by William Morris, with two pictures designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and engraved on wood by W. H. Hooper. The picture on the opposite page was not designed for this edition of "Love is Enough," but for an edition projected about twenty-five years ago, which was never carried out. Printed at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, & finished on the 11th day of December, 1897. Sold by the Trustees of the late William Morris at the Kelmscott Press.

¶ Large 4to. Printed in Troy type in three colors, with two illustrations designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. 300 on paper, 8 on vellum.

## LVII

A NOTE BY WILLIAM MORRIS ON HIS | AIMS IN FOUNDING THE KELMSCOTT PRESS, together with a short | description of the press by S. C. | Cockerell, &amp; an annotated list | of the books printed thereat |

[Colophon] This was the last book printed at the Kelmscott Press. it was finished at No. xiv Upper Mall, Hammersmith, in the County of London, on the fourth day of March, MDCCCXCVIII. Sold by the trustees of the late William Morris at the Kelmscott Press.

¶ 8vo. Printed in Troy, Golden & Chaucer type, in black and red, with four woodcuts designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones. 525 on paper, 12 on vellum. The frontispiece was engraved by Morris himself for the projected edition of The Earthly Paradise.

*Ernest Dressel North.*

## CURRENT LITERATURE

### THE NEW DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE

A NEW encyclopædia, if it be what it should be, is a new treasure for either a public or a private library. In truth a library, as to its solid substratum, is a comprehensive dictionary, embracing, in the form of a gathering of volumes by a diversity of authors, the sum of human knowledge. As to an encyclopædia, if it be new, whether it undertakes to cover all knowledge or one of its principal departments, it, in comparison with its predecessors, has a strong presumption in its favor. For no sooner is a book of this class completed than it begins to be obsolescent. The progress of investigation and the simple lapse of time, which gives rise to an untrodden interval, make enlargement and correction indispensable.

Such is the recent advance in all the studies pertaining to the origin, contents, and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, the documents of the Christian religion, that the *Dictionary of the Bible*, of which the first volume has just been issued, ministers to a real want, and it promises to minister to it well. In its list of contributors there is a fair number of distinguished names which carry weight with scholars, and of the names which are less known there are probably not a few which only need an increase of years on the part of those whom they designate, to become familiar and honored. It is natural to turn with curiosity to the articles which indicate the trend of the work, so far as it is

discoverable in a single volume, in relation to those much agitated critical problems to which the labors of scholars and the interest of the public in these years are specially devoted.

The point of view, as far as I have been able to observe, is sympathetic, yet in a discriminating, judicial and rather conservative spirit, with the "Higher Criticism." In the article on "Deuteronomy," we are assured that the composite origin of the Pentateuch is universally admitted by modern scholars. The document D, containing that book, is treated as one of its "component elements." The laws contained in it are said to disclose a civilization "more advanced and humane" than those of the "earlier law." The laws pertaining to national worship picture a stage of Israelitish history later than the older document in Exodus. There are not wanting discrepancies, it is averred, with the later priestly code. We are told that it is generally affirmed to be impossible that the work in its present form was written by Moses. The name of Moses was used to embrace the whole legislation, including the enlargement and alteration which the earlier forms underwent to meet the exigencies of a later time. The book was composed by some prophet in the seventh century, in the times of Manasseh. Of course laws are comprehended in it which, in their basis at least, had come down from more ancient times.

The date of the book of Daniel is placed in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, after the occurrence of the events which it sets forth in the form of prediction. It is an outline of a section of history "in the veiled form of a revelation of the future," and the reasons for this conclusion are given by the author of

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A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. Dealing with its Language, Literature, and Contents, including the Biblical Theology. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. With the assistance of a number of collaborators. Volume I, A—Feasts. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 8vo, \$6.00, net.

the article, Professor Curtis, in detail. For example, it is said that the name "Chaldeans" was not applied to the wise men or magicians until after the fall of the Babylonian Empire. The peculiar form of prophecy *post eventum* is accounted for as being in accord with a custom of Jewish writers to ascribe, as a rhetorical means of impression, present teaching and messages to older authors. The article on Deuteronomy, we should add, was written by an English scholar, Professor Ryle, of the University of Cambridge. Opinions of the nature described above have evidently established themselves in most of the English and American universities, as well as in Germany. Professor Stewart of St. Andrews writes the article on the "Bible" in an intelligent and fair-minded tone. He points out the remarkable fact that, although the bounds of the canon—that is, the precise writings which are to be included in it—are not settled by supernatural authority, but are open to inquiry and discussion, inspiration is generally claimed for the entire series of books. "So long as inspiration cannot be claimed for the process by which canonicity is determined, canonicity cannot be held to fix the bounds of inspiration." The difficulties which belong to attempts to formulate a doctrine of Biblical inspiration are wisely and candidly set forth by Professor Stewart, and some of the recent essays to meet them by living theologians of distinction are compactly sketched.

Dr. Headlam, writing on the "Acts of the Apostles," cogently argues in favor of the authorship of the entire book of Luke, maintaining that the "We" passages exhibit no greater differences from the rest of the book than might be expected in passing from the composition of an eye-witness to that of one who, although not a contemporary, is an eye-witness. At the same time the reader of the article is

furnished with the grounds on which the theory of a composite authorship has been set up.

In the course of Mr. Turner's article on the "Chronology of the New Testament," the question of the date of the conversion of the Apostle Paul, which has now become a theme of controversy, is taken up. The main point to be decided is the date of the departure of Felix and the arrival of Festus. From this date, wherever it may be fixed, it is possible to reckon backward and forward in tracing the Apostle's career. That date, according to the received chronology, is A.D. 60 or 61, and the received view is still defended by learned scholars. Another opinion, which sets the date referred to as far back as A.D. 55 or 56, has been of late espoused by Harnack, and does not lack supporters. If this last opinion should prevail, the date of Paul's conversion would be set back to a time about a year after the crucifixion. This would require corresponding changes in the dates assigned for the Pauline epistles, and would otherwise incidentally affect, to an important degree, various other points of interest in the apostolic history. Ramsay lessens the received date by only one year. Mr. Turner reaches the conclusion that the correct date is the intermediate one, A.D. 57 or 58.

The preparation of the article "Bishop" has been entrusted to Professor Gwatkin. It is to be regretted that this accurate scholar has not entered into a more extended and elaborate examination of the constitution of the early Christian organizations. He holds that the "general equivalence" of the offices of bishop and elder in the apostolic age must be admitted, although we cannot at once conclude that there were never any minor differences between them. He traces the term "elder" to Jewish sources. He leaves undecided whether the term "bish-

op" was taken up from Jewish or Gentile sources, although leaning somewhat to the latter alternative. In the first age, popular election and apostolic appointment were coördinate. A little later, popular election becomes quite conspicuous. Attention is properly drawn to the distinction between local and unlocal offices. It was to local offices alone that persons were designated by election; to "unlocal" offices they were designated by the call of the Spirit. The "prophets" (so called) belonged to the latter class. The functions of this second class of officers were purely spiritual. They were not ordained, we may add, nor is there the least evidence that they exercised the function of ordaining the *local* officers.

In the titles "Cosmogony" and "Exodus" the critical doctrines incorporated in the dictionary are illustrated in their practical corollaries. Of the two documents at the beginning of Genesis, the second, or Johivistic account, is the earliest and was composed in the pre-exilic era when the traditions of the patriarchal age were vivid. The mind of its author is animated by the prophetic rather than by the priestly spirit. On the other hand, the second document (in Genesis ii.), styled the Babylonian narrative, is considered to have been derived from the Babylonian tradition in the form in which the monuments unfold it to us. Great as are the differences, the resemblances require us to adopt this conclusion. But the writer of the article in the Dictionary presents strong arguments to show that while the second narrative belongs to a period not later than the Exile, that we must refer to a much earlier day the reception by the Israelites of the elements of the Babylonian tradition. The opinion of Driver is sanctioned that "the narrative of Gen. I comes at the end of a long process of gradual assimilation [of that tradition] to the purer teachings of Israel-

ish theology, carried on under the spiritual influence of the religion of Israel." Of this first volume of the dictionary as a whole it can be truly said that it compresses into a moderate space the results of a vast amount of investigation by scholars of whom this at least can be affirmed—that they are candid, and well equipped for their work.

*George P. Fisher.*

### EVE'S "HERALDRY"

HERALDRY is a somewhat larger subject than the title-page of this book would imply, and that title would be more strictly accurate if it were to read: *A Practical Handbook of Armorial Bearings and their Artistic Treatment*, or words to that effect. Accepting, however, the more narrow definition of heraldry implied by the use of the word in the existing title-page, it may be said that the book was needed, at least for students of mediæval architecture and of the other decorative arts of that period. As to the question whether either this book or armorial bearings themselves can be of any use to the modern world, it can only be touched upon, in this review.

Armorial bearings had one primary object, namely, that of distinguishing a military chief and his followers from other chiefs and their followers. The strangely eager desire of the men of the European Middle Ages to cover themselves up with defensive armor, a desire only in part shared by the men of antiquity, or by those of the more modern world, led to the almost entire concealment of the face of the captain whose presence might yet be sorely needed at a critical moment to encourage his dismayed

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DECORATIVE HERALDRY: A Practical Handbook of its Artistic Treatment. By G. W. Eve. The Macmillan Co., 8vo, \$3.50.

followers or to strengthen their enthusiastic final charge. Moreover, the organization of armies as loose agglomerations of bands of privately raised militia, led by their local chiefs, made it absolutely essential that the identity of each lord, carrying with it a knowledge of the number and quality of his band of followers, should be easily recognized by his fellow leaders and their general. It was necessary to see from a distance the exact location in the line of battle of each separate company of soldiers and its leader. Now, for all this, armorial bearings were precisely the thing needed. In the thick and somewhat tumultuous array of the mediæval line of battle, the chequered pennon borne by one nobleman and the white rampant lion on a red field borne by another were seen from a considerable distance, and at any such distance were recognizable at once. The art of the draughtsman was devoted especially to distinguishing touches and to characteristic traits by which one beast of prey was distinguished from another, and the inventors of new bearings learned ways of varying the ancient bearings, so that a new cognizance would be readily known. Still, however, the honorable distinction remained to the plainest escutcheons that they were probably the most ancient. Where the field of the escutcheon was crossed merely by a band, which band, according to its position, and the angle which it made with the edges of the escutcheon, bore different names, and where the contrasting colors of this band and the field made up the peculiarities of that escutcheon as distinguished from others, the presumption was that an ancient grant of arms was before you.

As the pennon was to be seen from a distance, so the bearings worn upon the knight's own shield, and upon the garments of his followers—at a later time on the jupon of the knight himself—iden-

tified his warlike array at a nearer point of view. The crest was merely an enlargement of the same scheme : an addition to it : an appendage to the warrior's head-piece. As the crest became more elaborate, it became, also, more generally an ornament for the tourney or the joust than a serious part of the war dress ; and this the more readily that in war the crest would easily disappear, or be disfigured beyond recognition. The supporters, where they exist ; the motto, the mantling and the lambrequin, are all inessential parts of the achievement, and are rather for the painted display of a strict heraldic marshalling, or the slighter tricking of the same in pen and ink, than for the use of the bearings in personal wear.

Heraldic treatment, then, is primarily of the battle dress and the battle flag, but as it became recognized, early in the Middle Ages, as in a special way the property of the feudal nobility, so family pride made the assumption of arms the first step toward recognition of such feudal superiority. On this account the brass plate encrusted in the knight's monumental slab was engraved with his effigy, with all the heraldic bearings most carefully set forth in outline ; the sculptures on the more stately tomb included the most careful rendering, displayed in relief, of the same bearings in their form and relations, the pictured glass of the window above the tomb contained the same arms in full color ; the seal with which the knight put his approval to a document contained his arms engraved as minutely as the skill of the die-sinker allowed ; the architecture of the chapel, which he might have paid for, was adorned with the adaptation to architectural purposes of these arms ; the embroidered surcoat which he wore when not in armor, or which, at one time, was worn over the steel suit, had for its chief subject these heraldic designs ; and, in short, every-

thing which had to do in an especial way with himself, or his family history, contained his ancestral arms as fully and richly displayed as the circumstances might allow.

In later times, when the need of heraldic bearings had disappeared and when the fashionable style of decoration was such that it was no longer easy to give the bearings in color, either separately or in an achievement, escutcheons of arms were sculptured above doorways, and were still engraved upon book-plates. An ingenious system of indicating the colors and the gold and silver by means of engraved lines and dots enabled the heraldic artist to be as technical as he pleased, although without the use of pigments. Bookbinding became, also, a favorite medium for heraldic display; and the arms of every prince or noble who bought books at all, and of every queen or *maitresse-en-titre* of whose establishment a library formed a part, furnish for the modern collector books with coats of arms displayed in a most interesting way in gilded lines or in inlays of colored leather.

To all this world of heraldic ornamentation the book before us is an excellent guide. It is not large, and a part of its small space is devoted to the consideration of the decay of heraldry in England in the eighteenth century, and its attempted revival in England in modern times. If an unfavorable criticism were to be made upon the book, it would be that it is too exclusively English. There is no reason in the world why such a book should not be confined absolutely to England, both in its historical and in its modern ideal direction; moreover, there are here a dozen most interesting illustrations, drawn from monuments of the continent of Europe. Still, however, the book is in the main English in its record and in its aspiration, although its promise is of something more general

than that. As to this aspiration toward a better future for heraldry, it may well be that all attempt at reviving heraldry in our time and all use of it are open to the suspicion of being absurd; but there is really too little space here in which to consider this most important question.

*Russell Sturgis.*

## STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE

WRITING of Anatole France, Mlle de Bury implies that French critics are less widely known abroad than mediocre French novelists; the latter cross the frontiers sooner. The reasons for this are not far to seek, and some of them she supplies. The literary critic, she says, stands in much the same relation to the reader that a friend does in real life. Persons not known to both are seldom mentioned between them. "In order to be interested in critics and criticism one must know the writers who are discussed." But, after all, this is only measurably true in both relations. One has friends instinctively chosen because they sensibly enlarge one's horizon. And as to critics, the less one knew of Lamartine, for instance, the more would he be entertained, interested, maliciously amused perhaps, by much that Sainte-Beuve has to say about him.

Mlle de Bury's own is another case in point. Her studies in contemporary French literature should be interesting and instructive, even to those whose range of reading is by no means coincident with hers; to people who not only do not possess, but who, precisely because of her impersonal and candid treatment, may never care to acquire a more extended

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TO-DAY. A Study of the Principal Romancers and Essayists. By Yetta Blaze de Bury. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

knowledge than she supplies of Zola, say, or Anatole France, or Paul Bourget, or Verlaine. The long pages she devotes to Edmond de Goncourt will still have a charm of their own even though one personally agrees with René Doumic, that neither of the brothers knew more of history than a tailor, a house-steward, a body-servant might, nor cared in art for anything but the pretty, the exotic, and the trim.

This is because in France criticism is an art by itself, which it can hardly be said to be among ourselves. In French society, says Mlle de Bury, "mind alone is invited out," and in French reviews and journals, intellect as completely denuded as may be of any prepossessions except for facts and their bearings, literary art and its requirements, seems alone to have real value. "Are we an adolescent civilization, to recoil like children from the profound study of the soul's ills? Are there cancers so foul that the philosopher should turn away from them?" asks Mlle de Bury. To which, of course, there is but one absolute answer; though the Anglo-Saxon temperament inevitably raises a side issue and demands to know why the laboratory, the operating table, should be set up in the public street. However, the French temperament, too, has its reserves, as Mlle de Bury indicates when explaining why "Ghosts," which "the English reader would be predisposed to name as one of the most agreeable to our public among all Ibsen's repertory," did in fact disgust all but French scientists. "We are fond of truth to nature, and this piece, above all others, was true in its sequences. But scientists are scarce, a theatre is not a laboratory, and Lemaître, being a French man of letters, trained to French ideals, has necessarily and paramount not only the religion of the mother, but also the impossibility of admitting that out of a

mother's weakness there can ever come any good."

Besides the collective, the race temperament, there is also the individual one. Choosing her own subjects, Mlle de Bury plainly brings an open mind to her appreciations in every instance. She takes a professional pleasure in her ability to hold the balance true. But she would not be a woman—she would hardly be human—if there did not pierce through her studied impartiality the accent of spontaneous delight when she comes to speak of work with which she is in unpremeditated sympathy. It is this note which makes her study of Vogüé easily the most agreeable in her collection. It is to the author, of "Jean d'Agrève"—though this book, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* only last year, she does mention—that the only scornful page in her book is due. It was inspired by the "amazing and pitiable confessions of ignorance recently made to me by one of the most deservedly popular English writers. 'I do not know Ferdinand Brunetière, because he writes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which I never read, and I do not know Vogüé, because his works have not been translated.' This latter misfortune Vogüé, one of our greatest masters of style, shares with Bossuet, whom, nevertheless, my witty friend certainly has read. To be sure, the Bishop of Meaux is dead, and, in the eyes of an ambitious author, that is an immense advantage over Vogüé. At the same time, the Englishman's natural aversion to a purely scientific, impersonal treatment of the object or subject under discussion, his preference for generalizing under the pronoun 'I,' lead him into that most grievous of social errors, an exhibition of self—forgetting that a bilious attack should be carefully wrapped up in a dressing-gown."

Though her book is dedicated to Brunetière, and her article on him is full, gen-



erous, and intelligently appreciative, yet Mlle de Bury's enthusiasm is for Vogüé. And it is not I who will quarrel with her on that account. On the contrary, I will echo her own question: "Shall such a master-mind remain unknown to the modern countrymen of Shakespeare because he is not yet translated into English?"

Only one woman receives attention in these pages—Madame Blanc-Bentzon—a critic who but lately proved how intelligently she understands her profession by translating in full Miss Wilkins' "New England Nun" as an introduction to an appreciation of her work in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is not as a critic but as a romancer that Mlle de Bury here considers her, ranking her next to Octave Feuillet as a "novelist of society psychology," and "above him in her perception of other horizons than those exclusively French." And that, again, is high praise. To this critic at least, it is plainly a welcome task to praise. Only in her paper on Bourget is she parsimonious, in this regard. And there one does not hold her economy a vice.

*Elizabeth Gilbert Martin.*

## A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE

TO put a volume into a page, a page into a phrase, a phrase into a word is the passion which has tormented Professor Dowden in attempting to present within the compass of some four hundred pages an accurate and complete sketch of one of the great world-literatures. What has been his torment is our benefit, for, despite the restraint of condensation, his native sentiment and enthusiasm appear in the result, which is both readable and

scholarly. "Complete," in the sense of extending like Professor Saintsbury's similar work to the present time, it is not, for it reaches only to the middle of the nineteenth century. Moreover, it shares the tendency of all such résumés to trench on mere enumeration. But its candor and certitude, its broad effects and wise selection, count overwhelmingly in its favor. What with an inadequate index and the author's disposition to regard the literature of recent years as a subject for current criticism rather than historical study, this is the clearest and best reference-book covering the subject which has been offered to English readers. That Professor Dowden has succeeded so well in essentials has, however, made him particularly liable to the faults which so minute and argumentative a writer as Professor Saintsbury has escaped. The several pages discussing the Pléiade and the doctrine of the physiocratic school, from lack of precise definition, convey a very vague impression. Voiture, we are informed, rendered French prose "pliant for the uses of pleasure"; and L'Abbé Prévost wrote "melodramatic narratives of romantic adventure." Saint-Simon's style is rather blindly characterized as "the large style" of seventeenth century prose. The repression of the author's imagery, too, brings into notice his fondness for certain phrases and words. "Amorous metaphysics" and "amorous casuistry," "ordonnance" and "deploy" are worn out with repetition. When a writer discovered what he could do, he is generally said to have "found his true direction"; and we read of "a Villon legend," "a Béranger legend," "a Hugo legend," and so forth, until we wonder at the unaccustomed poverty of the author's vocabulary. It is an exquisite pleasure, when one recalls how fastidious he has always been, to observe the futility of his brave persistence in the use of *an* before

words beginning with *h*: "An unity" and "an unique distinction" finally succumb to "a heroic fashion," which, it is needless to add, is the American fashion of yielding to the laws of euphony. Was it haste, again, which prompted Professor Dowden to say that Montaigne's father "educated him in Latin as if his native tongue"? That the Duchesse du Maine's lady-in-waiting "drew delicately in her literary art [like a fish-line] with an etcher's tool"? Knowing full well the peril to which he was exposed, Professor Dowden has taken infinite pains to avoid the imputation of dogmatism, and one is amused at the transparency of his devices. "Quinault did not find his true direction until he declined—or should we say, until he rose?—into the librettist." Of Froissart, again, "what a dramatic—or should we say theatrical?—feeling for life and action!" Yet it is with a delicious theological abandon that the writer, once clear of literary waters, describes one of the Moralities in which the bad pilgrim "arrived at the everlasting bonfire"!

Broadly speaking, there is much spirit, even humor, in Professor Dowden's manner of tracing literary history. What he says concerning each of the leading personages sticks in the memory,—perhaps because of the unequivocal terms in which they are set forth. Henry of Navarre was the greatest Frenchman of the sixteenth century, Madame de Maintenon the most influential woman in all the history of France. In his direct inspiration from life Villon stood alone, though to magnify his proportions to those of the highest poets is to do him wrong. La Rochefoucauld's style may be described as "lapidary." Each maxim was "a drop of the attar not of roses but of some more poignant and bitterly aromatic blossom." Madame du Deffand was second to Voltaire as a letter-writer. With La Harpe, for the first time in France, instruction in litera-

ture was made an intellectual pleasure. Bernardin may be regarded as the founder of the art of picturesque description. Nature had made Lamartine an irreclaimable optimist. Finally, in a few concise pages, the critical methods of Thierry, Michelet, Nisard, and Sainte-Beuve are carefully discriminated. Something tells us that the estimate of Boileau and of Balzac is too much like an arraignment. Only here is there an apparent relinquishment of the objective view which dominates the work as a whole.

#### EXCURSIONS IN ITALIAN LITERATURE

ITALIAN literature offers the scholar an almost inexhaustible mine of research and exploitation, whether he survey it as a whole or confine himself to a particular period or personality. It is the former task which Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, has essayed, and he has performed it exceedingly well, giving, within the compass of about four hundred pages, a comprehensive view of the development of one of the richest of European literatures.

Proportion is much in such an attempt, and Dr. Garnett has been judicious; he gives less space to Dante, who is so often interpreted, in order to afford himself a freer hand in illuminating writers of whom it is more difficult for the English reader to get knowledge. The author is an accomplished poet, and the verse translations he makes are among the best we have ever seen from the Italian. The manual is noticeable for its literary flavor, and especially excellent in its full treatment of prominent new writers like D'An-

A HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE TREATMENT OF NATURE IN DANTE'S "DIVINA COMMEDIA." By L. Oscar Kuhns. Edward Arnold, 16mo, \$1.00.

nunzio, thus bringing the examination strictly down to the present.

Prof. L. Oscar Kuhns's smaller book, *The Treatment of Nature in Dante's "Divina Commedia,"* makes a thorough study of the different aspects of the outer world as they are reflected in the Florentine's masterpiece. Professor Kuhns is widely read in the bibliography of the subject, and his exposition is the most exhaustive yet undertaken in English. An interesting and valuable side of the investigation is the comparison of Dante's idea and treatment of nature with that of the ancients and the moderns; it being shown that he has a truer feeling for it than the former, but less of subjective intimacy than the latter. The writer gives his own translations in blank verse, some of them decidedly felicitous. He has thrown light on an attractive phase of Dante's poetic genius.

R. B.

### A JOURNALIST

IT is pleasing to find something like a permanent tribute, now and then, to the sort of man essentially of our own times—the high-grade, working journalist; capable, industrious, and influential on lines of pure purpose, as to whatsoever his hand shall find to do. We have such a record in Dr. Nicoll's study of the brief but significant career of James Macdonell. Mr. Macdonell is to be recalled especially in connection with his services as a correspondent and incessant leader-editor for the London *Daily Telegraph* and *Times* between 1865 and the year of his untimely death, 1879. It is a good thing for workers in all departments of literature—and let us not admit impediment to the marriage of literature with journalism, at its

best—to reflect on the story of such a nature as was Macdonell's, firm, high (perhaps high rather than broad, by the bye). Newspaper men best realize what admirable qualities of moral manhood and of intellect may be focussed upon a hurried occupation that is to be thought of "professional insignificance" only by the unjust and the careless.

Macdonell was a man of golden character. Scotch by birth, by early life and by temperament, he worked his way into successive posts of trust, influence, and thereby into, we believe, his full intellectual expression. That one suspects he might not have had in him the material for literature's highest authority is nothing to the purpose. What he did was admirable in its class. He did not get enough into open touch (except, perhaps, during his visits to France) with notable men in letters or politics to star this quiet memoir with great names. His story is largely one for those who met him and became his intimate acquaintances. But men like Taine, Froude, Hutton, and the best of his peers, admired and lamented him; men of discrimination as well as of mere eminence. He thought loftily and clearly, and he wrote a simple and sober style, with occasional touches of real richness.

The distinctively editorial life is reckoned a quantity to be neglected in biography. Indeed the field is so large, the movement so hurried that it must be neglected. But such a study as Dr. Nicoll here offers—and it is written with suitable reserve as well as an evident enthusiasm for a man dearly beloved—should suggest to beginners in journalism what energies, equipment, and balance of many traits must go into the successful and superior newspaper man's life. Incidentally, such a memoir rebukes many acclaimed past-masters. Let us not believe the kind of man rare in the kind of work;

JAMES MACDONELL, JOURNALIST. By W. Robertson Nicoll. With etched portrait by H. Manesse. Dodd, Mead & Co., 8vo, \$2.00.

let us only wish he were better known and more copied. The book—which typographically well might have been condensed by setting its correspondence part in smaller type—is well made; and a strong likeness of Mr. Macdonell is its illustration.

E. I. S.

#### AN EXCELLENT BIOGRAPHY

*WILLIAM the Silent*, by Frederic Harrison, the latest volume of the Foreign Statesmen Series, is a splendidly done piece of work. Within the limits of 243 short pages Mr. Harrison has portrayed the career of the immortal hero of Holland with exquisite literary art, with an excellent sense of historical perspective, with a categorical directness of statement of every pregnant fact, and with the brevity which can only come from a thorough mastery of the subject in hand. We have graphically pictured before our eyes one of the most momentous dramas in the world's history. We see the young Prince of Orange—heir to one of the oldest and proudest governing families in Europe, born a Lutheran, brought up a Catholic, instructed in statecraft by the great Emperor Charles V—inspiring the people of the Low Countries to take up arms against the almost resistless power of that devil incarnate of bigotry and tyranny, Philip II of Spain. We follow him through the weary years of hopeless revolt as he animated fainting hearts to “Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain,” to quote the late Laureate's verse. Alva came, and boasted when he left that, in addition to those slain in merciless warfare, he had murdered 18,000 persons in cold blood, accompanied by every hideous form of torture known

to Spaniards and to the Holy Inquisition. The Prince of Parma, whose genius for both war and politics entitles him to rank with Napoleon, followed Alva, leading an invincible army of Spanish veterans, against which the Dutch and Flemish burghers could make no headway. Yet the indomitable courage of William never quailed. By letters, by speeches, by personal interviews with local nobles and burgher leaders, he still encouraged an unconquerable resistance to the blighting intellectual and political yoke of Spain. His terms of peace from first to last never varied. He demanded for his followers freedom to worship God as they best saw fit, and freedom to govern themselves according to their ancient laws and ordinances. Flanders, where the revolt had started, was finally subdued by Philip's troops, but the severed dykes of Holland drove the invader's army out of that portion of the United Provinces. At length, on March 15, 1580, Philip issued his public proclamation in which he offered to give 25,000 crowns in gold to anyone who would assassinate William, as well as a patent of nobility for the murderer's heirs and pardon for all past offences. On July 10, 1584, Balthazar Gerard fulfilled the infamous terms of the proclamation, and William was no more. But the ideas for which he had lived and suffered lived after him. He had preached tolerance and union in an age ill fitted to understand the meaning of those terms. He had implanted the idea which, under God, has come to be the watchword of modern civilization as it exists in Christian countries, namely, that a people have the right to govern themselves well or ill according to their capacities. From the ideas which he was the first to promulgate sprang the Commonwealth of England, the independence of the United States, and the French Revolution. His life was a failure, judged by worldly standards, yet he was

WILLIAM THE SILENT. By Frederic Harrison. The Macmillan Company, 16mo, 75 cents.

an exception to the rule so impressively laid down by Shakespeare in the lines :

"The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Not the least interesting thing in Mr. Harrison's little book is a genealogical table showing that the blood of William the Silent has spread through all the governing families now in Europe, and has existed in past times in such superb generals as Turenne and Frederick the Great.

*E. H. Mullin.*

#### ON THE KLONDIKE TRAIL

HAD the original scheme of the English traveller, Mr. Harry de Windt, succeeded, his present book might have borne the alluring title : "New York to Paris by Land," a little journey that has not yet been accomplished. The plan with which Mr. de Windt started out in May, 1896, was to penetrate Alaska by way of the Chilkoot Pass, descend the Yukon River, thence by sledge to Cape Prince of Wales, to cross Bering Strait on the ice, and travel south along the coast of Siberia until he reached civilization and the means of proceeding westward toward Europe. This plan came to grief owing, first, to the impossibility of crossing the ice-floes in the Straits, and, secondly, to lack of guides and sledges along the barren coast of Siberia south of East Cape, where the travellers were landed by the United States revenue cutter *Bear*. In fact, Mr. de Windt and his companion, Mr. Hardy, were virtually prisoners for several months in one of the Tchuktchi settlements of the Siberian coast, and escaped upon an American

whaler only after giving themselves up for lost. The first part of the book, which is handsomely made, and marred only by some absurd fancy sketches, such as that opposite page 38, in which a wholly impossible Chilkoot trail is represented as passing up the face of an almost perpendicular mountain, is given up to describing a trip right through the Klondike region. The thousands who have followed the trail over the Chilkoot this spring need not be envied unless matters have mended greatly since Mr. de Windt passed that way. Veteran traveller that he was, he was tempted upon several occasions to give it up ; nothing that he had seen in rough travel through Siberia, Borneo, or Chinese Tartary compared with the Chilkoot Pass in danger or hardship. Climbing an Alpine peak was play to it. Mr. de Windt has his word as to the Alaskan mosquitoes, which attacked him incessantly night and day until he reached Bering Sea. For the first few days after meeting with these pests, conversation, sleep, and even eating were out of the question. Sometimes he camped after a hard day's trail, unable to eat a mouthful, owing to mosquitoes, and yet famished. The air was sometimes black with them. Veils and gloves were useless ; they bit clean through dog-skin, while a thick sweater and flannel shirt offered no protection at all. Strong men sometimes broke down and wept under their sufferings. The whole country seems to be in summer one vast morass ; the summer's sun thaws out the ground to the depth of eight or ten inches, but never dries it. Two miles a day was a fair speed upon some trails.

While the chapters of the book describing the Klondike country will be found most timely owing to the interest now so widely felt in the gold fields, Mr. de Windt's account of his life in the huts of the Tchuktchi Indians presents a graphic

account of people almost unknown. His sufferings and misadventures were almost incredible. They gave him, however, the material for a most interesting story, which he tells in a simple and effective manner. To the intending Klondiker the book constitutes one long "Don't"; but at the same time it gives the comparative merit or lack of merit of the different routes to the gold fields and a list of the material that should constitute an outfit for a Klondike expedition. Such of the illustrations as have been made from photographs are valuable and interesting, and there is a good map.

P. G. H.

#### "A VARIOUS LANGUAGE"

THROUGH the two hundred and seventy odd pages of Mr. Phil Robinson's *In Garden, Orchard, and Spinney* the reader fond of English nature in its every-day aspects will, doubtless, find enjoyment of the placid sort. As a lifelong disciple of Gilbert White, Mr. Robinson can sit for half an afternoon watching the behavior of a squirrel or a crow, counting the day well spent if he discovers something new, no matter how trivial that something may be to other men. The politics of a rookery are of as absorbing interest to the naturalist as the doings of any parliament. To many men there is a fascination about such studies. At the same time it may be questioned whether some writers upon bird-life and plant-lore do not lose perspective in their minute study of small things and give a distorted value to what they see. Much, perhaps most, of the charm and value of what White, Thoreau, and Jefferies have done in this field lies in the pregnant comment, the sober fact observed serving merely as

the peg upon which to hang the result of brilliant thinking. A few of Mr. Robinson's chapters lack substance. There may be such a thing as a persistence in the study of small things which defeats itself. Fortunately this writer has often something of his own fancy to give, as witness these few lines upon the close of the year:

"We speak always of the fall of the leaf as melancholy, and, no doubt, it is a generation passing away; and man himself is 'but grass.' But if we remembered that the leaves of the trees fall off only because the buds of next year have pushed them off, much of the melancholy disappears from the process. It is the new leaves coming that makes the old leaves fall, and the yellows and reds of autumn are the first sure signs and promises of a leafy spring. The foliage of the year has done its work. It has seen blossom and berry come and go, 'and all's well.' The time has come for relieving guard. For the swallows have gone south and the redwing is afield; and the old leaves wait till they feel the thrill all through them, to the tips of the tiniest twigs, of the coming of the reliefs, and then they know that they may go, and down their line the signal runs, 'Dismiss'; and then at their leisure, with all the blazonry of autumnal honors and the brilliant circumstance and consequence of soldiers retiring with the honors of war, they leave their posts."

#### "HAWAII'S STORY"

A REMARKABLE woman is the ex-queen of the Hawaiian people, Liliuokalani. In 1892 she was the central figure in the diplomatic Hawaiian revolution of the Harrison Administration; during the Administration of Mr. Cleveland she was a suppliant beseeching the restoration of her throne—and now, in the face of possible annexation, she is the unfaltering champion of an overthrown monarchy. Her present demand

IN GARDEN, ORCHARD, AND SPINNEY. Illustrated. By Phil Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

HAWAII'S STORY, BY HAWAII'S QUEEN. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, 8vo, \$2.00.

on public attention is made through her autobiography just published under the title *Hawaii's Story, by Hawaii's Queen*.

It is a story as simple and ingenuous as a child's might be. She begins her narrative with her own first recollections—Hawaii is pictured as one of God's favored spots of earth, and while the picture may be overdrawn yet the tone is refreshing for it is sincere. Her school life is described in some detail, showing the influence of the missionaries in the Islands and how the natives, even royalty, accepted their direction. To this fact the ex-queen constantly attributes the present subservient condition of the people to the Dole Government; and her own misery in seeing her native kingdom usurped is laid at the door of the over-zealous missionary party.

The more valuable portion of the book from the political and historical point of view begins with the accession of Kalakaua, her brother, to the throne in 1872. During his reign the highest degree of prosperity was reached by the Islands, and through him commercial relations with

other countries were established. The reciprocity treaty made with President Grant is cited as one of his greatest achievements.

The revolution of 1892, soon after her brother's death and her own accession, is described as a crime against her people. The official correspondence which passed at that time between the monarchy and Washington is reviewed, as is also the later attempt of the Cleveland Administration to undo, through Commissioner Blount and Minister Willis, what the Harrison Administration had done through Minister John B. Stevens. An account of her imprisonment by the new government, her sentence to death, and her final pardon and release are detailed.

The narrative is often picturesque, as for instance when she describes her two visits to the United States, her attendance at the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, and the death and burial of her brother. So genuine an autobiography as this repays reading, and while the information is colored by personal feeling, it is not likely to be accessible elsewhere.

#### “THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF A TEMPERAMENT”

EVERYTHING that Mr. Hearn writes has the charm of an exquisite style, and that he is not always absolutely intelligible in these latest disquisitions on Nirvana, and the general principles of the How, the Why, the Whither, and the Whence, is due rather to the obscurity of the subject than to any fault of his own. Moreover, the Mystic who was absolutely intelligible might cease to be impressive. But, in truth, these shadowy abstractions

are but as a gray background to the color and sunlight of the pen pictures that make up the greater part of a fascinating book.

Japan, the home of the Ideal, is, as he says, well-named the Land of Sunrise, for sunrise is the hour of illusions, and even thatched sheds and walls of mud take on the hues of amethyst and gold when seen, in sunlight, through the soft blue morning mist. Mr. Hearn looks at Japan and her people through the haze of love and sympathy, and his idealism has nothing in common with the sentimental spirit in which men like Sir Edwin Arnold rhapsodize over what they call the butterfly and bird-like

GLEANNINGS IN BUDDHA-FIELDS. Studies of Hand and Soul in the Far East. By Lafcadio Hearn, Lecturer on English Literature in the Imperial University of Japan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

nature of this gentle folk. Many matter-of-fact observers think that the old Japan is dead or dying—that the *Samurai* spirit of chivalry has given way to Western instincts of commercialism, and that the traditional love of art by which such men as Hokusai and Kyōsai were led to work has been succeeded by the zeal that turns out imitation art-ware by the ton, for foreign markets. But these things Mr. Hearn refuses to admit. He believes that the old Japan still survives in the hearts and homes of the people—that it may be found anywhere by those who know how to look for it. Even Osaka, in spite of factories, breweries, and looms, remains to him the Venice of Japan, and not, as dapper little yellow gentlemen in European clothes prefer to call her, the Manchester of the East.

And so he takes us into temples and old gardens, or down some quiet streets where we may hear the bamboo weavers and the carpenters singing as they work. Many of their songs he has collected and translated, tracing in some the recurrence of an old, old theme,

Things never changed since the time of the Gods :  
The flowing of water, the Way of Love ;

and, in others, those allusions that show the extent to which Buddhist Idealism has saturated and fertilized the mental soil of the race. "Seize happiness while ye may," the burden of many of them runs, for, though each mortal is destined to live countless lives, yet are the happy moments of any single existence few and precious.

Not to have met one night is verily cause for sorrow ;  
Since twice in a single birth the same night  
never comes.

There is a touch of humor in the couplet that tells us

He who was never bewitched by the charming  
smile of a woman,  
A wooden Buddha is he—a Buddha of bronze or  
stone !

A *wooden Buddha*—or one of bronze or stone ; but not, mark you, the living Lord himself, for he, as another folk-song quaintly puts it, was not so foolish.

"Forsake this fitful world" !

That was { Lord Buddha's  
or  
Topsy-turvy } teaching.

And Ragora, son of his loins ?—was he forgotten indeed ?

Here, it should be explained, there is, in the original, a play upon the words "Shaka-Sama," a Japanese rendering of "Lord Buddha," and *Saka-sama*, meaning "topsy-turvy" or "upside-down."

All these things are part of what is, at least, a tolerant and kindly creed, and underlying which there is a certain comforting philosophy. It would seem that neither toothache nor the tax collector need have terrors for the man who can bring himself to believe that pleasures and pains, and all the feelings relating to self-consciousness are hallucinations ; that "the only reality is one ;—all that we have taken for substance is only shadow ;—the physical is the unreal ;—and the outer man is the ghost."

*John Harrison Wagner.*

## RECREATIVE READING FOR WAR TIMES

IT is very much to the advantage of readers when a man who has formed the habit of writing stories has special deposits of knowledge and special lines of experience to draw upon for the fabrication of his books. To be sure, if a story-writer has to choose between knowing how to write stories and knowing other things, it is best that he should know how to write. Starting with that,

CALEB WEST, MASTER DIVER. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

THE GIRL AT COBHURST. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.



it is possible that the other things may be added to him in sufficient measure for the purposes of successful literature; but unless he can start with that or can acquire it, no matter what facts or experience or knowledge he may command, or what elements of stories he may have in his head, he will not make story-books of a quality to rejoice the discriminating reader.

Everybody knows that Mr. Hopkinson Smith can write stories, and also that he has stories to tell, and special knowledge and an unusually wide range of human experience to put into them. His fame as an active practitioner of four professions has gone abroad. All that he sees and hears and feels, and all the adventures that he has, as engineer, artist, and lecturer, constitute so much grist for his mill as a purveyor of tales.

The author of *Caleb West*, *Master Diver*, is F. H. Smith, the engineer. Light-house building brought Mr. Smith the knowledge he has put into this book, and enriched him with the acquaintance of Caleb, Captain Joe, Aunt Bell, and the objectionable Carleton. They are an exceedingly good lot of people to know, and it has been a great pleasure and advantage to make their acquaintance under supervision so skilful and competent. Mr. Henry James says that the American story-tellers ought to do more than they do with the American business man. Aye, and with the American working man too! The most interesting achievements in this country at this time are material, and perhaps the most interesting information we can get in our native story books is about the men and women who make these achievements possible. *Caleb West* is a capital book, about folks of a most wholesome and admirable kind: real Americans, brave, patient, and enduring—folks whom no reader who learns to know them will be willing or

able to forget. Ten—twenty—who knows how many thousand readers will thank Mr. Smith for *Caleb West* and assure him that he has done them good.

Mr. Frank Stockton is like Mr. Smith in that he knows how to write stories; but whereas Mr. Smith writes out of the accumulating experiences of a life of unusual variety and activity, Mr. Stockton, so far as is generally known, stays at home in New Jersey, and writes his stories out of his head. His head for stories is like no other that was ever contrived, and his method of putting together the devices of his brain is just as individual as the devices themselves. To the present reviewer, Mr. Stockton always seems to write like a sort of literary cabinetmaker, who makes his design, gets out his stuff, proceeds to saw it up into the requisite lengths and shapes, and then puts them together in his shop. And was there ever a more workmanlike artificer, or did any author ever fit his component fragments into a more complete whole! Mr. Stockton's books vary, some being more extraordinary, some more ingenious, than others; but they all give the impression of being good jobs, thoroughly done, and built to stand any strain of perusal to which they may be subjected.

*The Girl at Cobhurst* is a yarn of country life full of Stocktonian people, incidents and situations, put together with Stocktonian dexterity, whimsicality and conscientiousness, and excellently adapted to occupy minds which crave an interval of relaxation from harassing thought. The scene is pitched in the country somewhere near New York—in New Jersey maybe—whither a brother and sister go to manage an inherited farm. How Mr. Stockton contrives to invent the people and events that he puts into books is what every Stocktonian devotee must ask himself at least twice a year; but this new story attests that, whatever the method is, it

holds out admirably, and is working as well now as when Pomona was still a young girl. *The Girl at Cobhurst* is especially recommended to persons who have had an overdose of war-news and newspapers, and need the relief which comes from an entire change of thought.

*E. S. Martin.*

### GOOD YARNS—WELL SPUN

TO that sturdy and by no means numerous band of writers who are not content with making bricks without straw, including such men as Herbert E. Hamblen, Cy Warman, and Walter A. Wyckoff, belongs undeniably Mr. Morgan Robertson, author of the five short stories published under the title of *Spun-Yarn*. In the author's preface there is some talk of a revelation which "a certain man," who had been a sailor, and was struggling to secure a foothold in a great city, received concerning his own powers through the tales of a genius from the far East, presumably Mr. Kipling. One who had himself "worked and suffered and seen" was thus encouraged joyously, recklessly, to explore his own experience and wreak thought upon expression. That in these blatant, mellifluous days a possessor of the vital materials out of which literature is made could need the breath of a kindred spirit to unlock his acquisitions to the world will perhaps seem incredible. Such revelations give fresh interest to Sir Thomas Browne's query: "Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?"

SPUN-YARN. By Morgan Robertson. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.25.

FUTILITY. By Morgan Robertson. M. F. Mansfield, 16mo, 75 cents.

Beyond the fact that the humor and rugged piety of the Scots slave-trader, Angus McNab, and the robust determination of Captain Swarth, might not have been so forcibly etched upon Mr. Robertson's mind but for the previous existence of Terence Mulvaney, the vigor, imagination, insight into human nature and human conditions, which appear in these pages are Mr. Robertson's own. He has, moreover, a sense of literary form, and back of the tragic and humorous developments of the life he has pictured is an exact knowledge of sea and ships, of equatorial currents and chemical processes, which few fictionists possess. The publisher or reviewer who on reading these tales did not experience a new sensation, as of pressing his teeth into a hitherto untasted fruit, must be singularly jaded or obtuse.

The story of how John Dorsey's soul "slumbered" until a stern-raking shot at the "Avon," on which he had shipped as cook, awakened in the half-witted sailor the belief that he was still mate on the "Petrel," where a similar shot had wounded him thirty years before, and inspired him to terrorize the crew into obedience and get the steamer safely clear of Cuban waters, is graphic and powerful. Viewed merely as a psychological study, it is a remarkable performance.

"The Derelict 'Neptune'" relates how two Cuban patriots boarded an old hulk with the intention of taking it to Key West and claiming salvage, and how an examination of its hold revealed that they were adrift on a floating bomb of nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton that "would pulverize the Rock of Gibraltar," and did, eventually, "pulverize" a Spanish cruiser, after the Americans had put off in a small boat. "A Creature of Circumstance" and "Honor among Thieves," in which the compelling figures are Angus McNab and Captain Swarth, abound in grim terrors

and sudden contrasts of pathos and humor. "The Survival of the Fittest" idealizes a happy-go-lucky vagabond who loved machinery and had a sheepish way of disappearing after heroic feats of service.

In the novelette *Futility*, which, without firmness, essays narrative at a sacrifice of character sketching, Mr. Robertson's limitations appear more distinctly. A sailor on an ocean greyhound recognizes among the passengers a woman for love of whom he became a drunkard! She and her husband fear that he will "steal our baby," and when the steamship, running at a speed of twenty-five knots an hour in thick fog, cuts in half a merchantman, and, at a decent interval, climbs up on the "beach" of an iceberg, he—"Lieutenant Rowland," formerly of the navy—is just the man to save the little girl not only from perils of wave and "holocaust," but from a polar bear (the fur and steaks of which are what Mr. Cable's "Posson Jone" called "a special

providence"), and to restore her after many days to an ungrateful mother. In effect the story satirizes a rather exceptional, flimsy kind of remembered love, and a perfidy on the part of ambitious sea captains which is presumably as rare.

There is a certain unity in Mr. Robertson's characterization. His sailors are plucky, masterful souls set in a hard, unyielding environment. What he can do with the gentler phases of life, and with the unfolding of plots, remains to be seen. His technique has fine, as well as strong, points, as, for instance, where one's sympathy is suddenly shifted to the black pirates from the Scotsman when it is learned that in the hold of the latter's ship were chain-gangs of slaves. In three of the "spun yarns" Mr. Robertson creates an effect of having taken the reader into his confidence by simply telling how mistaken the world was in its hasty judgment of what actually occurred. Thus the irony of events is heightened.

*George Merriam Hyde.*

### "RAMUNTCHO"

**R**AMUNTCHO was a young smuggler and pelota (or ball) player in the Basque country, near the Spanish frontier, where the peasant fathers encouraged their sons to an early wedlock, saying, "As long as you do not marry I shall give you a little brother every year." Alas! Ramuntcho was "the son of an unknown father," and had he not loved Gracieuse with one of those childish loves which, confirmed by the awakening of the senses, become sovereign in young hearts, he had never gained the courage to rise, for he was very poor, as well as unlucky, and had only three pink cotton shirts to his name.

But for his sacred promise to Gracieuse that he would serve three years in the French army, he might have married at once and lived with his uncle in Uruguay; but three years is a long time, and on his return he learned that his sweetheart, who, it is hinted, was led astray by a young man whose silhouette spied upon their love-making, had entered a convent. Thereupon he and the young woman's brother, Arrochkoa, essayed a kidnapping expedition, but were overpowered by the august presence of the lady superior.

With these few happenings are blended a gorgeous warmth and exhilarating freedom of description which must glint through the meshes of the shoddiest trans-

RAMUNTCHO. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Henri Pène du Bois. R. F. Fenno & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

lation. One faces the delicious southern wind, chasing before it the cold, the clouds, and the mists, and giving, even in winter, summer illusions. One sees the cadenced motions of the fandango and hears the soft, interlacing words of the peasants, the laughter of little girls laughing they know not why, and the love whispers of the older ones sitting on mossy stone benches in front of isolated homes "when fall the warm nights of spring." It is all very beautiful and idyllic, and there is room only for regret that Ramuntcho's heart failed him at the end of the walk, below the convent. Pierre Loti's elliptical, dashful sentences and step-ladder paragraphs leave one often

poised in the mid-air of sweet suspense and pensive wonderment.

On the present occasion, however, the novel loses much of its charm in typographical errors, errors of punctuation, and a wretched translation. Ramuntcho's father, we read, allied himself with a mountain girl "in order to obtain a Basque *descendance*." Franchita is said to have "looked long at her son, *embellishing* and growing." "His piercing sight *plunged in* the night like *that* of cats." "Thousands of little puddles shone on the soft *extent* like mother-of-pearl shells." All this within the first twenty-five pages. And Pierre Loti appears on the title-page as author of "Madame Chrysanthemi."

## NEW FICTION

WHAT could be more appropriate than that a volume of short stories, entitled *Boston Neighbors: In Town and Out*, should open with an account of "Our Tolstoi Club"? To be true, it was only a suburban Boston club, but the earnest Bostonese endeavor was there, even if the results were meagre—so far as realism was concerned. The members, who led wholesome American lives, filled with sunshine and fresh air and babies, and healthy, frank, if somewhat prosaic affection, began to look among themselves for a romance *à la Russe*. But Russian realism involves a certain lawlessness, and they found that their own clean lives furnished no material. Therefore they began to imagine things. Now, in Spain or Russia or France the result would have been a new version of "El Gran Galeoto;" but the husband about whose wife they imagined horrid things was only a plain, common-sense American, who gave them "a good talking to," and—the situation was saved. Whereupon the members of the Tolstoi

Club decided to take a course of Scott. These stories are trifles, perhaps; they certainly will not provoke headlong attack or need heedless defence. But they are readable, and their author has a sense of humor. She rightly sees that with most of us marriage is the beginning of a sound, contented, useful realism, and therefore, not being a realist, she ends her tales when she has brought "her" and "him" together. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Habit is the lych-gate of love," a wise woman once said, and one can reverse this deep saying, which is worse than realistic, being cheaply cynical, and be just as profoundly wise. We all know that "Love is the lych-gate of habit" with young men and maidens, and old men and spinsters too—aye, and with us all. We are glad that this dictum is reversible; it is worth while to try the method elsewhere, for it is just possible that every pessimistic maxim has its optimistic twist, which is just as true and vastly more pleasant. A maxim, to be

true to life, should be a paradox. This is an axiom, and needs no proof. The only connection between these remarks and George Egerton's *Fantasias*, beside the fact that she quotes the wise woman, is the word "habit" itself. This gifted lady has drifted into two habits. She is weirdly pessimistic, and she gives musical titles to her books. "Keynotes" was appropriate, so was "Discords," but the present volume might just as well be called "Scales," or "Exercises," or anything that is unpleasant in our musical education. There is really not much thought in these allegories, and what there is of it is not new. Life holds something more than disappointment and disillusion, but they are handier and easier to write about for some authors, it seems, than the bright side of things. (John Lane.)

Capt. Charles King has evidently within

him an inexhaustible vein of army stories. There be those that like his tales, and those that do not. He certainly manages always to be readable, and that is in itself a great achievement. His latest tale, *Ray's Recruit*, was originally published in *Lippincott's Magazine*. It belongs to the Lotos Library now, and fills its place there satisfactorily. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is more loyal to California than California is to her. All her heroines, except Hermia Suydam, have come from that State, yet she herself has said that she is nowhere less widely read than there. If we remember aright, she even went into statistics to uphold this proposition. Her new story, *American Wives and English Husbands*, shows her at her best and at her worst. She begins with an extravaganza that has no visible connection with the sequel—so far as we can see—but that may only be our masculine obtuseness. She has a certain theory of the American woman; it may be the right one, but we doubt it. However, her sketch of this particular American wife's life at her English husband's home, and the gradual moulding of her character to his wish and will, are excellently done. This part of the book shows undeniable talent; it is well conceived and artistically worked out. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The fact that a woman darns socks on the first page of Julia Magruder's new story, *A Realized Ideal*, will painfully shock that author's admirers. But a little later on she—the woman—talks of "the Drury diamonds, the pictures, the silver, the thousand lovely things" that Philip Drury has inherited, and then we know that all is right, and breathe again. Philip Drury is in love with an ideal, and when he goes abroad to be best man at his dearest friend's wedding, he sees his present to the bride—"a very exquisite

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BOSTON NEIGHBORS: IN TOWN AND OUT. By Agnes Blake Poor. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

FANTASIAS. By George Egerton. John Lane, 12mo, \$1.50.

RAY'S RECRUIT. By Captain Charles King. J. B. Lippincott Co., 16mo, 75 cents.

AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS. By Gertrude Atherton, 8vo, \$1.50.

A REALIZED IDEAL. By Julia Magruder. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.

MEIR EZOFOVITCH. A Novel. From the Polish of Eliza Orzeszko. Translated by Iza Young. Illustrated. W. L. Allison & Co., \$1.50.

THE DULL MISS ARCHINARD. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

A BRIDE OF JAPAN. By Carlton Dawe. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.

THE STANDARD BEARER. By S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

BELEAGUERED. By Herman T. Koerner. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, \$1.50.

LOST MAN'S LANE. By Anna Katharine Green, 12mo, \$1.25.

HASSAN: A FELLAH. By Henry Gillman. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

VICTOR SERENUS. By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, 12mo, \$1.25.

SEÑORITA MONTENAR. By Archer P. Crouch. Harper & Bros., 12mo, \$1.25.

PRISCILLA'S LOVE STORY. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 16mo, \$1.00.

THE CONTINENTAL DRAGOON. By R. N. Stephens. L. C. Page & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

present, a collar made of strings of pearls, interrupted at intervals by diamond clasps, of very beautiful workmanship"—adorning the lovely neck of his ideal. Alas! He goes to Africa, and returns to woo the widow. His delicate soul struggles with mighty psychological puzzles, but at last his ideal is realized, and the story finished. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

The life of the Polish Jews in the small communities where modern civilization has not yet penetrated, where the Talmud and the Torah reign and the rabbi's sway is undisputed, is set forth by a woman of their race in *Meir Ezofovitch*. But even there the echo of emancipation has been faintly heard, and the young among them are rising against the tyranny that is as hard as that of their alien persecutors, the tyranny of their own ignorance and of the letter of the law. The spirit has been dead among them these many years, but now it is awakening, as it awoke in Uriel Acosta and in Spinoza, as it has grown for good and evil among the Jews of western Europe and of America. That new birth will have its martyrs, obscure, perhaps unknown as was Meir Ezofovitch, but their sufferings will bear fruit. This story of an unknown people, a downtrodden race, which, in its ceaseless struggle against extinction, has surrendered its individuality into the keeping of its own ignorant leaders, is dramatic and told with many strange details. It gives a glimpse of an unknown life, an existence that harks back to the darkness of the middle ages, but with a rift in the cloud that will widen and spread the sunlight of freedom of conscience and thought, and bring liberty, but also new responsibilities. Polish Jewry is too far away, perhaps, to interest us greatly, yet the student of the curious will find here much to interest him. The tale strikes

an entirely new note in the history of the most interesting nation in sacred and profane history. (W. L. Allison & Co.)

It would be difficult to give a synopsis of *The Dull Miss Archinard*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and equally difficult to attempt a sketch of its principal characters, not to mention Captain Archinard and his American wife—wanderers both on the Continent, wrecked in fortune, supported by the daughter who was beautiful, an artist and dull. Novels of English social life are many, and we have come unconsciously to adopt a certain standard of breeding for them, if not of artistic merit. This novel rises far above that satisfactory and harmless average. It is thoroughly well written, and, what is more, thoroughly well thought out. The characters live, and the situations are vivid and strong. It is a long story, but closely knit, every line of it carrying on the plot and the development of the individuality of its actors. Such good work deserves recognition, and is almost sure to find it. The author's name is unknown to the present reviewer, but if she is a newcomer in the overcrowded field, she can rest assured that she enters it well equipped, with the chances of battle strongly in her favor. Anne Douglas Sedgwick will surely be heard of again. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Life in the East has been a fruitful source of subjects for English novelists. Mr. Kipling found in it the foundation of his world-wide reputation, and it lifted Mrs. Steel to eminence. Some time ago there were published in England one or two novels dealing with the fate of English women who married Chinamen. They passed unnoticed, and were not republished here. Since then the English press has sounded a note of warning on the subject. The other side of the shield is presented in Carlton Dawe's *A Bride of Japan*. It tells the story of a clean-

mind young Englishman who, having a conscience, marries the little Japanese girl whom he loves, instead of following the example set from time immemorial by the superior race when away from the restrictions of civilization. His sacrifice brings nothing but misery and degradation. The tale is unpleasant, but roughly powerful, though the depth to which Tresilian descended seems almost incredible. The moral? There is no moral. The ruler cannot mate with the slave: Spain and Portugal have demonstrated what becomes of the conqueror who does not keep clean and undefiled the blood of his race. Tresilian saw only two courses open before him; there was a third, self-abnegation. But that word is not found in the vocabulary of the dweller in the tropics, and but rarely in that of the men at home. The utter incompatibility that was the corner-stone of this marriage is set forth with considerable force. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has given us in "A Cathedral Courtship" and "Penelope's Pilgrimage" an amusing sketch of three enthusiastic American tourists in England, not forgetting their efforts to be English in a harmless, humorous way. She now follows up her success with *Penelope's Progress* through Scotland, ending quite appropriately with the marriage of another member of the jolly company. If they tried to be English in England, they certainly endeavored to be Scotch in Scotland. Parts of the book are almost as attractive as the most dialectic page of a Scotch novel. Amateurs take notice! There are baps and bannocks, finnan-haddie, minced collops, and black-faced chops for breakfast, and peas brose or cockyleekie soup and haggis for dinner, and a cold shape for dessert. It was almost more exciting than the "methyated spirits" of their earlier experience. Then the Edinburgh land-

lady! She would make even a Tory prime minister wish to join the League of the White Rose and drink to the Queen over the water! But if their visit to Edinburgh was delightful, with its kilted Highlanders, glorious memories, and cultured society—"odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and the most enlightened and cultivated understandings," as Sydney Smith wrote in the early part of this century, their sojourn in the "East Neuk o' Fife," in a little cottage at Pettybaw, was even more so. These three women enjoyed their outing to the full, and unimaginative indeed must be the person who does not wish to follow their example, or wish that he could after reading this chronicle. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The transition from "Penelope's Progress" to Mr. Crockett's *Standard Bearer* is not too sudden, since we remain in Scotland, and are merely transported to an earlier period, the days of William of Orange and Queen Anne; and with so able a guide the transition is easy, indeed. Many things have been predicted for Mr. Crockett, who is under contract to write on well into the next century. We congratulate the far-seeing publishers who hold the contracts, if this is a specimen of the work he will do with those signed papers held threateningly over his head as he easily touches the keys of his trusty typewriter. This is, indeed, a fine specimen of good craftsmanship. The story does not carry the reader off his feet; it gradually absorbs him, and, though he may not be aware of it, it is not its plot, nor its characters, well drawn though they are, but the manner of its telling that is the principal cause of this result. There is no bloodshed in these pages, except at the opening—an echo of the Great Killing. But passions still ran high, and other dangers threatened the Kirk of God. Mr. Crockett has been

successful as ever with his love-story, though he has told us of lovers with more strength and dash than were the share of the moral hero who preached at the kirk of Balmaghie. (D. Appleton & Co.)

It can be honestly said for Herman T. Koerner's *Beleaguered*, which is a story of the Thirty Years' War, that it is very long, indeed—almost as long as the war itself, but not quite so exciting. The author is evidently a very conscientious man, for he has worked hard over this tale. But he is exceedingly long-winded, his explanations lack historical interest, and he certainly has not the indispensable gift of describing a rattling good fight. He had plenty of good material to work upon, of course, but lacked the literary equipment to use it, and the result is disappointing. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The plot of Anna Katharine Green's new story, *Lost Man's Lane*, is skilfully spun out to the last page, which is undoubtedly what all writers of detective stories should aim at. The mystery, which is unraveled by Amelia Butterworth, so well known to readers of this writer's tales, is, indeed, deep and seemingly unfathomable; but it is solved to the satisfaction of the reader, and, above all, to the satisfaction of Mr. Gryce, who is, perhaps, the person most to be considered. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The misrule of the Turk has been almost forgotten, in the turmoil of these latter days, for the misrule of Spain. Yet while the latter is already of the past, while a glorious, if bloody, page of history has been turned, the greater disgrace continues to flourish. It is not only to Armenia that the children of Islam bring ruin and despair; the sacred land of Christianity suffers as cruelly. Henry Gillman's romance of Palestine, *Hassan: A Fellah*, is the result of much study. The author evidently knows his subject, and he has a happy knack of imparting

his knowledge. The shepherd of the Psalmist's days still lives amid the new conditions, and the maidens still go to the wells as they did in the days of yore. Thus did Hassan meet Dilwe, and begin the story of his martyrdom and hers. A romance of Palestine without the Jew would be manifestly incomplete; and, by contrast, the American tourist must find a place therein. All these conflicting elements have been woven into a consistent story, over which hovers the shadow of the crescent with its threat of ruin and despair that is always carried out. In fact, its senseless, needless cruelty forms the basis of the tragedy in these pages. It is an excellent story, and an informing one, for not least among its merits is the author's wide knowledge of the country, its people, its past, and its present unhappy condition. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The writing of Biblical novels has attractions for certain minds that stand in direct relation to its difficulties. Most of these stories are failures, many are merely disappointing—commonplace and unimpressive. A book of this indifferent quality is *Victor Serenus*, by Henry Wood. It is a tale of the Pauline period, and Saul of Tarsus appears on its first page as a child, forty days old, in the arms of its mother, returning from the presentation in the Temple. And of course we end with Paul the Apostle in Rome, and wonder why none of the characters of "Quo Vadis" appears in these pages. Sienkiewicz has the true recipe for raising late Christian readers for early Christian romances. It is not a nice recipe, but the love of historical details may lead a writer far—even to hundreds of thousands of readers who have the same serious love of realistic representation of the past. But that is another story. Mr. Wood's tale is colorless. It probably gave him serious pleasure while he wrote it; it may please some while they read it. But the



sublime spirit of early Christianity is not echoed here ; it is not made to live again, and therefore fails to inspire us as we read. (Lee & Shepard.)

A treacherous, villainous Spaniard, a foe without honor or respect of fair play, a Spanish officer who is nothing but a cutthroat and a brigand, ought to be most successfully unpopular just now. He was an officer in the Spanish navy in South American waters at the time when Chili threw off the yoke and won her independence, and his opponent in love and in war was an Englishman who had taken service in the Chilian fleet and achieved distinction. Mr. Archer P. Crouch tells the story of the Spaniard's baseness and the Englishman's nobility of character, and he has had the good sense of not denying physical courage to the Don while sketching the baseness of his soul. Then there is the heroine, Señorita Montemar, who gives her name to the story, and takes that of the Englishman instead. She is not very lovable at first, but after a while she is all that she ought to be in the difficult position of a heroine in a story of adventure. Thus, with Spanish defeats and minor successes, and Chilian victories and final triumph, amid the booming of cannon, the dangers of imprisonment and brigandage, love finds a way. (Harper & Bros.)

*Priscilla's Love Story*, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, has been republished in book-form, with the permission of the Messrs. Harper. There are certain themes of which the public never seems to tire. Of these the wife who only learns to love her husband after a long misunderstanding is one. M. Georges Ohnet has served her up to us in all forms and guises, with his peculiar wealth of adjectives, his somewhat questionable style, and his remarkable conception of the French aristocracy. The late Miss Marlitt used her with great effect, and so did another novelist dear to

the German housewife's heart, E. Werner. Priscilla sacrificed herself for the sake of her crippled brother, and found her reward after the birth of her first child. This is not a remarkable story in any sense, but it is written by an experienced hand, and with Mrs. Spofford's characteristic grace and vivacity. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

The author of "An Enemy of the King" seems to have reversed the procedure he followed with that successful play : he first wrote the drama, then the novel. Internal evidence demonstrates that a new story from his pen, *The Continental Dragoon*, will be followed by a play of the same name in the autumn. Theatrical managers, it is well known, are afraid of plays of the Revolutionary period ; past failures seem to have given birth to the superstition that such plays cannot succeed with the American public. But we have been demolishing many theatrical superstitions in recent years, foremost among them being that old, respected, and utterly unfounded tradition that successful plays cannot be made from novels. Of course, the present case is somewhat different, since with Mr. Stephens the play's the thing, and not the novel. The novel is somewhat melodramatic, the play will be legitimately strong : the fundamental difference between the novelist's and the playwright's method is here illustrated with forceful clearness. However that may be, the story is enjoyable, and those who intend to see it on the stage should not fail to read it. It contains some historical and genealogical details of colonial New York that can hardly be introduced behind the footlights, yet will add to the enjoyment and understanding of the production. Mr. H. C. Edwards's name is sufficient guarantee for the quality of the illustrations. (L. C. Page & Co.)

*A. Schade van Westrum.*

# BOOKS RECEIVED

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

- New Forms of Christian Education.* Mrs. Humphry Ward. T. Y. Crowell Co., 12mo, 35 cents.  
*Behind the Pardah.* The Story of C. E. Z. M. S. Work in India. Irene H. Barnes. T. Y. Crowell Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*The Apostles.* Ernest Renan. Translated and edited by Joseph Henry Allen, D.D. Roberts Brothers, 8vo, \$2.50.  
*Half Hours with the Christ.* Thomas Moses. Am. Baptist Pub. Society, 12mo, \$1.00.  
*A Scientist's Confession of Faith.* Introduction by W. H. P. Faunce, D.D. Am. Baptist Pub. Society, paper, 4to, 10 cents.  
*The Seed Basket for Preachers and Teachers.* Wilbur B. Ketcham. 18mo, 50 cents.  
*The Cross in Tradition, History, and Art.* William Wood Seymour. G. P. Putnam's Sons, illustrated, 4to, \$7.50.  
*The Attractive Christ.* Robert Stuart MacArthur. Am. Baptist Pub. Society, 12mo, \$1.00.

## BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS

- James MacDonell, Journalist.* W. Robertson Nicoll. Dodd, Mead & Co., 8vo, \$2.75.  
*Here and There and Everywhere.* Reminiscences. M. E. W. Sherwood. H. S. Stone & Co., 8vo, \$2.50.  
*Autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon.* Vol. I, 1834-1854. F. H. Revell Co., illustrated, 4to, \$4.00.  
*Benjamin Franklin.* Edward Robins. *American Men of Energy Series.* G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*The Journal of Jacob Fowler.* Edited, with notes by Elliott Cones. Francis P. Harper, 8vo, \$3.00 net.  
*Paul Kruger.* F. Reginald Statham. L. C. Page & Co., 8vo.

## POEMS

- Behind the Veil.* A. J. Raine. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., paper, 16mo.  
*Songs of Two Peoples.* James Riley. Estes & Lauriat, 12mo, \$1.00.  
*The Flying Islands of the Night.* James Whitcomb Riley. *Homestead Edition.* Scribner's, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Morrow Songs.* Harry Lyman Koopman. H. D. Everett, 16mo, \$1.00.  
*Songs from the Southwest Country.* Freeman E. Miller. The Knickerbocker Press, 12mo, \$1.50.

## FICTION

- Folks from Dixie.* Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*A Realized Ideal.* Julia Magruder. H. S. Stone & Co., 16mo.  
*The Lake of Wine.* Bernard Capes. *Town and Country Library.* D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
*The Fire of Life.* Charles Kennett Burrow. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*The Downfall.* Émile Zola. Translated by E. P. Robins. Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Hassan: A Fellah.* Henry Gillman. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$2.00.  
*Penelope's Progress.* Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*The Londoners.* Robert Hichens. H. S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Under the Ban.* Teresa Hammond Strickland. Rand, McNally & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*The Gospel of Freedom.* Robert Herrick. Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*The Standard Bearer.* S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*"Whiz."* Amelia Weed Holbrook. Laird & Lee, illustrated, 12mo, 75 cents.  
*The Continental Dragoon.* R. N. Stephens. L. C. Page & Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.  
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*The Awakening of Noahville.* Franklin H. North. New York Publication Co., paper, illustrated, 12mo, 50 cents.  
*The Waters of Caney Fork.* Opie Read. Rand, McNally & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*A Trooper of the Empress.* Clinton Roes. *Town and Country Library.* D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
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*Gilbert Parker's Novels: The Seats of the Mighty, Translation of a Savage, Mrs. Falchion, Trail of the Sword, The Trespasser,* 5 vols., 12mo, set, \$6.50. D. Appleton & Co.  
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# THE LITERARY QUERIST

*How answer you that ?*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, lii.-1.

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

255.—In the first chapter of "Tom Brown's School Days" occurs this stanza, introduced by the words "I say with 'Gaarge Ridler,' the old west-country yeoman:

"Throo aall the waarld owld Gaarge would  
bwoast,

Commend me to merry owld England mwoast:  
While vools gwoes prating vur and nigh,  
We stwops at whum, my dog and I."

Who was George Ridler ? or whence comes the quotation ?

L. C. L.

As it is in the Dorset dialect, we should conjecture that it might be from William Barnes; but we do not find it in the volume of his dialect poems.

256.—An old poem, cut from a newspaper twenty years ago, and preserved in a scrap-book, told about a number of parsons who came to the river Styx, each with his particular burden. One was original sin, one was infant damnation, one was regeneration by baptism, etc. In crossing the river each dropped his burden and came out naked and unburdened on the other side. What was this poem ? who wrote it ? and where can it be found ?

B. E. M.

257.—Can you tell me who painted "Pharaoh's Horses" ?

K. G.

258.—Was there a book that foretold the civil war in the United States many years before it took place ? If so, what was its title, and who wrote it ?

R. B.

There was; a very remarkable one, written by Prof. Beverley Tucker, of William and Mary College, Virginia (1784-1851). It was entitled, "The Partisan Leader," and was in the form of a novel; but its purpose was to set forth the prophecy of disunion. It was printed privately in Washington in 1836, and bore on its title-page a fictitious name and the date 1856—professing to tell what took place in our country between those dates. It came notably close to the truth, the chief errors being that it represented the insurrection as following the presidential election of 1848, instead of that of 1860, and as being successful.

259.—Please tell me from what work of Lowell the following quotation is taken: "If every one

must needs blab of the favors that have been done him by roadside and river-bank and woodland walk, as if to kiss and tell were no longer treachery, it would be a positive refreshment to meet a man who is as superbly indifferent to nature as she is to him."

C. L.

260.—Whose is the best translation of Beranger's songs ?

T. T. F.

We know of none better than William Young's, which was published about twenty years ago.

261.—I have heard frequent inquiry why "The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" is attributed to Scott, when we cannot find it in his collected poems. What is the explanation ?

A. R. A.

That is an old question, which recurs every few years. Miss Mitford solved it by discovering the song "buried in the 'Doom of Devoirgoil.'"

262.—I would like to know the author, and where I can find two poems, parts of which are:

"This is our own, our native land, though poor  
and rough she be,  
The home of many a noble soul, the birthplace of  
the free."

"The Hills of New England, how proudly they  
rise,  
In their wildness and grandeur to blend with the  
skies."

Both poems relate to New England.

H. W. L.

263.—Can you tell me whether there is any edition of Lord Byron's works (Poems and Letters) that has a good analytical index ?

G. S.

We know of no such edition. Two new editions, now in process of publication, may prove to contain such an index.

264.—I would like to learn, if possible, who wrote the striking anonymous poem "George Nidiver," which is in Dana's and some other collections.

M. N.

265.—Is this line original with Sterne, or does it occur in the Bible also, and if so, where ?

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

I. L. W.

It does not occur in the Bible, though many confidently attribute it to that source. In this exact form it is in Sterne's "Sentimental Jour-

ney," but the idea is older. George Herbert, in his "Jacula Prudentum," has it, "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure." Herbert is said to have translated it from the French; and it has been pointed out that Virgil, in Book III of the "Georgics," comes very close to it with "Feed the lambs at the setting of the sun, when cool vesper tempers the air"—though this in no way involves the metaphorical suggestion which constitutes the beauty of the famous expression.

**266.**—Will you please tell me which is the best collection of poems of the Civil War? R. T.

Richard Grant White made an excellent one, which was published in New York a year or two after the war. Its chief defect is that it printed many pieces as anonymous the authorship of which has since been discovered. About the same time, one, entitled "War Lyrics and Songs of the South" (exclusively Southern), was published in London. No editor's name was given, but it was explained in a preface that the collection had been made by a few women of the border States, and was to be sold for the benefit of disabled Confederate veterans. "The Southern Amaranth," edited by Miss Brook (now Mrs. Putnam), is also exclusively Southern. All these are out of

print, but occasional copies can be found. Francis F. Browne's "Bugle Echoes" (Stokes) is good, as also is George Cary Eggleston's "American War Ballads" (Putnam). Both of these are carefully selected and well edited.

### ANSWERS

**236.**—2. At least one woman was disguised as a soldier in the Revolutionary army, Deborah Sampson. Her life was published in 1797, in Dedham, Mass., under the title of "The Female Review, or Memoirs of an American Young Lady"; and this was reprinted in 1866 by Wiggin & Lunt, of Boston, with introduction and notes by John Adams Vinton. There is also a sketch of her in Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution," Vol. II, page 122 (Scribner, 1886).

**238.**—2. The story of the life of St. Anthony of Padua, together with a description of numerous pictures by Titian, Murillo, and others, is given in Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders," pages 317-326 (Houghton edition, 1885).

F. E. B.

**240.**—The stanza is from a poem entitled "Musings," by Amelia B. Welby.

J. W. W.

Answered also by M. M. D. and A. G.

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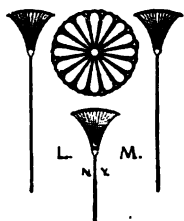
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A REVIEW AND RECORD  
OF CURRENT LITERATURE

JULY

Idiomatic English—an Essay by  
Richard Burton

George Bernard Shaw—a Sketch  
by T. R. Sullivan

Book Reviews, with Illustrations,  
by P. G. Hubert, Jr., Edward  
Cary, F. J. Gregg, James Breck  
Perkins, G. M. Hyde, F. C.  
Mortimer, and Others

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
NEW YORK MDCCCXCVIII

VOLUME XVI NUMBER 6

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

# THE BOOK BUYER

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

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# THE BOOK BUYER

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. XVI

NEW YORK, JULY, 1898

No. 6

THE BOOK BUYER is published on the first of every month. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year.

Subscriptions are received by all booksellers.

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## IDIOMATIC ENGLISH

THE writer who has a keen sense of what may be called the genius of the tongue will be the successful maker of diction. He will write idiomatic English. The too prevalent notion seems to be that the good writer is he who writes correct English. This is only true with so many reservations that it is hardly true at all. It is an excellent good thing to write grammatically; but, after all, 'tis a negative virtue. To do so has never furnished an *open sesame* to literary power. Good English, in a broad sense, is that English which, while showing a decent observance of rules, possesses force, freedom, and felicity, and, above all, a delicate intuition for the vernacular way of saying things. This is what is meant by the genius of the tongue. Certain great formative and self-governing tendencies have been inherent in English speech in its historical evolution, from a synthetic, inflectional tongue closely allied with the Dutch and German, to an analytic, non-inflectional language bearing to the careless eye but little relation to its old-time kinsmen. These general traits are of longer life and deeper rootage than the narrower characteristics which, crystal-

lized at a particular period of the speech, receive the collective name of grammar. To be sure, the rules and conventions summed up in grammar should also, so far as they go, express the genius of the tongue at a given stage of its life; but it is only of late that these laws have been formulated by scholars who were aware of the historic traits of English, and who therefore connected present facts with their explanatory causes. The influence of the classics, of Latin especially, has been injurious to the study of English grammar in this respect. A result has been that in many grammars of the old order strict and narrow precepts were laid down which every idiomatic wielder of the mother-tongue very properly violated with frequency. Hence it came about that the slavish adherence to so-called grammatical laws was an actual hindrance to a free and effective use of the native speech. It was not until the more thorough study of old English began to throw a flood of light upon the language along its whole course, that this attitude and foolish teaching gave way to a wiser view. An example or two will make this plainer.

It has been laid down from time out of mind, in conventional English grammars, that adverbs were formed from adjectives by the suffix “-ly.” As a sweeping generalization applied to present conditions this statement might pass muster. But it is not a rule to follow blindly, which the grammar-bred person inclines to do. I have heard of a woman, a restaurant waiter in Boston—of all places!—who asked a patron if he would have his eggs cooked softly. Now, a person sensitive to literary diction will notice in the course of reading that sometimes strong writers use the adjective form instead of the “-ly” adverb. “The sun shone bright” is, for example, felt to be stronger and better than “The sun shone brightly.” Why so? Two explanations of this seeming violation of a rule are possible: First, the “bright” in the first sentence may be taken to be an adjective out of place, the meaning being, of course, “the bright sun shone.” This is a psychological reason. Or, secondly—and this explains cases where the subjective solution cannot be offered—there is an instinctive or intuitional reference in the use of the phrase to an historical fact of which he is blissfully ignorant whose knowledge of the mother-tongue is confined to the present; namely, the adverb was not, of old, nor for centuries, formed by the “-ly” addition at all. In Chaucer’s day it was not so formed; to make an adverb from the adjective “bright” at that time it was sufficient to add the letter “e.” At first the adverb “brihte” was pronounced as two syllables, which served to distinguish it to the ear from the adjective; but in the course of time the final “e” became silent,

and then there was no discrimination in the sound of the two forms, and not much in their appearance. In Shakspeare you will find dozens of adverbs without the “-ly” termination, which points back to this inflectional fact. Now, the present-day speaker or writer who drops the “-ly” may have a sort of inherited feeling for this speech-habit of older English; it is a case of philological atavism. And a very rich and needful inheritance it is for anybody who would handle the language for literary effects. In grammars which are modern in the true sense, a fact like this is recognized. Thus, in Professor Earle’s new *Simple Grammar of English*, he remarks: “In the early part of our period (i.e., from the early sixteenth century to the present) the adverb with the adjective was largely used without the termination -ly”; and again: “A good text for observing the ‘flat adverb’”—a curious name to give it—“is ‘Robinson Crusoe’: ‘the weather being excessive hot’; ‘extreme hot’; ‘the sea went dreadful high.’” This flat adverb is now archaic, and we rarely make new instances; but we retain many old ones, as when we say “pitch dark,” “mighty fine.” And Professor George R. Carpenter, in his clear and excellent *Principles of English Grammar*, which will be found very useful for school work, puts it in this way: “Many adverbs end in -ly, that is, ‘like.’ Frequently, however, it is only by its use that we can distinguish between an adverb and an adjective, preposition or conjunction. When an adverb has two forms, e.g., *slow*, *slowly*, *quick*, *quickly*, *scarce*, *scarcely*, *clear*, *clearly*, the shorter form is sometimes most used colloquially, sometimes confined to poetry or poetic prose.” This states the case without going into historical reasons.

Take another example. The idiom “It is I” has come to be accepted in polite speech. But how does it happen that edu-

---

A SIMPLE GRAMMAR OF ENGLISH NOW IN USE. By John Earle, M.A. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By G. R. Carpenter. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, 75 cents.

SOME ERRORS OF COMMON SPEECH. By Alfred G. Comp-ton. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 12mo, 75 cents.



cated people, in the colloquial use of their tongue, and, indeed, reputable writers when representing idiomatic dialogue, incline towards the locution "It's me"? Is it mere slovenliness? Not so. In fourteenth-century English "It is I," as an idiom, was unknown; the native way of expressing that thought was the same as that found in the modern German, to-wit, *Ich bin es* (I am it). Thus, in the Wyclif version of the Scriptures (contemporary with Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales") the passage in Matthew xiv. 27, which, in the King James version, reads, "It is I, be not afraid," is rendered, "I am it; fear not." In other words, he who to-day says offhand, spontaneously, "It's me," shows a sort of unconscious reversion to the idiomatic fact that the expression "It is I," due to foreign influences, is a comparatively late comer into our speech uses. This is not to be misconstrued into an argument for the general adoption of "It's me," since the later idiom has come to be proper; but it certainly does put the older and homelier idiom on a different footing than if it were merely the outcome of vulgar ignorance. I once listened to a distinguished professor of English literature who, with all this in mind, argued before a cultured audience in favor of "It's me." The French parallel, *C'est moi*, is exact, for in both phrases the me (*moi*) is not a false nominative, but a dative (i.e., "It is [to] me"). Professor Carpenter notes the analogue and puts the case thus: "The present solution is as follows: 'It is me' has become a stereotyped, idiomatic, colloquial expression, used without hesitation by the mass of people, and shunned only by the fastidious. 'It is I' is, however, likely to retain its place in literary English as a more solemn or impressive expression, though not to the exclusion of the other phrase; it is also tenaciously preserved, even in speech, by

those who have a strong feeling for consistency in grammatical forms." Professor Carpenter might have added that the "consistency" in this case is more apparent than real, and, moreover, that those who thus stickle for the grammar rule have neither a strong sense of idiom nor an acquaintance with the life of English aforesaid. But this is too much to expect from the young students he has in view, and here again he does not, for sufficient reasons, care to go into the historical explanation, since it is the plan of his treatise to avoid philology as much as possible.

A very delicate test of one's sense of idiom is afforded by another survival of older use, the double negative. This existed commonly in literary English up to Shakspeare, is not uncommon in that poet, is found occasionally in the best eighteenth-century writers, and is even used now and then, and with a sense of its archaic flavor, by masters of English in our own time. The double negative is of course absolutely vulgar and inadmissible to colloquial speech now, and it never was logical. But it is of high importance to remember that language is not created according to the laws of logic, but impulsively, hot-headedly or hot-heartedly, picturesquely; its intellectual mistakes testify to its validity. Professor Carpenter on the double negative is not quite satisfactory: "The Old English usage of making a negative statement emphatic by employing two or more negative words has survived only in vulgar English," he says. . . . "In modern English two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative." This slights the literary persistence of this striking old idiom. The skilled and happy user of the tongue must be quick to feel the presence of apparent violation of set rules, scenting idiom as the hunting dog his game, and having the instinctive taste which will be a guide in the use or

rejection of a phrase. The common fault with popular books on the right uses of the mother-tongue—manuals like Ayres's "Orthoëpist," *et id omne genus*—is that they base their conclusions upon contemporary custom to the ignoring of historic facts; they either overlook or are unaware of the genius of the language as thus expressed. A little volume, recently published, *Some Errors of Common Speech*, by Professor Alfred G. Compton, of the University of the City of New York, has been evolved from the creditable desire of a teacher of mathematics to correct the faulty or vicious English of the scholars who come under his care. In the main the points he makes are sound and sensible. Many of his examples come under the province of rhetoric rather than grammar; they deal with usage and with advisability, not with linguistic law. But in some cases the writer errs through the failure to reckon with the past. For instance, in his treatment of the "split infinitive" he writes: "It is said, in answer to the objections to the divided infinitive, that the separating of the particle is not a violation of any rule of grammar, and that it sometimes helps the writer over the difficulty, so often encountered, of getting the adverb into close connection with the verb that it qualifies. As to the first statement, the answer is that *to*, as the sign of the infinitive, is not the preposition *to*, nor is it properly a word at all. It is only the sign of the mood, as *en*, *oir*, *ar*, etc., are in other languages. This is fully recognized in common speech and writing, and no one would think of saying 'I hope to safely arrive,' 'He promised to as quickly as possible come,' 'I thought I should be able to before it was too late see him.'" In reality, *to* before the verb is a preposition, and always was; moreover, in the oldest stage of English the infinitive verb was often separated from

the governing *to*. The so-called splitting is no new thing at all. It is in the occasional wise overruling of conventional rules, then, that the truly idiomatic writer shows his hand, and brings us to a realization of the fact that grammar was made by and for man, not man for grammar.

The whole matter of the relation of slang to good usage furnishes another pertinent illustration of the truth about idiomatic English. The great mass of slang, as it makes its appearance, is intrinsically vulgar and contrary to the nature of the tongue; hence it is doomed to a brief life, and will never move in polite linguistic society. But there is a certain percentage of it which is neither more nor less than idiom in the making. The slang of to-day is often the idiom of to-morrow. These changes are subtle but rapid; but a few years ago the word "dude" was out-and-out slang; now it is accepted vernacular, registered in the latest and best dictionaries. Words like "crank" and "boodle" have had a similar history. The expression "come off" has hardly passed the slang phase of its existence; its connotation is distinctly inelegant still. But I have no doubt it will be set down in dictionaries eventually as late nineteenth-century idiom. It has a remarkably good analogue in the Elizabethan "go to," which is formed in the same way, and in Shakspeare's day had, in all likelihood, very much the same color. To our ears, however, "go to" possesses an æsthetic, a literary value; "come off" might have such an atmosphere in the centuries yet to be if only some great dramatic poet of to-day should use it for colloquial purposes.

Professor Carpenter has a wise word on the whole subject of new idiom: "The student should bear in mind that 'vulgar' English, in the sense that we use the word, is not necessarily a term of reproach. Dialectic expressions are often

very beautiful and interesting, especially when they are dear to us by association or have been consecrated, as it were, by centuries of local usage. Vulgar English, as we shall see, is often a survival of what was in its day good literary and colloquial English. The distinction between literary and vulgar English is frequently a matter of taste. The student should be encouraged to notice dialectic forms, to inquire into their origin, and to discuss the difference in effect between them and the corresponding expressions in literary or colloquial English. He should avoid vulgar English when it is ignorant, slovenly, or brutal; but he should not forget that even from the scorned speech of the vulgar have often sprung words and constructions that have been admitted into literature. This process is always going on." The situation may be expressed in a metaphor. Language is a growing child, having a proper, conservative old nurse, Grammar by name, and a certain wildfire young playfellow, Idiom, nicknamed Slang. If the child lets itself be led by Idiom it will get into some scrapes, beyond peradventure. But if, contrari-

wise, it sticks too close to nurse's side, it is likely to turn out a sort of goody-goody girl-boy—which is worse.

The general conclusion is that a letter-perfect knowledge of grammar is for all practical purposes a poor substitute for a perception of or gift for idiom. This last may be inborn, but also may be largely cultivated by reading and hearing the best English. But instinct, intuition, have much to do with it. Grammar is a good crutch, but no exchange for a pair of legs. Not a copy-book obedience of rules, but a free, vigorous, happy use of words and idioms in accordance with deep-seated laws germane to English speech constitutes the desideratum, and in the present attitude of scholars towards grammar study this is coming to be recognized; grammar is conceded to be a science properly relegated to a later period of instruction; and readiness and felicity in the use of English are being fostered by all practical means. The pupil of to-day is, therefore, taught in a broader, saner way, and to more fruitful results than he was of old.

*Richard Burton.*

## DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile  
away,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios  
Bay,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,  
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide  
dashin',  
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon  
Seas,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at  
ease,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

—From "Admirals All," by Henry Newbolt. By permission of Mr. John Lane.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'  
Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed  
them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas  
come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the  
drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe:  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',  
They shall find him ware an' wakin' as they  
found him long ago!

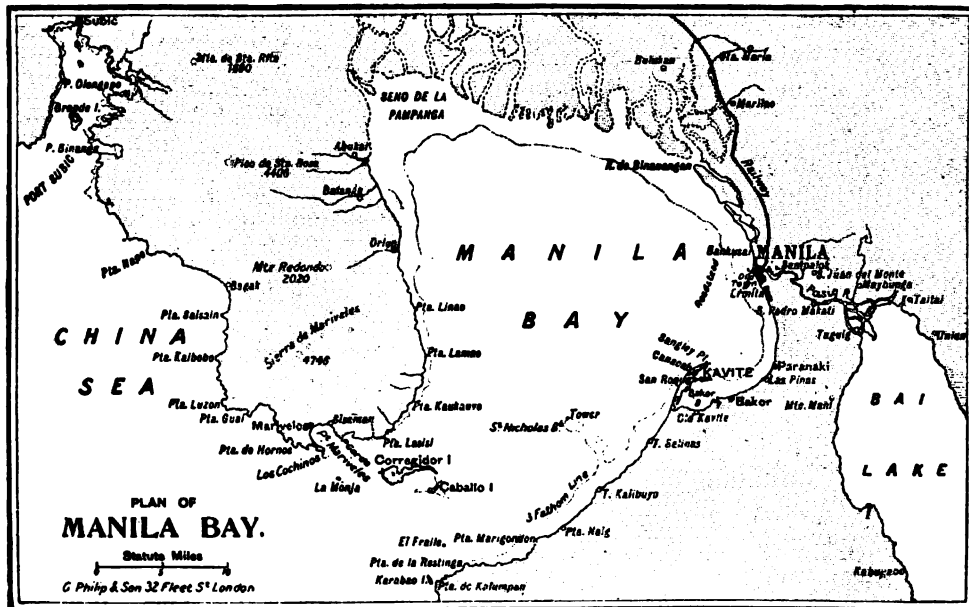
# THE RAMBLER

**A**T the final meeting of the Stevenson Memorial Committee, a few days ago, it was decided to invite Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens to design a mural memorial to be placed in St. Giles's Church, in Edinburgh, which is rapidly becoming a kind of Scottish Westminster Abbey. The remainder of the subscription, if any, is to be devoted to erecting a stone seat or resting place on the Calton Hill. It is gratifying to learn that an American sculptor has been chosen, and Mr. St. Gaudens's work is sure to reflect equal honor upon his subject and upon himself.

On the first of June a circular "to the Trade" announced that the entire business of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, with the exception of their editions of Balzac and Molière, had been transferred to Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. What this means to the rest of the world, apart from "the trade," is that one of the Boston,

publishing houses which has longest maintained its identity, and has served as the medium between the public and many of the best writers of America and England, virtually exists no more. At about the same time the firm of Estes & Lauriat was dissolved, and two firms sprang up in its place, under the names of Dana Estes & Co. and the Charles E. Lauriat Co. The first of these will carry on the publishing business of the old firm, the second its retail book business. The result of all these changes is that Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. become the proprietors of the only establishment in Boston which does the double work of such New York houses as the Scribners or the Putnam's, in conducting at once a large bookstore and a large business of publishing in general.

In the June number of THE BOOK BUYER was printed a list of books relating



From "Phillips' Special Map."

## INSIDE THE HARBOR OF MANILA

**[Copyright]**

to Spain and Spanish colonies, among which was mentioned "Phillips' Special Map Illustrating the Spanish-American War." In a new edition of this accurately printed and admirable map just received from London the accompanying "Plan of Manila Bay" has been inserted. We have not seen elsewhere any map of this harbor, and take pleasure in reprinting it here.

Thomas Henry Lane, who has been a friend of Webster, Clay, Leutze the portrait painter, and many other personages, is spending the closing years of his life in Elizabeth, N. J. Few of the present generation know who Mr. Lane is, but to older men his name was familiar, especially in association with Thomas Dunn English in political affairs, and with Edgar Allan Poe in matters literary. Mr. Lane came from his Philadelphia home to New York, at the earnest solicitation of Dr. English, in order to write political articles and otherwise to influence public opinion to aid in the election of President Polk. Then he purchased a half interest in the *Broadway Journal*, and until its death acted as publisher, while Poe in the editorial chair made it read and feared.

Mr. Lane was born in Philadelphia in 1815, residing there and in Bordentown, N. J., during his childhood. From youth Mr. Lane evinced great talent both in writing prose and verse, and in painting miniatures, although with very few exceptions he has never either written or painted for money, and his published works, excepting for a handful, have appeared anonymously. The great-grandson of John Peter Zenger, he comes honestly by the remarkable talent for political writing which distinguished him for many years among his intimates who knew of his work. Unlike Zenger, however, he never was thrown in prison for insisting upon the freedom of the press, but he has passed



THOMAS HENRY LANE

through many a hard battle to preserve the freedom which his famous ancestor won with his *New York Weekly Journal* in 1735.

Mr. Lane went from New York to Washington, and in 1847 married Miss E. H. Turk, of Somers, N. Y. He remained in government employ in the capital until 1861, when he returned to Somers and lived there until 1894, since which time he has resided in Elizabeth. Despite his eighty-three years, Mr. Lane is remarkably vigorous and journeys several times a week to New York City.

According to a recent number of the *Critic*, somebody has been falsely accused of making an unwarranted disposal of the letters which Carlyle wrote to his very much younger sister, Mrs. Hanning, who passed many years of her life in Canada. A letter from a Canadian attorney

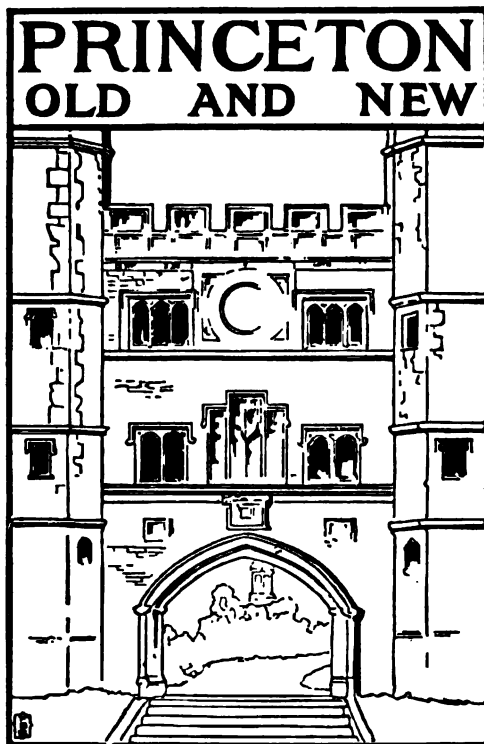
shows the accusation to have been quite without foundation, as one may readily believe on knowing that these letters of Carlyle's have come into the possession of the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. C. T. Copeland, of Harvard University, is editing them, and in the autumn they will appear in successive numbers of the magazine. They are said to show the tenderest and most human side of Carlyle's nature, for Mrs. Hanning was never anything to him but his "little sister Jenny," whom he, as a "big brother," helped and comforted throughout a life which had its full share of difficulties.

Another book which will appear in the *Atlantic Monthly* before its separate issue by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will be the "Personal Reminiscences of Prince Kraptokin." Born and bred near the throne of Russia, this extraordinary man has lived a life of the strangest contrasts and vicissitudes. His social theories led long ago to the confiscation of his property and his own imprisonment. After achieving a difficult escape, he has lived in Switzerland, France, and England, preaching the beliefs which he could not utter with safety in his native land. He was unwilling to undertake the "story of his life," unless he could be given time to make it, so far as in him lay, a piece of literature; and this, it is said, he has succeeded admirably in doing. The materials for a thrilling narrative were certainly made to his hand. The publication of the memoirs in the magazine will not begin for several months.

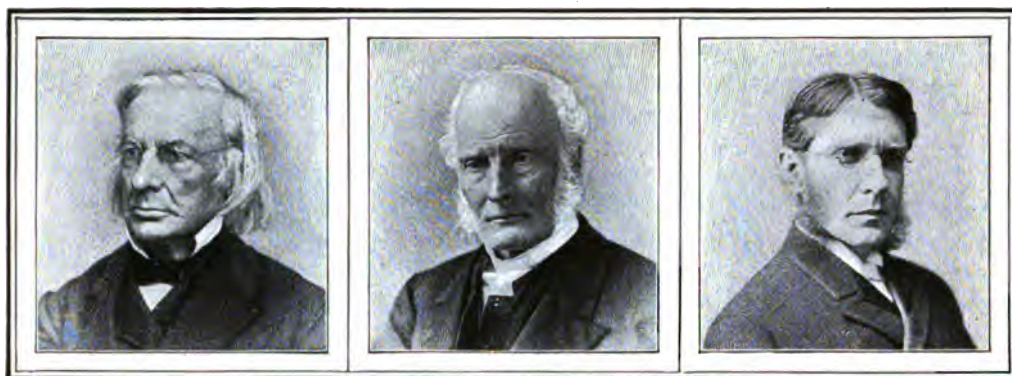
After several extensions of time for the purchase of a portion of the Elmwood property, as a permanent memorial in Cambridge of James Russell Lowell, the needed sum has been raised at the last

possible moment. The final subscription came from Paris, and not only put the project beyond danger of failure, but placed in the treasurer's hands about \$250 over and above the \$35,000 required. With this additional sum the committee is said to be considering the purchase of a little more of the property. The success of the undertaking was not to be passed over in silence, and it has caused at least one *Transcript* poet to burst into song. Indeed, it is an occasion for the sincerest rejoicing.

Mr. Berkeley Smith has made a clever cover design, which is reproduced below, for Mr. Alexander's "Princeton, Old and New," which is noticed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOK BUYER. Mr. Smith has taken a few architectural liberties with the gateway in the new Blair Hall,



A COVER DESIGN, BY MR. BERKELEY SMITH



From "Princeton, Old and New."

Dr. Maclean.

Dr. McCosh.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Patton.

## THREE PRESIDENTS

and the result is very happy. Among the many illustrations in this highly entertaining volume we find the portraits of three Princeton presidents.

Mr. James Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth," entertained the booksellers who dined under his chairmanship in the beginning of May to a most suggestive speech on their business. He thinks that magazines have gained on books, and he purposes to check this by reducing the price of books. When one remembers that Huxley, Darwin, Clifford, and writers of such calibre are issued so cheaply in America, there seems to be a strong case for Mr. Bryce's scheme. Mr. Bryce holds that in the long run a nation is judged by its literature. That alone can produce a strong nation. Mr. Andrew Lang, in a little speech, galloped off to quite another tune. He defined the curse of literature, amid roars of laughter, as Education, Bicycles, Golf, the Art of Fiction, and Printing.

It is more than two years since Col. T. W. Higginson presented unconditionally to the Boston Public Library his "Galatea Collection of Books Relating to the History of Woman"—in itself a little library

of about a thousand volumes. In the March Bulletin of this year the Library published a catalogue of the collection, and this has recently been reprinted in separate form. Another pamphlet of an interest less "special" has also appeared by way of supplement to the "Brief Description of the Chamberlain Collection of Autographs" now deposited in the Library. It consists of the text of "The Four Great Documents of American History," which hang in the Room for Younger Readers, with actual autographs of the signers affixed to careful reprints of the best texts. These documents are the Address to the King (1774), the Declaration of Independence (1776), the Articles of Confederation (1777), and the Constitution of the United States (1787). The little pamphlet is but one of the evidences of what the Library is doing to make the unseen realities of American life vital to readers young and old.

Another example of the Library's activity has been shown in the beginning of free lectures in the Fine Arts Department. The first of these, in the early spring, was a conference of several speakers on Greek Art; and more recently Professor Lyon, of Harvard, has lectured on



Assyrian Art, Life, and History. In the art preëminently of our own day an exhibition has been made at the Library of about three hundred and fifty specimens of decorated paper covers for books. This is the form of decoration, it is said, which is to supplant the poster in the esteem of collectors.

A recent gift to the Massachusetts Historical Society has made it richer, to an almost unprecedented degree, in the materials for the study of history at first hand. The gift is a collection of about three thousand autograph letters of Thomas Jefferson, together with hundreds of letters to him from the most

prominent men of his time. The donor is the Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge, the lineal representative of our third President. The letters of Jefferson are without duplicate in the collection of the Library of Congress, and have never been copied for publication. They are in effect a mine of untold wealth for the historical student, and there could not be a better place for their preservation than the new building of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which year by year renders the country at large a richer service by bringing together original documents, and placing them at the disposal of those who are capable of using them well.



From "The Eugene Field Book."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

EUGENE FIELD IN HIS LIBRARY

This portrait of Eugene Field in his library is taken from "The Eugene Field Book" for children, just issued. And opposite we print a title-page of one of the little old books of which Mr. W. L. Andrews writes in his "Sex-todecimo" articles. If Field could look across and see this old title-page he would come straight out of his own photograph to lay hands on it.

Mr. D. B. Updike has for some time been preparing at his Merry-mount Press, in Boston, for the publication of a volume of rare interest to students of colonial history, especially in Rhode Island. It is the diary of the Rev. James MacSparran, one of the earliest rectors of old St. Paul's Church, Narragansett. The manuscript was discovered some time ago, when the library of the late President Caswell, of Brown University, was dispersed, and now it belongs to the Diocese of Rhode Island. The years which



it covers are those between 1743 and 1751, and for this period it throws clear light not only upon the early history of the Episcopal Church in New England, but also upon the social and domestic life of a highly interesting time and region. The diary is edited by the Rev. Daniel Goodwin, a successor, after more than a century, of Dr. MacSparran.

Even if this were not a time of special interest in everything Spanish, a new book now on the point of publication by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, would be likely to attract no little attention. It is an account of "The Spanish Revolution, 1868-1875," by Mr. Edward Henry Strobel, who from 1885 to 1890 was secretary of our legation at Madrid, acting for most of the time as *chargé d'affaires*. In 1894 and 1895, respectively, he was sent as Minister of the United States to Ecuador and to Chile. The nature of the race with which his book deals must therefore be thoroughly familiar to him. The revolution which it describes did not bring about the single overturn which most successful revolutions effect, but gave the Spanish people the opportunity of trying, one after another, almost every form of government yet

devised by man. Mr. Strobel was one of the first Southerners to come, after the war, to Harvard, which in previous years had always had a large representation of students from the South. He was graduated more than twenty years ago, and has recently been appointed to the newly established chair of international law at Harvard. His book is not one of the mushroom products of our war with Spain, but has been occupying him through the years in which his opportunities to do the work well have been of the best.

About twelve years ago Mr. Henry Clews published his "Twenty-eight Years of Wall Street." Now he is bringing out another volume, "Wall Street and

the Nation: Finance and Politics," which, with the former work, will complete his observations of financial matters for forty years. Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., of Boston, are to publish the book. They have also in prospect the publication of a Nova Scotian romance, "Sister Evangeline," by Mr. C. G. D. Roberts. It is to be the second of the trilogy of books of which his "Forge in the Forest" was the first. He has been at work upon it for two years, and now is devoting his entire



A TITLE-PAGE BY FAITHORNE

time to its completion, that it may be published in the autumn. Mr. Warner's suggestion to travellers in Acadia to "look out for Evangeline when the bell rings" may gain a fuller meaning in years to come.

Who should be contemporary if not the maker of verse? Mr. Sam Walter Foss is taking advantage of the present opportunity to bring out through Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, a volume of "Songs of War and Peace," some of which are of the most recent production. Distinctly less modern is another volume announced by the same firm as "John Hancock, His Book," by Mr. Abram English Brown. Mr. Brown appears here mainly as the editor of a number of letters written by John Hancock in the decades immediately before the breaking out of the Revolution. Many, if not all of them, were printed not long ago in successive issues of the *Boston Transcript*, and their historical value well warrants the more permanent setting.

F. C. Burnand has told of the sensations of a man who is suddenly seized in the early morning with the idea of writing a History of the World, and jumps out of bed to begin it. The publishers of a translation of Victor Duruy's "General History of the World," Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., do not tell how the work was begun, but it is announced that Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor of Amherst College has revised it and brought it down to the present time. The prospectus of the book in its English form hails it as one of the most attractive compendiums of its kind.

Mr. Henry Copley Greene has translated "The Children's Crusade," by Marcel Schwob, and Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. are on the point of publishing it

in a volume almost as small as Mr. Dole's new Omar. A little preface of Mr. Greene's writing serves to introduce Schwob and his work to readers who do not know him in the French. "Full of sympathy with the child crusaders whose faith, centuries ago, led them to slavery and death, he made himself imaginatively," says Mr. Greene of Schwob, "now their friend, a wandering ignorant brother, now a leper, their pathetic convert, now one of themselves; and he recounted in the naïve words of each something of what each had experienced. Thus he gave life anew to these dead innocents, and in the cycle of their tales not only told the pathetic story of the crusade, but recreated for us their tragic, their miraculous faith."

The second volume of Mr. William Laird Clowes' "The Royal Navy," published by Little, Brown & Co., owes something to a strangely acquired mass of papers. A few years ago a German bookseller sold the author a collection of documents relating to the navy under William and Mary, and Anne. The interest of Prince George of Denmark and leading admiralty officials made him suspect that the papers at one time belonged to the admiralty, and had been either stolen or sold for old rubbish; but they contained information of much value to him. Who would believe the incident if it appeared in a novel?

When Mr. Nicholson published his striking portrait of "The Queen," during the Jubilee, all England was at first scandalized and later joined in a chorus of praise, led by the usually uninterested Mr. Whistler. Mr. Nicholson has had many imitators, but none so good as Mr. Forrest, whose portrait of Gladstone was first published in *To-day*, just before his death. It shows Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone in St.



THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE AND MRS. GLADSTONE

[Drawn by A. S. Forrest. Published as a supplement to *To-Day*, April 30, 1893. Showing Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone in St. Swithin's Church]

Swithin's Church, on the afternoon of March 6, and is the most striking portrait we have seen since Mr. Nicholson's portrait of "The Queen."

On the following page we reproduce a letter from Mr. Gladstone to his American publishers, which has some special points of interest. The letter was written from

Dalmeny Park, Edinburgh (Lord Rosebery's house), and is as follows :

March 17, 1880.

*Dear Sirs:* I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging draft for sixty seven pounds 18/2.

Such lucre as proceeds from labour of the brain I always esteem the least filthy of that which comes into my hands.

Dalmeng Park  
Edinburgh

March 17. 1880

Dear Sir

I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging draft for sixty seven pounds 18/2. -

Such leave as proceeds from labour of the Union I always esteem the least fitting of that which comes into my hands.

And again I have a pleasure

And again I have a further pleasure in becoming, in however humble a degree, a vehicle of English thought to the American mind.

The union between the countries is close, and is likely to grow closer still. Honour to all those who seek to corroborate the bond.

I am, dear sirs,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

MESSRS. C. SCHMIDT'S SONS.

The date of this letter shows that it was written within a day or two, if not on the very afternoon, of Mr. Gladstone's famous Mid-Lothian speech; at all events, it was written during the heat of that remarkable Mid-Lothian campaign. It is characteristic of the man that he should have sent a receipt to his American pub-

pleasure in learning,  
in however humble a  
degree, a whistle of English  
tongue to the American  
mind.

The union between the  
countries is close, and is  
likely to grow closer still.

Honour to all those who  
seek to consolidate the bond

I am dear Sir

Respectfully

Yours  
C. L. Smith Esq. W. Gladstone

lishers with his own hand, and should have found the time and inclination to write a letter, with maxims and propositions in it, at a time when he might easily have been preoccupied with political matters of the gravest importance.

What he said about the closeness of the bond between England and America is

specially interesting, at this moment. The whole letter is thoroughly characteristic of the writer.

Among the many other literary and scholarly achievements of Mr. Gladstone, perhaps one of the least familiar is his translation into Latin of his favorite hymn,

"Rock of Ages," among the last hymns which he recognized in his dying hour. There is something quite appropriate to his peculiar religious genius in his Latin translation of this hymn. The hymn itself is evangelical, thus expressing the religious attitude of Mr. Gladstone's mind, while a rendering into Latin has just the touch of mediævalism which always appealed to him on the religious side. The translation, taken from an old scrap-book, the accuracy of which is not to be indorsed without qualification, runs as follows :

Jesu, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus;  
Tu per lympham fluentem,  
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,  
In peccata me redunda,  
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec justus forem,  
Quamvis tota vi laborem,  
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,  
Fletu stillans indefesso;  
Tibi soli tantum munus,  
Salve me, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,  
Sed me versus crucem gero,  
Vestimenta, nudus, oro,  
Opem, debilis, imploro;  
Fontem Christi quaero immundus,  
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,  
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,  
Mortuos cum stare jubes,  
Sedens, Judex, inter nubes,  
Jesu, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.

Mr. Cable has been received with enthusiasm in England, where he has been reading from his novels and rendering Creole songs. He was Mr. Barrie's guest for a time, and at a later date gave an entertainment at Sir Henry Irving's house. From Mr. Barrie's "Introduction" to an English edition of "The Grandissimes" we are happy to make a brief extract. And if anyone should wonder, "Why 'laundry'?" let him remember the steaming climate of New Orleans.

To sit in a laundry and read "The Grandissimes"—that is the quickest way of reaching the strange

city of New Orleans. Once upon a time, however, I took the other route, drawn to the adventure by love of Mr. Cable's stories, and before I knew my way about the St. Charles Hotel (not, as Mr. Cable would explain, the St. Charles of Dr. Sevier, but its successor), while the mosquitos and I were still looking at each other, before beginning, several delightful Creole ladies had called to warn me. Against what? Against believing Mr. Cable. They came singly, none knew of the visits of the others, but they had heard what brought me there; like ghosts they stole in and told their tale, and then like ghosts they stole away. The tale was that Mr. Cable misrepresented them; Creoles are not and never were "like that," especially the ladies. I sighed, or would have sighed had I not been so pleased. I said I supposed it must be so; no ladies in the flesh could be quite so delicious as the Creole ladies of Mr. Cable's imagination, which seemed to perplex them. They seemed to be easily perplexed, and one, I half think, wanted to be a man for an hour or two just to see how those ladies would impress her then. But by the time she regained the French quarter she was probably sure that she had convinced me. And she had, they all did, one after the other—that the sweet Creoles who haunt these beautiful pages were not always ghosts but always ghost-like. They come into the book like timid children fascinated by the hand held out to them, yet ever ready to fly, and even when they seem most real, they are still out of touch; you feel that if you were to go one step nearer they would vanish away. Such is the impression they leave in all Mr. Cable's books, and his painting of them would be as faulty as the masterpiece exhibited by Honore Grandissime's cousin in Mr. Frowenfeld's window if their descendants were not a little scared by it, they who had for so long peeped from behind veils and over balconies to be at last introduced to that very mixed society, the reading public!

From which it is evident that Mr. Barrie perceives the "real thing" as surely in New Orleans as in Thrums.

Mr. Henry Norman, whose portrait is given as frontispiece to this number of THE BOOK BUYER has been representing his newspaper, the London *Chronicle*, in Washington, for the past few weeks, and has just returned to England.

*The Rambler.*

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From "The Works of Lord Byron."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

LORD BYRON

[Circa 1804-6. From a portrait belonging to A. C. Benson, Esq.]

## THE TRUE BYRON

**H**ERE at last we have Byron as he was. And that is a peculiarly important thing in his case. It is impossible to consider his work apart from his personality, for the personal element pervades all that is best in it. The public that drove him into exile refused to accept the artist and let the man go. Things have changed since then. The poems are not misjudged

on account of the man. On the contrary, the man is dealt with more charitably on account of his work. But general interest is as great in him as an individual as it ever was. His was essentially a masculine genius. Shelley sometimes wrote like an inspired woman, Wordsworth like an inspired clergyman, but Byron always like an inspired man. His very faults, his occasional vulgarities, his frequent lack of elevation, were always manly. There was nothing of the decadent about him. Even his disregard of form was part of his virile strength, arising from

**THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON. POETRY. Vol. I.** Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. London, John Murray. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

**THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON. LETTERS AND JOURNALS. Vol. I.** Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. London, John Murray. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

rapidity of thought and quickness of composition. There has been a strong reaction in his favor recently, which has shown itself in the renewed attention which he is receiving at the hands of critics who know their public. And this reaction comes undoubtedly from a growing impatience with the barrenness of ideas in the poetry of to-day. Then, too, Byron had the saving sense of humor. This must be attributed to him for righteousness. Those who for years exalted Wordsworth and Shelley at the expense of their great contemporary left that fact out of account.

And what could be more absurd than much of the criticism which was written about him during the time now past when it was the fashion to depreciate his genius? It was no concern of his that he was not like Wordsworth, or Coleridge, or Shelley, or Keats. He was simply different. Catholicity of taste demanded that the difference should be accepted. It would be ridiculous to urge that Whistler has not genius because he doesn't paint like Turner, or to refuse to see any good in Gogol because he did not write like Turgenev, or to refuse to read Kipling because his methods are so unlike those of Stevenson. But, happily, the time when Byron was dismissed with a shrug is past. And yet it is not so long since a minor poet tried to be clever in a cheap way at his expense in the following quatrain :

" My friend the apothecary o'er the way  
Doth in his window Byron's bust display.  
Once at Childe Harold's voice did Europe bow,  
He wears a patent lung-protector now."

It is to Matthew Arnold's credit that, when it was fashionable to put Byron a good deal lower than the angels, he was consistent to his theory of culture in the case of the author of "Don Juan." Yet even he made the mistake of imagining that the process of selection, which was

an easy matter in regard to the work of Wordsworth, could be applied to that of Byron. It was impossible. The wonderful gift for easy narrative verse which is shown surpassingly in "Don Juan" could not be adequately represented in a volume of selections. Whoever wants to know the extent of Byron's powers must know that poem in its entirety. As a matter of fact, Byron cannot be put in a band-box. He needs free play and space. And while of necessity many of his poems which made a stir on their first appearance have little interest for us now, because the special knowledge required for the appreciation of them can only be attained by a laborious reading of foot-notes, yet the mass of his work of which time has not taken toll is very considerable.

A flood of light is thrown on Byron's life in the present letters and journals. A large mass of material which was not at the disposal of Dallas, Leigh Hunt, Medwin, or even Moore, is now given to the world for the first time. The first volume covers the poet's life up to the morning when he awoke to find himself famous. The facts are presented in the most convincing and honest way possible, in letters which, when they were written, had behind them, certainly in Byron's early days, no anticipation of future publication. And the figure they present is a much more engaging one than the traditional Byron. For no great public man has suffered more from the suppression of evidence by both friends and foes. When the present correspondence is completed, all his letters will have been made public, except such as are of a purely business nature, and consequently do not differ to any degree from those which are written by the ordinary individual.

One thing is made clear by the letters—Byron's pessimism was not assumed and was not a pose. From his early school days at Harrow, his life was made miser-

able by the ill-temper and narrow nature of his mother, who, whatever her virtues may have been in some directions, was not at all an engaging person. Perhaps if we had only her son's word for it we might be inclined to suspect that his judgment of her was unjust. But it is plain that she had the gift of making herself intolerable for those with whom she was brought into contact. If she was not able to retain the affection of Byron, she was equally unable to keep that of the gentle Augusta, her step-daughter. And her husband, John Byron, spendthrift though he was, was apparently only speaking the truth when he wrote to his sister from the Continent a short time before his death: "With regard to Mrs. Byron, I am glad she writes to you. She is very amiable at a distance; but I defy you and all the Apostles to live with her two months, for, if anybody could live with her it was me." Byron tells his step-sister that he has come to regard her as his nearest, or rather only near relative. At the age of eighteen he writes to her about Mrs. Byron: "She has an excellent opinion of her personal attractions, sinks her age a good six years, avows that when I was born she was only eighteen, when you, my dear sister, know as well as I know that she was of age when she married my father, and that I was not born for three years afterwards." One of her habits was to exalt her own

*Mrs. Byron's Copy*

## HOURS OF IDLENESS,

### SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL

AND

TRANSLATED,

By GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON,

A MINOR.

Μητ' ὅρ' με μάλ' αἶψα μῆτις τὴν νῆκιν.

HOMER. *Iliad*, 10.

Virginibus puerisque Canto.

HORACE.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

**Newark:**

Printed and sold by S. and J. RIDGE;

SOLD ALSO BY E. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONER'S COURT;

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-

ROW; F. AND C. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-

YARD; AND J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY,

LONDON.

1807.

From "The Works of Lord Byron."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PUBLISHED IMPRESSION

family at the expense of the Byrons. When this form of attack failed, she was accustomed to tell her son that he was not "a true Byronne." At last he exclaims in final exasperation: "I owe her respect as a Son, but I renounce her as a Friend." When the end came, how-

ever, in his absence, he recalled the words of Gray with real feeling, "that we can only have one mother."

It was only when Byron went to Cambridge that he obtained some measure of personal freedom. There was a very natural reaction from the restrictions which had been placed upon him up to that time. But he was able to write to John Hanson from Trinity College: "This place is the *devil* or at least his principal residence. They call it the University, but any other Appellation would have suited it much better, for study is the last pursuit of the Society; the Master eats, drinks and sleeps, the Fellows Drink, dispute and pun; the employment of the undergraduates you will probably conjecture without my description. I sit down to write with a head confused with dissipation which, tho' I hate, I cannot avoid." Then he adds: "I have only supped at Home 3 times since my Arrival, and my table is constantly covered with invitations, after all I am the most steady man in College, nor have I got into many scrapes, and none of consequence."

Later on, however, things were going at a more lively pace, for he wrote to Elizabeth Bridget Pigot: "The *music* is all over at present. Met with another 'accidency'—upset a butter-boat in the lap of a lady—looked very blue—spectators grinned—'curse 'em!' Apropos, sorry to say, been *drunk* every day, and not quite *sobber* yet—however, touch no meat nothing but fish, soup, and vegetables,

*G. F. Byron* —

## ENGLISH BARDS,

AND

## Scotch Reviewers.

### A SATIRE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

SHAKESPEARE.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,  
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

POPE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY,  
No. 24, COCKSPUR STREET.

From "The Works of Lord Byron."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST EDITION

consequently it does me no harm—sad dogs all the *Cantabs*. Mem. *We mean* to reform next January." And so on. For a youth of seventeen, Byron as a letter-writer had wonderful gifts.

It was rather in the spirit of fun than from any desire to give himself importance that Byron took an unholy delight in the reputation for precocious wickedness which his early poems gave him in

certain quarters. Even if he did not intend to paint his own portrait in "Dæmætas," he goes almost as far in the lines on "Egotism" in the "Hours of Idleness."

"I've lived, as many others live  
And yet, I think, with some enjoyment ;  
For could I through my days again live  
I'd pass them in the same employment  
. . . . .

"Some sage *Mammas* with gesture haughty,  
Pronounce me quite a youthful Sinner—  
But *Daughters* say 'although he's naughty  
You must not check a *Young Beginner* !'"

The Byron of these letters impresses one as being the true Byron. And the portrait is in many respects a revelation.

*Frederick James Gregg.*

## BIRTH

Lord, I am born !  
I have built me a body  
Whose ways are all open,  
Whose currents run free,  
From the life that is thine  
Flowing ever within me,  
To the life that is mine  
Flowing outward through me.

I am clothed, and my raiment  
Fits smooth to the spirit,  
The soul moves unhindered,  
The body is free ;  
And the thought that my body  
Falls short of expressing,  
In texture and color  
Unfoldeth on me.

I am housed, O my Father !  
My body is sheltered,  
My spirit has room  
'Twixt the whole world and me,  
I am guarded with beauty and strength,  
And within it  
Is room for still union,  
And birth floweth free.

And the union and birth  
Of the house, ever growing,  
Have built me a city—  
Have born me a state—  
Where I live manifold,  
Many-voiced, many-hearted,  
Never dead, never weary,  
And oh ! never parted !  
The life of The Human,  
So subtle—so great !

Lord, I am born !  
From inmost to outmost  
The ways are all open,  
The currents run free,  
From thy voice in my soul  
To my joy in the people—  
I thank thee, O God,  
For this body thou gavest,  
Which enfoldeth the earth—  
Is enfolded by thee !

—From "In This Our World," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson. By permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.



From "Northward, Over the Great Ice."

F. A. Stokes Co.

SUNRISE ON THE "GREAT ICE"

[February, 1892]

## PEARY'S JOURNEYS NORTHWARD

THE complete record of the work done by Lieutenant Robert E. Peary during the last ten years in exploring the interior of Northern Greenland and in defining its polar shore is now before the public in two sumptuous volumes profusely illustrated from the many admirable photographs taken by the explorer and his assistants. Much of the material in different shape has already been used for newspaper or magazine purposes, but the whole story is now told for the first time as a continuous narrative and possesses the charm that every well-told tale of adventure into the unknown, in the face of extraordinary danger and hardship, must have. Some people decry all Arctic expeditions upon the ground that there are and can be no material results. Lieutenant Peary might point to these two big volumes as a product of Arctic exploration over which thousands will pore

with quickened pulse and a thrill of delight that no work of fiction can arouse.

If Lieutenant Peary never gets to the Pole, it will not be for lack of persistence. His chief work so far has been confined to Greenland, but he has never lost sight of the possibilities in the way of pushing on to the Pole should the way seem clear. His record of Arctic work comprises: (1st) A summer voyage to Greenland in 1886; (2d) a thirteen months' sojourn in Northern Greenland (1891-92), during which he made a sledge journey of one thousand two hundred miles to determine the insularity of Greenland; (3d) a two years' stay in North Greenland (1893-95), with another long sledge journey; (4th) summer voyages in 1896 and 1897, partly for the purpose of bringing home some meteorites found near Cape York, one of which is the largest known to exist, and which weighs ninety tons.

Geographically and topographically Greenland has been a land of mystery ever since, nine hundred years ago, Erik, an Iceland outlaw, discovered

NORTHWARD, OVER THE "GREAT ICE." A Narrative of Life and Work along the Shores and upon the Interior Ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the Years 1886 and 1891-97. Illustrated. By Robert E. Peary. Frederick A. Stokes Company, 2 vols., 8vo., \$6.50.

the country and named it Greenland because people might be tempted thither by an attractive name. From its southern extremity to Cape Washington, its northernmost known limit, is a distance as great as between Washington and the City of Mexico; at its widest point it is about seven hundred miles across. Its area is about 750,000 square miles, of which 600,000 square miles are covered by ice. The population of the country is about ten thousand, the Danes maintaining a small colony on the southwest coast and sending a few ships every year for blubber, furs, eiderdown, and ivory. The coast is bold and mountainous, indented by deep fjords, some of them extending inland a distance of from sixty to eighty miles and containing great glacier streams from the inland ice. All

there is of land in Greenland, as we understand the term, is a ribbon along the coast varying from five to eighty miles in width. The whole interior of this small continent, mountains and valleys, is buried under a tremendous ice-cap. The reader, when told of this, is pretty sure to think of some particular mountainous region, as the Rockies, the Alps, or the Pyrenees, covered several hundred feet deep in snow and ice, yet still retaining the original irregularities of the surface. This does not represent the Greenland ice-cap, for there the accumulated snows of centuries, in a latitude and altitude where it may be said never to rain and where snow does not melt even in summer, has gradually filled up all the valleys until it has produced a level plain, and, still piling higher and higher, has at last



From "Northward, Over the Great Ice."

F. A. Stokes Co.

"TENT" OR "AHNIGHITO" METEORITE

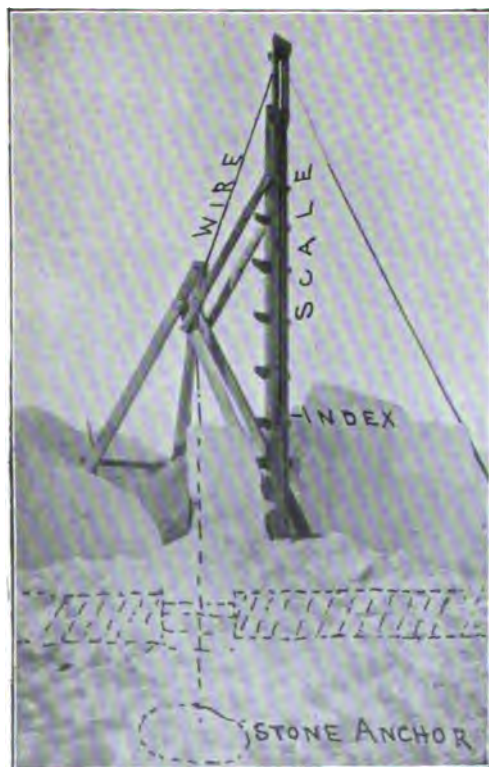
[The largest of the Cape York meteorites, which Mr. Peary succeeded in bringing away with him in 1896. Approximate weight, 100 tons]

buried the highest of the mountain summits hundreds and even thousands of feet deep in snow and ice. The interior of Greenland is to-day simply an elevated unbroken plateau of snow, raised from five to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea—a huge white, glistening shield, some one thousand two hundred miles long and five hundred miles wide, resting upon the mountains underneath. It is an Arctic Sahara upon which is visible no form of life, animal or vegetable, no fragment of rock, no grain of sand. The traveller across its wastes sees for weeks nothing but the infinite expanse of frozen plain, the dome of the cold blue sky, and the cold white sun. The nearest land are the peaks of mighty mountains resting, a mile

beneath, under their blanket of eternal snow. Lieut. Peary's plan, in brief, was to use this ice plateau as a direct highway to the "farthest north." If it continued to the Pole, all the better. If not, the explorer would be able to chart a region hitherto unknown and to define a new coast line.

After the summer reconnaissance of 1886 Lieutenant Peary was compelled, owing to other duties, to drop Arctic work until 1891, when he sailed in the *Kite*, taking a small party with him and Mrs. Peary. The ship left the party near Cape York, where the winter was spent in a house built with material carried on board. In the spring Peary made his dash for the northeast by sledge over the Great Ice, as the Eskimos call it. He went far beyond the Humboldt glacier and then across Greenland, coming out on the 4th of July, 1892, upon the coast two hundred miles below Cape Washington, at a place he named Independence Bay. It was pretty well established by this feat that Greenland was an island. Returning to civilization in the autumn, Peary felt that the work of outlining the coast of northeast Greenland was not yet complete, and after much hard work in raising money by appeals to societies, lectures, books, etc., funds were found for the expedition that sailed in the *Falcon* in June, 1893. During a two years' stay in Greenland no great additions were made to our geographical knowledge of the country, for Peary met with hard luck in many ways. Previous discoveries were, however, confirmed, and the meteorites found.

It need hardly be said that Lieutenant Peary has a remarkably interesting story to tell; it is a long story and well told. Many of the conditions were novel to Arctic explorers. The fact that Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband, and that her first child was born at Falcon Bay, North Greenland, on September 12, 1893,



From "Northward, Over the Great Ice."

F. A. Stokes Co.

THE TIDE GAUGE

[At Red Cliff House]





From "Northward, Over the Great Ice."

F. A. Stokes Co.

Very sincerely  
*R. E. Peary*  
 Civil Engineer, U.S.N.

adds a peculiar interest to this part of the narrative. The little stranger came into the world at the close of the Arctic summer day of five months, deep in the heart of the White North, far beyond the

limits of the civilized world. The first six months of the little one's life were spent in continuous lamplight. But she was bundled deep in warm furs and wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. When the earliest rays of the returning sun pierced through the window of the cabin she reached for the golden bar as other children reach for a beautiful toy. Throughout the winter she was the source of the liveliest interest to the natives. Whole families journeyed hundreds of miles to satisfy themselves by actual touch that she was really a creature of flesh and blood, and not of snow, as they at first believed.

In the course of his Greenland life Lieutenant Peary became very well acquainted with the Eskimos of the west coast. The tribe is a small one, numbering less than 300 souls, but its complete

isolation and the uncertainty as to its origin make it of extraordinary interest. Without government or religion ; without money or any standard of value ; without written language ; without property, except clothing and weapons ; with habits and conditions of life hardly above the animals, these people seem at first to be very near the bottom of the scale of civilization. Yet close acquaintance showed them to be quick, intelligent, ingenious, and thoroughly human. Peary says of them :

"With our surroundings and bringing up, drawing as we do upon the entire world for our daily wants, we can have no conception of the earlier condition of this people and their almost inconceivable destitution, dependent for *everything* upon a few miles of Arctic coast line. To them such a thing as a piece of wood was just as unattainable as is the moon to the petulant child. Is it to be wondered at that a man offered me his dogs and sledge and all his furs for a bit of board as long as himself ; that another offered me his wife and two children for a shining knife ; and that a woman offered me everything she had for a needle ? They are a community of children in their simplicity and happy lack of all care. The accumulated experience of generations has taught them to make the most of the few possibilities of their barren country in the way of affording sustenance, clothing, comfort, and safety ; and as a result they are as independent of the varying moods of their frozen habitat as are other peoples of the climatic vagaries of more genial latitudes. Denizens of a little Arctic oasis, prisoned on the east by the towering wall and superstitious terrors of the Great Ice ; on the west by Smith Sound ; on the north by the Humboldt Glacier, and on the south by Melville Bay, they are at once the smallest, most northerly, and most unique tribe upon earth, and perhaps the oldest upon the Western Hemisphere. Many of them are of strikingly Mongolian type of countenance ; all of them possess the Oriental characteristics of mimicry, ingenuity and patience in mechanical duplication. Their appearance indicates the strong probability of the correctness of the theory advanced by Sir Clements Markham, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society of London. This theory is, in brief, that these people are the remnants of an

ancient Siberian tribe, the Onkilno, the last remains of which, driven from their homes out upon the Arctic Ocean by the fierce waves of Tartar invasion in the Middle Ages, passed to the New Siberian Islands and thence gradually over or along lands as yet undiscovered, perhaps even across the Pole itself, to Northern Greenland. Among other facts upon which this theory rests is the strong resemblance of the stone dwellings of the Arctic Highlanders to ruins of similar dwellings discovered in Siberia. There are also apparent strong physical resemblances. The obliquely set eyes are a common occurrence. An interesting incident bearing upon this came up in connection with the bringing of a young girl of this tribe to the United States by Mrs. Peary in 1894. The first and only thing that elicited expressions of vivid surprise and astonishment from this girl was the sight of a Chinaman upon the street, to whom she immediately ran and attempted to enter into conversation. Later, while passing along the streets of Washington, she was seen by several members of the Chinese Legation, who immediately surrounded her and began talking to her in the Chinese language, evidently mistaking her for one of their own countrywomen."

Elsewhere Peary tells how, when this girl was returned to her father, the pair met as if they had parted the day before, and seemed to have nothing to say to each other. But when they were left together the girl talked without stopping for eight hours. Some good souls have suggested that it would be well to take these Eskimos to more genial climes or to send missionaries to convert and civilize them ; to which Lieutenant Peary offers an emphatic protest :

"When I think," he says, "of the mixed race in South Greenland, which in spite of the fostering care of the Danish government is still like most half-breed human products inferior to either original stock ; when I recall the miserable wretches along the west coast of Baffin's Bay, vile with disease, vitiated with rum, tobacco and contact with the whalers, and then think of my uncontaminated, pure-blooded, vigorous, faithful little tribe, I say : 'No ; God grant no civilization to curse them.'"

To the general reader probably the most interesting parts of the book will be

found among the accounts of the life and behavior of the Eskimos, many of whom settled for the winter night in the neighborhood of the Peary camp. The wonders of the "palace of the great white man," as the natives called the shanty of boards and tarred paper, attracted sight-seers who thought nothing of a week's journey to satisfy their curiosity. What they saw inside the house amazed them still more, especially the argand oil lamp, which they called the "baby sun." One of the occupations of the long night was the taking of photographs and measurements for anthropological studies, and many pictures of the nude natives were made. Neither men nor women showed any particular objection to posing without clothing, as they live naked much of the time when in their houses; but they could not be made to understand the purpose of the work. Their idea seemed to be that Mr.

Peary wanted to use them as models for making more people.

Except when upon the long sledge journeys, the party does not appear to have suffered except from the constant darkness during the winter and the sense of complete isolation from the civilized world. There was plenty to eat, and

every birthday in the party, every national feast, was celebrated with a spread that would not have disgraced a home board. Lieutenant Peary is careful to say that while wine and spirits figure upon the bills of fare at these feasts, one must not infer that there was any regular tipping. He believes in neither liquor nor tobacco as a help in Arctic exploration except in unusual circumstances. Some of the luxuries for sledge journeys may surprise the reader, as when he is told that one of the dogs, after eating away the bottom of a fur sleeping-bag containing the stores, bolted six pounds of raspberry jam. The Eskimo dogs, by the way, impressed Lieutenant Peary almost as favorably as the human natives; they were just as strong and just as faithful, with the additional advantage that, when necessary, one of them could be made to serve as food for the rest.



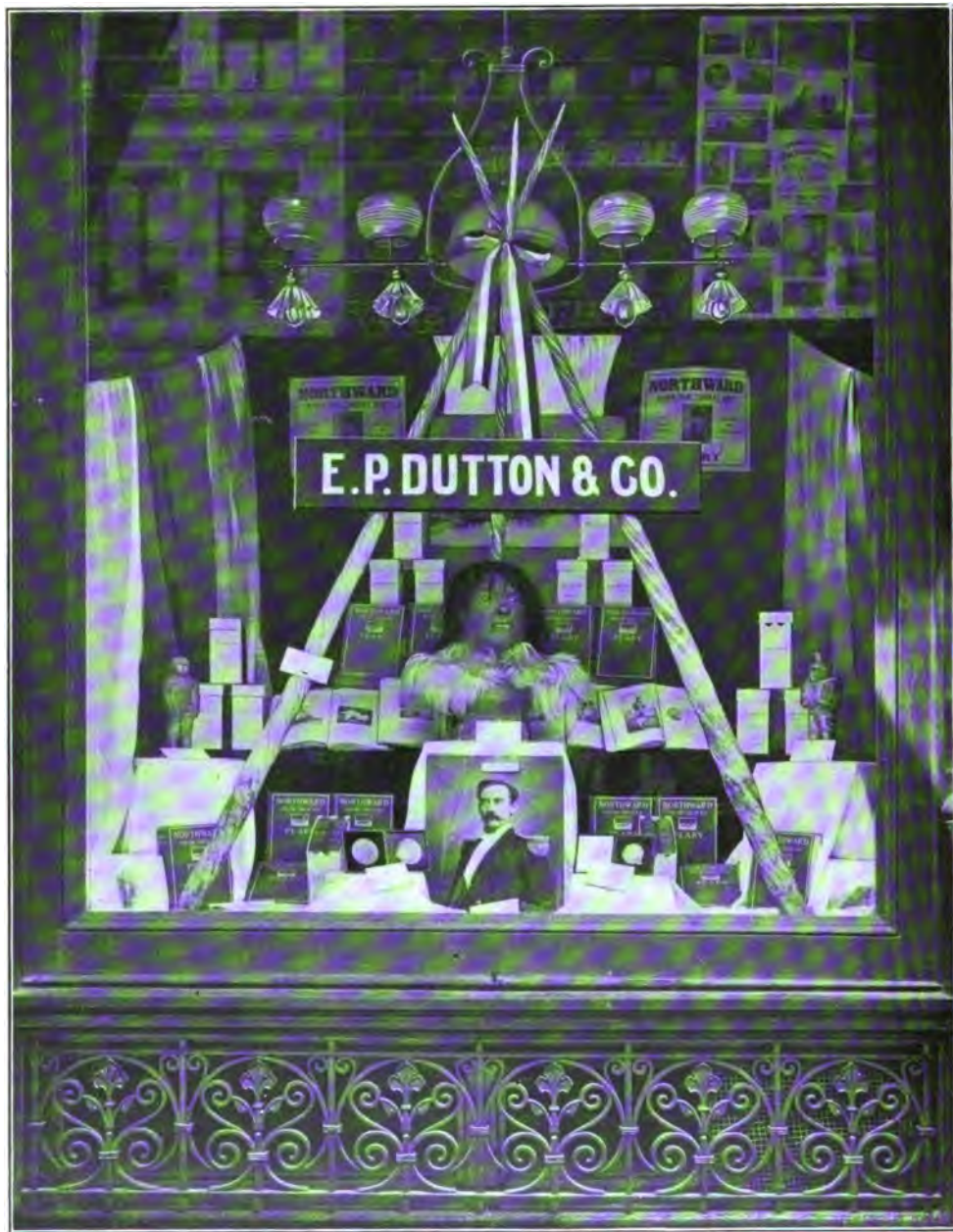
From "Northward, Over the Great Ice."—F. A. Stokes Co.

AHNGODOBLAHO

[The best dog in the pack]

Among the hundreds of admirable pictures from photographs (about eight hundred, to be exact) are a score of portraits of these faithful beasts. For ethnological students the pictures of men and women, some of the latter by no means bad-looking, will be found of exceptional interest.

*P. G. Hubert, Jr.*



A "PEARY WINDOW"

WITHIN the past few years a special form of advertising has sprung up among publishers, of which this so-called "Peary Window"—which, in the photograph, *does* look to be rather more of

a "Dutton Window"—is an example. The present exhibition shows many of the illustrations in Peary's new book, a large portrait of the author, a curious Esquimau mask, and a stand of Esquimau weapons.





TWIN BINDING—WALTON'S "LIVES" AND "THE COMPLETE ANGLER"

[By Marius Michel, Paris. William Pickering, 1825]

## SEXTODECIMOS ET INFRA. II

**A**MONG the whims and fancies indulged in by collectors, a century ago, was one for having the books they prized most highly ruled throughout by hand in carmine ink—a monotonous, laborious process, which required dexterity and neatness of hand, and a display of the cardinal virtues of patience and perseverance in a marked degree. This tiny specimen of typography, the "Novum Testamentum Domini Nostri, Interprete Theodoro Beza," Amsterdam, 1628, is rubricated page by page from the Title to the Colophon. It contains 607 pages of printed matter, each ruled with five

red lines (and many more wherever a heading occurs), without a blot or slip of the pen from beginning to end. It is one of the numerous editions of Beza's version of the New Testament, first published in 1556, and although it is only three and one-half inches high by two and one-half wide and less than an inch thick, it contains in perfectly legible characters the entire New Testament in Latin.

Theodore Beze, or Besze, a renowned Protestant theologian and one of the principal promoters of the literary renaissance of the sixteenth century, was

born in Bourgogne, France, in 1519, and died in 1605. He succeeded the great reformer Calvin as professor of theology at Geneva, and "ruled the Genevan Church with energy for forty years." His biographers claim that he was the founder of the "Académie de Genève," the spiritual guide who formulated its rules and gave it "an impulse which is felt to this day."

This little dwarf of a Latin Testament



NOVVM TESTAMENTVM—TITLE-PAGE

is bound in red morocco by Roger Payne and comes from the Syston Park Library. On account of its diminutive size, it escaped the disfigurement and mutilation suffered by so many of the beautiful books which had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Sir John Thoralde and his binder of far from blessed memory, R. Storrs of Grantham, who ploughed into the margins of an "Aldine," a "Caxton," or "Mazarine Bible" with absolute unconcern, and then added insult to injury by stamping the cover of the poor maimed volume with an anchor which, with unin-



THE ALDINE ANCHOR

[Taken from the last page of a book printed by Aldus. This original shines in comparison with the anchor called "Aldine," which appears on the Syston Park books]

tentional irony, he styled Aldine. This anchor measures two and one-half by two inches, so that its omission from the side of this miniature Testament was a matter of necessity and not of choice. Look upon this true "Anchor with the Dolphin" of the Aldine Stamperia, and then upon this

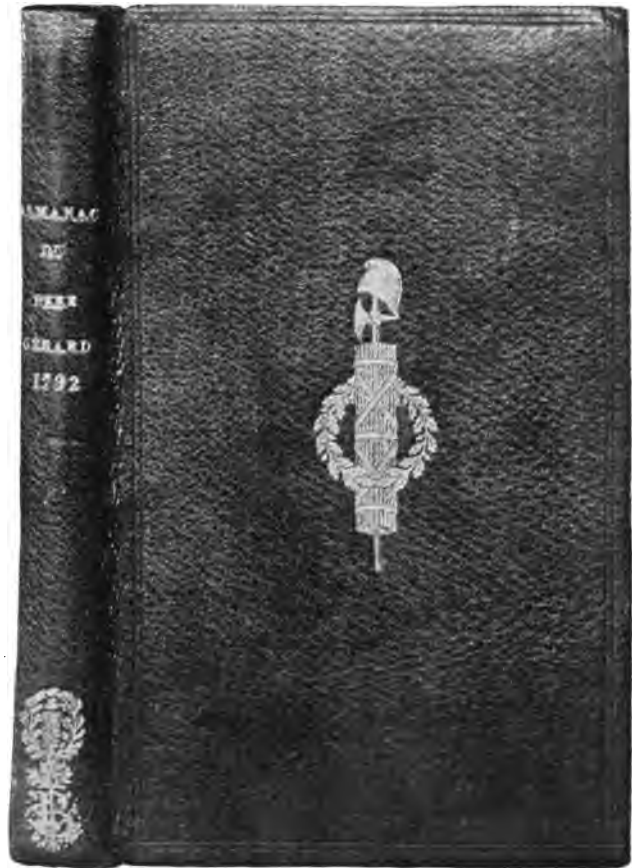


THE ANCHOR CALLED "ALDINE," WHICH APPEARS ON THE SYSTON PARK BOOKS

travesty by Storrs the binder. Surely the contemplation is sufficient to give every true book-lover a fit of melancholia, and inspire a feeling of profound regret that a society for the prevention of cruelty to books was not in existence to arrest, fine, and imprison the perpetrator of such acts of vandalism.

The "Almanach du Père Gérard pour l'Année 1792, III<sup>e</sup> de la liberté," is one of the Parisian "Reliures Révolutionnaires et Patriotiques" that are of little or no artistic value, but rare and highly prized by French book collectors. It is bound in morocco of the color in some one of the numerous shades of which, from light pink to dark maroon, apparently three-quarters at least of all the books in the world are bound, namely, red. It is entirely devoid of ornament, save that a Roman fasces surmounted by the "bonnet phrygien" is stamped upon the side. This almanac was compiled by Collât d'Herbois under the sobriquet of "Père Gérard," the name given by the National Assembly of 1788 to Michel Gérard (1737-1815), a native of the Canton de Pont Saint Martin de Rennes, a man of little education but of sound common sense. He retained at Paris the garb of the Brittany peasant whom he represented in the Assembly.

These Reliures Révolutionnaires are found principally upon almanacs such as the above, and copies of the Constitution Française of 1791. The binders of this period were prohibited by law from using "fleurs de lys" or "armoiries," and for



ALMANACH DU PÈRE GÉRARD

[Pour l'année 1792. Paris]

the sake of comparison we reproduce the binding upon an "Almanach de Versailles," 1784, which is decorated with one of the most notable of these proscribed "armoiries," that of the unfortunate Louis XVI himself. This almanac is one only in name, as the calendar proper occupies but twelve pages. Fifty are devoted to a description of the Château, and the remainder of the four hundred and odd pages are taken up with lists of the members of the royal family and the crowd of officials and courtiers by which they were surrounded, many of whom were destined in a few short years to follow the hapless king and queen to the

Temple and the prison of the Conciergerie and thence into "darkness and the shadow of death."

Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," Venetia, 1570, is said to be the smallest edition of Ariosto ever printed. It contains 1151 pages and is half an inch thicker than it is wide. Still, it is a readable book, opens easily, and is substantially bound in brown calf with gauffered edges. In the same breath we may speak of another bizarre production of a modern book-binder—a twin book, Walton's "Lives" and "The Complete Angler," Pickering's miniature edition in two volumes, bound by Marius Michel in dark green morocco with only three covers: a tête-à-tête style of binding not likely to attain great popularity.

Bishop Andrewes's "Manual" (1642) is a convenient pocket edition of the religious compendium prepared by this eminent prelate for the use of his clergy in their visitation of the "sicke." The title-page, which we reproduce, is not signed, but was probably engraved by Wincellaus Hollar. The book still reposes in the brown calf cover, softened and enriched in tone by age, in which, in all probability, it was originally bound, and it is not thumbled and worn as we would expect a book to be that had seen every-day use by the bedsides of the ill and sorrow-stricken

for whose spiritual comfort it was intended. Lancelot Andrewes (1555–1626) was Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, whence, says Bishop Buckenridge, God translated him to heaven, not, however, before he had narrowly escaped another translation on earth to the primacy of all England.

The "Commonwealth of England," by the Hon. Sir Thomas Smith, London, 1633, is a relict of the 17th century, which, inside and out, remains to this day in its pristine condition down to the limp vellum binding tied with leathern thongs.



ALMANACH DE VERSAILLES

[Année 1784]





ARIOSO (L.)—ORLANDO FURIOSO  
[Venetia, 1570]

The engraved title-page by Marshall is immaculately clean, without having ever been subjected to the washing process. The book must have lain perdu and undisturbed on some old bookseller's upper shelf through most of the long years which have elapsed since it issued from John Smethwicke's shop in "S. Dunstane's Church-yard under the Dyall."

Like all publications of its time adorned with engraved title-pages, the book has a second title wherein the contents of the work are set forth with a fulness of detail in striking contrast to the brevity of the modern title-page. The volume is divided into three books, in the first of which the author descants upon the science of gov-

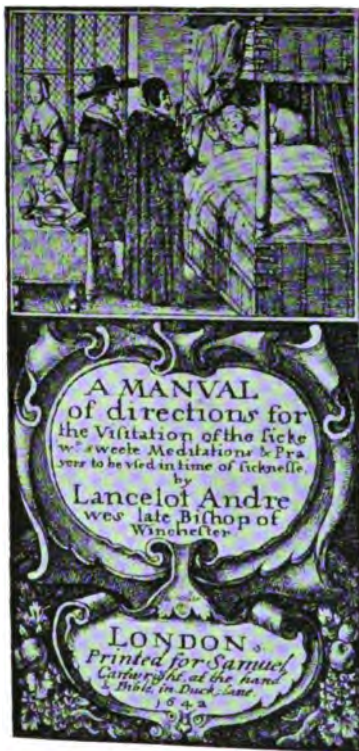
ernment and indulges in sundry sage reflections upon commonwealths in general. In Chapter IV of this subdivision we are confronted with this pessimistic view of the course of human events:

"For the nature of man is, never to stand still in one manner of estate but to grow from the lesse to the more, and decay from the more againe to the lesse, till it come to the fatal end and destruction, within any turnes, and turmoyles of sicknesse, and recovering, seldome standing in a perfect health neither of a man's bodie itselfe, nor of the politicke bodie which is compact of the same."

Book second is a digest of the laws of the Realme, and the third describes the various Courts of Justice, including the "Court of Starre Chamber," so called

"because it doe set in a place which is called the Starre Chamber, either because it is full of windowes, or because at the first all the rooffe thereof was decked with Images of Starres gilded." A reprint of the Decree of this Court concerning printing formed the first and very fitting publication of the Grolier Club of this city.

The "Fons Lachrymorum" and "The Academy of Eloquence" belong to the same class of books as the above—books which have been rendered attractive and given a longer lease of life than they would otherwise have attained, by the skilful hands of a Faithorne, a Marshall, or some other member of the group of



BISHOP ANDREWES'S MANUAL—TITLE-PAGE

noted chalcographers who plied their gravers so successfully in the 17th century. Few readers, we imagine, will be able to summon sufficient courage to go beyond the doleful title-page of the "Fons Lachrymorum, or Fountain of Tears, from whence doth flow England's Complaint; Jeremiah's Lamentations paraphrased with Divine Meditations and an Elegy upon the Son of Valor Sir Charles Lucas."

If the "Fons Lachrymorum" is too suggestive of "crossbones, scythes, hour-glasses, and other emblems of mortality" to suit the popular taste of the present day, the "Academie of Eloquence" is so antiquated in style and mode of thought as to render its perusal an act of severe penance, despite its claim to be a complete "English Rhetorique exemplified with common-places and Formes

digested into an Easie and Methodical way to speak and write fluently according to the Mode of the present times. Together with letters both Amorous and Moral upon Emergent occasions." It is, however, a most proper book, and differs radically in this respect from most of the literature of that plain-spoken age, when a spade was called a spade, often with quite unnecessary prolixity and frankness. The Formulas, the author modestly affirms, are few of them his own, "but Analects which, like the Humble Bee, he gathered in Spring time out of the choicest flowers of our English Garden."

These books, as we have said, owe their longevity almost entirely to the quaint



A MARSHALL TITLE-PAGE

[Original 2½ x 4½ inches]



JOHN QUARLES, HIS TITLE-PAGE

[London, 1648]

frontispieces and title-pages with which they are adorned, and many a modern as well as ancient author owes his designer and engraver the same debt of gratitude as the one incurred by those honest, well-intentioned, but extremely

prosy writers, devout John Quarles, and Thomas Blount, Gentleman, Master of the Epistolary art and that of polite conversation as taught in our Mother Country two hundred and fifty years ago.

*William Loring Andrews.*

## THE BUMBLEBEE

You better not fool with a Bumblebee !—  
Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll see !  
They're lazy to look at, an' kindo' go  
Buzzin' and bummin' aroun' so slow,  
An' ao' so slouchy an' all fagged out,  
Danglin' their legs as they drone about  
The hollyhawks 'at they can't climb in  
'Ithout ist a-tumble-un out ag'in !  
Wunst I watched one climb clean 'way  
In a jimson-blossom, I did, one day,—

An' I ist grabbed it—an' nen let go—  
An' " Ooh-oooh ! Honey ! I told ye so ! "  
Says The Raggedy Man ; an' he ist run  
An' pullt out the stinger, an' don't laugh  
none.  
An' says : " They has be'n folks, I guess,  
'At thought I wuz predjudust, more er  
less,—  
Yit I still muntain 'at a Bumblebee  
Wears out his welcome too quick fer me ! "

—From " *Rhymes of Childhood*," by James Whitcomb Riley. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



*G. Bernard Shaw*

## GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AND HIS PLAYS

**B**OTH as critic and dramatist, the author of "Arms and the Man" has made his name familiar in England and America to intelligent persons, however high or low, commonplace, mean or noble, even though the least aspiring souls among his audience may have doubted their ability to conjure with it. Those old-fashioned ones who are so unfortunate as never to have read a line of his composition understand perfectly that he is what would have been called a "Come-Outer" in earlier days; otherwise, a stalwart free-lance in literature, fortified by the armor of his honest thought, riding with vizor up, and

"Evermore holding his good lance in rest,"

to do battle for the truth, when it accords with his convictions. Now, as if to free our minds from any lurking suspicion to the contrary, he "comes out" indeed, with an author's account of himself, serving as double preface to the two-volume edition of his plays just published in very attractive form by Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. From this, one may learn that he is of Irish birth, without patriotism, either for the country he abandoned or for the country that has "ruined it"; with "no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics." A socialist moreover, intolerant of fashionable life; yet, withal,



"neither a sceptic nor a cynic in these matters," but simply understanding life "differently from the average respectable man." He began his literary career by writing novels, five of which were produced in rapid succession; and one or two of them still survive, as he states, to "trip him up" to this day. At first, however, these were persistently rejected by the publishers. And he passed into that critical phase which soon gained for him the attention, if not the favor, of the reading public as an entertaining writer who did not hesitate to express his literary and social judgments with the utmost freedom. Then the Ibsen craze, so called, swept over the Anglo-Saxon world, leading to the establishment of an "Independent Theatre" in London. Independent English plays were soon demanded; and, as it happened, Mr. Shaw had one, unfinished, in his portfolio. This was completed, rehearsed, and finally played at the Independent Theatre in 1892, under the title of "Widowers' Houses," which was suggested by the text in Matthew concerning the scribes and Pharisees who "devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer." The production was much discussed; if the play did not achieve success, it at least, as the author says, "provoked an uproar," which stimulated him to make further efforts in this new field.

It is a revised version of "Widowers' Houses," shorn of certain conventional passages, now stigmatized by Mr. Shaw as "tomfooleries" and "silly pleasantries," which stands first in order among these published dramatic works (the plays, it should be said, are classified as "Pleasant" and "Unpleasant," the first volume being devoted to the latter class). Its chief character, the widower, Sartorius, is a whited sepulchre, grinding the poor through an agent, Lickcheese, who over-shadows his master in dramatic interest.

He is an original knave, well presented and sustained—so well, in fact, as almost to redeem a dreary piece of work, which shows the influence of Ibsen without his strength. Mr. Shaw has a dangerous facility in dialogue, and there seems to be altogether too much of it here for the action. The "average respectable man," with whom the author is amiably at variance, would certainly feel inclined to yawn over its representation. "The Philanderer," Mr. Shaw's second play, likewise "unpleasant," and never yet performed, is in a similar way overloaded with talk. Its whimsical, fantastic satire, stretching on through four long acts, forces into impossible situations impossible personages, who fail to arouse the reader's genuine interest. They are puppets strung on wires; and the wires creak.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession," the third and last play of the first volume, stirred up the censorship, and its performance was interdicted by the Queen's Reader of Plays, a gentleman concerning whom, in his official position, Mr. Shaw permits himself to cherish unkind thoughts. The theme is gloomy, repellent, hideous, producing by its monotonous treatment the most distasteful and blackest of pictures, with no illuminating glimmer to relieve it. Here we have unpleasantness with a vengeance! The disagreeable story, nevertheless, moves forward with direct intensity. Dramatically considered, it seems a great advance upon the previous work: a play which, granting the premises, is carried impressively to a legitimate conclusion at once strong and unconventional. Had the value of light and shade been more carefully considered, it might have proved enduring. As it is, one need not be an optimistic idealist to feel that its bit of life is warped and distorted, unfairly dealt with, if not unfairly chosen; and to thank heaven devoutly that our world (whether the worst or best world

possible) is not of this unutterable nature.

The continuance of the "New" movement in London led Mr. Shaw to write "Arms and the Man," first among his "pleasant" plays in order of production, for the Avenue Theatre. There it ran for some time, was favorably noticed, and, though not a financial success, furnished good evidence of the dramatist's gain in public estimation. Reproduced in America, it is still played here from time to time, and its merits and defects have thus become known to our habitual theatre-goers. Its leading part, Captain Bluntschli, is a striking figure, full of opportunities for the actor, captivating the spectator by his human weaknesses and inconsistencies. The play, too, has a first act remarkable for its movement, its picturesqueness, the brisk, stirring quality of its dialogue. Had the second and third acts been kept at this level, it is safe to say that no money-qualification would have weakened its record in the eyes of a practical management. But while the dialogue holds its own, the later incident seems trivial in comparison with the unusually fine motive of the opening scenes. And the ironical vein, which Mr. Shaw has always at his command, is here worked so freely as somewhat to perplex the commonplace citizen, who has bought his ticket in good faith, and who leaves the theatre half inclined to think that he has been treated sportively. "Is that all?" he murmurs, really in doubt if what he has seen be fish, flesh, or good red herring. Irony is the joy and the danger of the "New" dramatist, in dealing with an audience composed of "average respectable" minds less acute than his own. Only the other day the French critic, Sarcey, pointed this out to no less a person than M. Jules Lemaitre, apropos of his latest comedy. "One is never sure," says the good *doyen* of *Le Temps*,

"that you are not making game of your characters, of your public, of your own self. At the theatre, no one likes to be regarded as a dupe; hence, you are followed cautiously and with reserve. There is a certain disposition to distrust you." To Mr. Shaw such an attitude on the part of that beast, the general public, is, of course, a matter of indifference. This is not a defence of the deplorable state into which the beast declines, but only its explanation.

"Candida" (three acts), "The Man of Destiny" (one act), and "You Never Can Tell" (four acts) followed "Arms and the Man" in 1895 and 1896, and are the "pleasant" plays that fill out the second volume. The first is a curious study in life and character at the East End of London, with the parsonage of a Christian socialist clergyman for its scene. There is dramatic contrast in the characters, which are well defined; but they talk too much, and their evolutions have an Ibsenish air of unreality that would surely work against them upon the stage. This play has been given a few times in the English provincial theatres, as the author says, "to the great astonishment of its audiences." "The Man of Destiny" is an episode in the early career of Napoleon, cleverly conceived, but prolonged interminably. Heroic surgery would make it theatrically effective; its present form restricts it to the closet, so to speak, though its writer chronicles one stupefying suburban performance, given to secure the stage rights. "You Never Can Tell" is a wild farce, written for a fashionable West End theatre, where, after rehearsal, it was shelved as "impracticable." Some of the incidents are novel and diverting, but the old faults of "The Philanderer" crop up again in it. Unconventional as its characters are, one feels them still to be stage-puppets; and the mirthful note is forced beyond reason.

A select audience of the enlightened might revel in it—once.

Mr. Shaw has eccentric theories about stage directions, which he prefers to give at great length with amazing minuteness of detail. He records his belief that this system will be generally adopted and even extended within the next ten years, "and that the customary, brief and unreadable scene specification at the head of an act will by then have expanded into a chapter, or even a series of chapters, each longer than the act itself, and no less interesting and indispensable." This may prove to be the case, though at least one of his readers sincerely hopes not, having found his tortuous garden-paths, his carefully placed match-boxes and coiled bell-springs of a special pattern, rather hindrances than helps to his imagination. These instructions may be to the stage-manager vastly important. To this unregenerate reader "the play's the thing," and Shakespeare's treatment of stage-setting seems, on the whole, the best that ever was :

*Elsinore. A platform before the Castle.  
A more remote part of the Platform.*

Given these broad strokes, it is a poor, unimaginative student of the drama who cannot supply battlements and loopholes, for himself, to all infinity.

Much might be said in praise of Mr. Shaw's latest play, which is not included in the printed collection. "The Devil's Disciple" has been one of the great theatrical successes in the United States during the current season. Its interesting story is skilfully told with refreshing simplicity, yet with a regard for the management of stage intrigue not unworthy of Sardou himself, whom Mr. Shaw politely salutes in an aside of "The Man of Destiny." It is a very hopeful sign that his latest work should be distinctly his best, and yet of the "pleasant" order, over which old and new audiences may shake hands warmly. From every point of view, for the triumphant career of "The Devil's Disciple" Mr. Shaw is heartily to be congratulated.

*T. R. Sullivan.*

## NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

THE Dibdin Club of New York, which title modestly hides the identity of several gentlemen who are interested in bibliography, has just issued, privately, a delightful bit of bibliography, with the following title, "Book-Trade Bibliography in the United States in the XIXth Century." This is by Mr. A. Growoll, the indefatigable and painstaking editor of *The Publisher's Weekly*. To this is added "A Catalogue of all the books printed in the United States with the prices, and places where published, annexed, Published by the Booksellers in Boston, January, 1804." What more appropriate than that the first catalogue of books should have come from Boston?

This volume is opened with a portrait of Frederick Leyboldt, the founder of *The Publisher's Weekly* and father of American bibliography.

Mr. Growoll gives in his first chapter a brief sketch of the "Beginnings of Book-Trade Bibliography," and in his second a "brief summary of Booksellers' Associations and their doings, from 1801 to 1892." Other chapters deal with such topics as "Side Lights on the Early Condition of the Book-Trade," "The First Book-Trade Catalogue," "Book-Trade Helps," "Chronological List of Catalogues, Book-Trade and Literary Journals," and "Sketches of Some American Bookseller-Bibliographers," etc., etc.

The last part of the book is occupied with a fac-simile of the first catalogue printed in the United States, which was arranged according to subjects, and included Law, Physic, Divinity, Bibles, Miscellaneous, School and Singing books. Much curious information is given concerning early trade matters, and this excursus into book-

trade antiquity is a pleasing addition to our knowledge.

The death of Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, better known as "Lewis Carroll," calls attention to the fact that the first editions of his books are rapidly advancing in price. Recently, at the sale of his library in Oxford, the first edition of "Alice in Wonderland," bound in vellum, with a MS. poem of twelve lines by the author on the fly leaf, was sold for £50, while the first edition of "Through the Looking Glass" fetched £24. The later volumes were issued in larger editions and did not bring proportionately high prices. One of the most difficult things to contend with in children's books is the fact that they are generally "read to death."

Every collector of choice French books is familiar with Henry Cohen's "Guide de l'Amateur de Livres à Vignettes (et à Figures) du xviii<sup>e</sup> Siècle." In fact, it is his indispensable tool. So carefully is it made, and so high an authority has it become, that a fifth edition has been issued in Paris. Its limits, however, made it only useful to the eighteenth-century collector—a large cult, it is true—but everyone is not interested in the vignettists or their books. Following much the same plan, M. Georges Vicaire has been issuing a book on nineteenth-century authors from 1801–1833, entitled "Manuel de l'Amateur de Livres du xix<sup>e</sup> Siècle," Part IX of which is just out. This part includes Victor Hugo and occupies over 220 pages of double columns, beginning with "Les destins de la Vendée," Paris, 1819.

It has often been a matter for wonderment why Sir Walter Scott's novels in first editions did not command a higher price and were not eagerly sought after by the collector. The explanation has been two-fold: First, that his popularity as a novelist was waning; and, secondly, that his novels were issued in such large editions that the supply always kept pace with the demand. The facts are, however, that there is a decidedly growing demand for the novels in first editions, notably the earlier ones, such as "Waverley." Of this there were only printed in the first edition 1,000 copies, and naturally that has been slowly advancing in price. In November, 1888, the Gibson-Craig copy fetched £10. In the Ashburnham sale just finished in London a copy in half-calf went for the unheard-of price of £78. One quails at the thought of what an immacu-

late, uncut copy would bring. In August, 1831, most of the original MS. of "Waverley" was sold by the auctioneer Evans, of London, for £18!

So much has been written about Parts I and II of the Ashburnham sale in London that one hesitates to add much about Part III. The facts are, however, that with the exception of the Beckford sale the total of these three parts is the largest ever realized for the sale of a library in London, the total for Part III being £14,000, while the grand total reached the enormous sum of £62,700, the average for the 4,075 lots being £15 6s. The chief interest to the average American collector centred about the "Shakespeares" and "Waltons," and the following prices were realized for them. One ought to say, in passing, that the examples were exceptionally fine ones, and this had much to do with the excellent prices secured. Shakespeare, 1623, £585; 1632, £90; 1664, £190; 1685, £55; Walton's "Complete Angler," 1653, 1655, 1663, 1668, fetched £800 (the five editions issued during his life). The other items of interest were the following: Pliny, Venice, 1472, £190; Edward VI, Second Prayer Book, 1552, £31; Queen Elizabeth's First Prayer Book, 1559, £240; another edition (Evelyn's copy), 1559, £148; Knox's "Liturgy," Edinburgh, 1565, £150; James I, Prayer Book, 1604, £81; Salisbury Primer, 1531, on vellum, £81; "Godly Primer in Englyshe," 1535, on vellum, £225; Henry VII, Psalter, 1504, £100; Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 1625–6, £78; "Roman de la Rose," vellum, n. d., £355; Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," 1584, £52; Skelton's "Works," n. d., £50; Machlinia, "Speculum Christiani," £230; Caxton's "Speculum," 1488, £510; Spenser's "Faery Queen," 1590–1596, £45; "Gulliver's Travels," 1726, large paper, £61; Tasso, 1589, £51 (Clovis Eve binding); Tyndale's Testament, 1548, £130; Tewrdannck (with woodcuts by Schauflein on vellum), 1517, £310; Champ Fleury, 1529, £40 (printed by Geofroy Tory); Caxton's "A Lytill Shorte Treatyse on Tribulacyon," 1490, £310; Tuberville's "Falconrie and Hunting," 1575, £101; Virgil (printed by Wynken de Worde), 1529, £31; Virgil (Gawin Douglas translation), 1553, £53; Virgil, "Æneis," Stonyhurst translation, Leiden, 1582, £108 (imperfect, only two copies known); Walton's "Angler," 1661 (third edition, presentation copy), £61.

*Ernest Dressel North.*



## THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE war and the death of the great fighter Gladstone have given the newspapers a great pull over the booksellers, so far as the casual reader is concerned. True, the literary reader is not affected by such side issues. The publishers may suffer so far as the American market is concerned, if the war continues into the autumn; but so far they have not complained on that score. If all men were like Mr. Gladstone, indeed, publishers would never complain. He was a most omnivorous reader. Not that his critical judgments on books were of much account, for he used to praise very inferior novels—perhaps from his desire never to give pain. He was the last of a race. We are all more or less specialists nowadays: content to devote ourselves to one or two branches of study. Mr. Gladstone was awake to everything. That is why so many sections of the community mourn his loss.

We have had statesmen who cultivated the art of letters like him—Disraeli would have been remembered as a novelist, if not as a politician—but they have limited their outlook. Thus Mr. Balfour seldom strays beyond the bounds of metaphysics, which as a Scot he loves; and Lord Rosebery has interested himself mostly in history. Probably the most varied writer in Parliament is Sir Herbert Maxwell, who is as busy as any professional journalist, but even he has a special field, namely, sport. In the same direction, Sir Edward Grey, who is the hope of the Liberal party, has written an introduction to a series of angling sketches, "In Pursuit of Trout," which Messrs. Dent issue.

A number of valuable books of travel are waiting for the autumn market. These include Mr. Savage Landor's Tibetan book, which Mr. Heinemann has secured for

this country. Mr. Savage Landor recently had an audience of the King and Queen of Italy. Then, Messrs. Methuen have got Dr. Sven Heden's Central Asia and Lieutenant Peary's book. Mr. Cunningham-Graham, who crossed the plains of Morocco disguised as an Arab, is at work at a book on the Atlas Mountains. He is the only man, I believe, who has ever been able to lasso "Buffalo Bill"! Sir Rose Price, who has written a book on the Rockies for Messrs. Sampson Low, is a Welsh baronet, who was born in 1837, and has seen a good deal of fighting as a Royal Marine in different parts of the world. He has already written "The Two Americas."

The devotion to his work which Mr. Andrew Lang seems able to inspire takes curious forms. Mr. Thomas Wise, for instance, has many of his manuscripts,—Mr. Wise's collection of the manuscripts of contemporary authors is unrivalled; and Mr. C. M. Falconer, of Dundee, has actually compiled a bibliography of Mr. Lang's published works. Mr. Falconer's latest endeavor is a collection of poems on Mr. Lang. All this has a touch of irony in it, for Mr. Lang dislikes being written about at all. He is now collaborating with Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," on a romance. Mr. Lang has already collaborated with Mr. Haggard, Mr. Henley, Mr. W. H. Pollock, Mr. Leaf, Mr. Myers, and Professor Butler. Mr. Lang is also to the front with a very different work, "The Making of Religion."

Mr. Laurence Binyon, the poet, has recently published a book which will probably not become known to the world of letters. Mr. Binyon is assistant keeper of prints in the British Museum under

Mr. Sidney Colvin, the well-known Stevensonian. Mr. Colvin has rendered the nation great service in arranging the fine collection under his charge at the Museum, and to Mr. Binyon has fallen the task of compiling the catalogue, which is printed "by order of the Trustees." The volume takes us down only to "C," and contains the first printed inventory of the four thousand sketches and studies by Cruikshank which his widow gave to the Museum in 1891. The Museum, curiously enough, has just come in for a valuable legacy in the shape of the splendid library of revolutionary literature which Mons. F. Chevrement, the great authority on Marat, amassed. He thought his treasures would be safer in England than in France.

Mr. Cable has been enthusiastically received wherever he has gone. Mr. Barrie took him a good deal about to the theatres at the beginning of his visit. Then he gave readings at various houses, which were well attended, and at Whitson he was the guest of Mr. Edward Clodd, the well-known folklorist, at the latter's summer house at Aldborough, Suffolk, the party including Sir Frederick Pollock the lawyer, Sir George Robertson, one of the heroes of Chitral, and Mr. Clement Shorter, who is one of Mr. Clodd's oldest friends. Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, long ago made Mr. Cable familiar to English readers by the charming little editions of American writers which he issues.

Lewis Carroll left £4,145. By his will, which he himself wrote seven and twenty years ago, he left his money to be equally divided between his two brothers and his sisters.

The first volume of the English Dialect Dictionary which Professor Wright is editing has been completed after many years of arduous work. It contains 17,519 words and 2,248 phrases, with 42,915

quotations and 39,581 references thrown in. Professor Wright is being enthusiastically supported by a band of voluntary workers in different parts of the country.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., who has compiled the anthology of "Sonnetts on the Sonnet" for Messrs. Longmans, is the brother of Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England. Father Russell has done more, perhaps, for young Irish writers than anybody else, though little has been heard of him. In his magazine, the *Irish Monthly*, he has brought out several new writers, and I know one case, at least, where he got a volume of poems published for a lady who has since become well known. Father Russell recently printed some amusing "Limericks" on writers of the day in his magazine. Here is a specimen :

Mrs. Blundell, self-styled M. E. Francis,  
As bright and as keen as a lance is.  
Her plots are well knit  
And a delicate wit  
The charm of her stories enhances.

It cannot be said that the claims of the "Celtic circle" have not had a hearing. The latest effort in its behalf is the issue of a penny weekly journal (appropriately printed on paper of shamrock hue), called *New Ireland*. It is being run by Mr. Fitzroy Gardner, who used to own a paper called *Woman*, and afterwards became Mr. Beerbohm Tree's manager. Many of the young Celts are very clever, but English readers remain seriously antipathetic, even as regards the best work. The latest hope of the Celts is Mr. Frank Mathew, whose "Spanish Wine" has been exceedingly well reviewed. It will be interesting to note whether Mr. Joseph Hocking's new book, "The Scarlet Woman," which deals with Ireland, will be widely read. Mr. Hocking usually enjoys an enormous circulation.

Will modern books last? That question has troubled librarians so much that the Society of Arts recently appointed a

committee to report on the Deterioration of Paper, Dr. Garnett of the British Museum joining the investigators. The result of the inquiry, which has just been published, is rather vague, for as yet the data are not sufficient to permit of a definite conclusion; and secondly, it must be remembered that, while cotton, flax, and hemp have given way to less valuable fibres, such as wood, esparto, and straw, the chemistry of paper-making has advanced enormously of recent years. The finding of the committee is this—that the paper intended for publications of permanent value should contain not less than 70 per cent. of cotton, flax, and hemp fibres; that not more than 2 per cent. of rosin should be used in the process of sizing; and that not more than 10 per cent. of mineral matter should be added in “loading” the paper so as to increase the opacity and improve the texture.

New journals and magazines increase so rapidly that it is difficult for even the professional journalist to keep count. Fleet Street is happier now that the Harmsworths have shown their hand by announcing that they are to bring out a sixpenny, as well as a threepenny, monthly magazine. If, it is argued, the Harmsworths can do that, the existing sixpenny magazines need have little fear. Then Mr. Oswald Crawford has started a new penny weekly, the *London Review*, his place on the board of Messrs. Chapman & Hall having been taken by Mr. W. L. Courtney, who not only edits the *Fortnightly Review*, but also has a post on the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, which has fallen into line lately by giving excellent literary notes. An interesting, if out-of-the-way venture, is the *Cornish Magazine*, which is to be issued from Truro under the editorship of Mr. Quiller Couch. A capital of from £1,500 to £2,000 is being raised among patriotic Cornishmen for the purpose. Antiquarian

journals of this kind flourish abundantly throughout England.

Who shall say that the English drama is any longer produced by footlight hacks? Sir Henry Irving has produced “The Medicine Man,” by Mr. R. S. Hichens and Mr. H. D. Traill (though it is difficult to see where the latter comes in); and before the end of the season John Oliver Hobbes’s comedy, “The Ambassador,” will replace “The Conquerors” at the St. James’s Theatre. Mrs. Craigie is already known to playgoers by her one-act comedy, “Journeys End in Lovers Meeting,” and her skill in epigram gives one great hopes of brilliant dialogue in “The Ambassador.” The story is still afloat that Mrs. Craigie has been asked by Lord Rowton, the literary executor of Lord Beaconsfield, to write the life of “Dizzy.” Lord Rowton (who has become famous of recent years for his model lodging houses for poor people) has shirked the task himself. Mrs. Craigie’s brilliant sketch of Beaconsfield in her latest novel points to her as an ideal painter of the Primrose Premier.

It may be noted that Mr. Forbes-Robertson is having a dramatic version of “The Egoist” prepared for him by Mr. Alfred Sutro, who was connected with the “Independent Theatre,” and translated “Aglavaine and Selysette,” by Maeterlinck, last year. The mysterious Belgian’s “Pelleas and Melisade” is to be given at matinées by Mr. Forbes-Robertson this season. This clever actor’s sister, Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson, has made a distinct hit with her book, “The Potentate,” published by Constable. She comes of a remarkable family. Her brothers Johnston, Ian, and Norman are first-rate actors, Leonard is a violinist, and Eric a painter, while one of her sisters is a miniature-painter. Like Mrs. Craigie, Miss Forbes-Robertson is a convert to Catholicism.

J. M. Bulloch.

# THE BEST MUSICAL BOOKS

## SUGGESTIONS FOR MUSICAL READING AND STUDY

### III.—MUSICAL BIOGRAPHIES AND MUSICAL FICTION

#### COLLECTIVE BIOGRAPHIES

THE department of Musical Biography is one of the largest in musical literature, and it is natural that it should be so, for the story of the achievements of the individual composer forms in a large measure the history of the art. One of the best things, therefore, to create a taste for musical reading is a well-written volume on the lives of the composers. A history of music is likely to be too formal and severe to begin with, and will be appreciated better when the student is more advanced. There are some exceedingly readable and glowing sketches of the masters of music in *Music and Morals*, by H. R. Haweis (12mo, \$2.50). The writer well remembers the keen delight with which as a boy he devoured this volume, which was his first introduction to musical literature and kindled a taste for it, and has been a source of great pleasure to him for many years. Other excellent volumes serving the same purpose are *A Score of Famous Composers*, by N. H. Dole (12mo, \$1.50); *The Great Tone Poets*, by F. J. Crowest (12mo, \$1.50); *The Great Composers*, by C. E. Bourne (12mo, \$1.50); and *Musical Composers and Their Works*, by Sarah Tytler (12mo, \$1.50). Several series of biographical volumes must also be mentioned here: The *Ferris Music Series* (5 vols., 16mo, \$3), including German, French, and Italian Composers, Great Singers, Violinists and Pianists, an attractive compilation from good authorities, and *The Great Musicians* (14 vols., 12mo, each \$1), edited by Franz Hueffer, for many years music critic of the *London Times*, each

volume of which is by a *competent* hand, and includes nearly all the great composers. Some of them form the best life in brief compass to be had. Another series of exceptional value, in that it furnishes information about the writers of our own day (which is so difficult to find in our regular cyclopedias and histories), is *Masters of Modern Music* (4 vols., 12mo, each \$1.75). Living composers of note in England, Germany, Italy, and France are treated therein with full biographical and critical detail by intelligent critics, and the volumes are indispensable to those who wish to keep up with the latest work done in the musical world. A larger and more exhaustive work than any of the preceding is *Famous Composers and Their Works*, edited by J. K. Paine, Theodore Thomas, and Karl Klauser (6 vols., 4to, \$25). Though this is a more costly work than the average musical person can ordinarily afford, it is well worth making a sacrifice to obtain, and once purchased the owner can dispense with many smaller volumes. In it the musicians past and present, of all countries and schools, are discussed with authority and discrimination by the choicest German, French, English, and American musical writers of our time, and the reader is delighted with the literary skill of the treatment, as well as the richness and abundance of the illustrations. It should also be remembered that Grove's *Dictionary of Music* (5 vols., 8vo, \$25) contains many invaluable biographical sketches, which are in some cases the best accounts of the respective composers treated: notable examples of this are the notices of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and Mendelssohn.

## INDIVIDUAL BIOGRAPHIES

When we come to suggest the best individual lives of the different composers, the wealth of material is bewildering. There are from one to ten lives of nearly all the great masters, and it is often extremely difficult to say which one is to be preferred. Frequently they supplement and fill out each other. The omission, therefore, of the mention of many volumes in this department may be ascribed to lack of space.

On J. S. Bach the great authority is Spitta's *Life of Bach* (3 vols., 8vo, about \$16), a ponderous and voluminous work, typical of the profound and thorough method of the German savant, in which every detail of the subject is laboriously treated. A shorter, though quite reliable work, is Lane-Poole's *Life of Bach* (12mo, \$1). Beethoven has found his greatest biographer in A. W. Thayer, an American who lived for a long time in Germany, and devoted many years to collecting material on Beethoven. The work is published only in the German language, and was left incomplete at the author's death. It is to be hoped that it will before long be issued in an English dress, for it constitutes the final authority on the subject. *Beethoven's Letters* (12mo, \$1.50) should be studied as illuminating his character and views, and Schindler's *Life* (12mo, \$1.50) also is of value as an original account of him by an intimate friend. Shorter lives are written by H. A. Rudall, L. Nohl, E. Graeme, and others. The peculiar personality of Chopin has exercised a singular fascination over many minds, and we find a great interest in his career. Frederick Niecks has compiled a *Life of Chopin* (2 vols., 8vo, \$10) on a very minute scale, and this ranks as the most accurate and complete biography. Another work, by Moritz Karasowski, is especially full on his early life and surroundings. Liszt's *Life of Cho-*

*pin* (12mo, \$1.25) is more a brilliant study of Chopin's art and music than a formal biography. On Handel the most satisfactory life is by W. S. Rockstro (12mo, \$2.50), which supersedes the interesting but inaccurate volume on him by Victor Schoelcher, issued many years ago. A less costly work has been compiled by Mrs. Julian Marshall (12mo, \$1). On Haydn the material is not extensive. The sketch in Grove's Dictionary by C. F. Pohl of Vienna is admirable, and there are short lives by Ludwig Nohl, Pauline Townsend, and W. H. Hadow. The published works on Liszt are of unusual interest, owing to his wonderful career and the remarkable position he occupied for many years in the musical world. In *Liszt's Letters* (2 vols., \$3.50) is afforded a picture of his entire artistic career, including his own views on music and his opinions of many of his contemporaries. *Liszt, Artist and Man*, by L. Ramann (2 vols., \$4.50), though said to be authorized by Liszt himself, is marred by the author's excessive admiration for her subject. Other accounts of Liszt have been Janka Wohl's *Recollections of Liszt* (12mo, \$2) and *Life of Liszt* by L. Nohl (16mo, 75 cents). The story of Mozart's short but brilliant career is enshrined in a monumental work, *Life and Works of Mozart*, by Otto Jahn (3 vols., 8vo, \$12.60), which has been described by a discriminating critic as the "most perfect specimen of biographical writing in the whole field of music history." Holmes's *Life of Mozart* (8vo, \$2), Nohl's *Life* (16mo, 75 cents), and Gehring's *Life* (12mo, \$1) are more modest works in size, but satisfactory in so far as their limits allow, while *Mozart's Letters* (2 vols., \$2.50) are needed to complete the view of his career. Mendelssohn's character has passed into history as one of rare nobility and attractiveness, and has inspired many a volume. Lampadius's *Life* (12mo, \$1.50) was the

earliest, and ranks as one of the best. Hensel's *The Mendelssohn Family* (2 vols., 8vo, \$5) describes with graphic detail his home life and early education, and *Mendelssohn's Letters* (in 2 vols., 12mo, \$3) are perhaps the most famous musical letters ever written, having been enjoyed by thousands of admiring readers for their personal charm and fine quality. There are several other volumes on Mendelssohn, by friends who can only be named: Ferdinand Hiller, E. Devrient, and Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Schumann's life has been written by A. Reissmann (12mo, \$1) and von Wasielewski (12mo, \$1.25) and Fuller-Maitland (12mo, \$1)—all well-known works. His letters to his wife and others have also been translated, while Dr. Spitta has a very able article upon him in Grove's Dictionary. Schubert's biographies are not numerous, and include lives by Kreissle von Hellborn (2 vols., \$4.50), an authority on the details of his career, and a short life by H. F. Frost (12mo, \$1). A recent life of Verdi, by F. J. Crowest (8vo, \$2.50), is of value as informing us about a living composer of genius, and Gounod's *Autobiographical Reminiscences* (8vo, \$3) will always be read as a great composer's own account of his achievements. Other autobiographical works are Berlioz's *Autobiography* (2 vols., \$3), full of egotism, but unflaggingly interesting; *Marchesi and Music* (8vo, \$2.50), by the famous singing-teacher, Madame Marchesi; Arditi's *My Reminiscences* (8vo, \$3.50), by the noted operatic conductor; Rubinstein's *Autobiography* (16mo, \$1), and Spohr's *Autobiography* (8vo, \$3.50). All of these, valuable as they are, seem of slight bulk compared with the vast amount of literature on Richard Wagner. No figure in musical annals can be compared with him as a voluminous writer, and as an inspiration of literature in others. His own literary works, extending to ten volumes in Ger-

man, are now in course of translation into English, and are noteworthy for their ability and comprehensiveness as well as their extent. Space forbids a mention of the many topics treated in them, of a musical, political, philosophical nature. The reader is urged to acquaint himself with this rich field of criticism and study. The *Wagner-Liszt Correspondence* (2 vols., \$5) is a unique volume, showing the relations between these celebrated men, and reflecting much light on their characters, by its intimate revelation of their views and opinions. Wagner's *Letters to My Dresden Friends* (8vo, \$2) and his *Letters to A. Roeckel* (12mo, \$1) are useful in the same line, only on a more diversified plane. *Wagner as I Knew Him*, by F. Praeger (12mo, \$1.50), is a study by a personal friend, and is of distinct usefulness as an account of the man himself rather than a discussion of his works. Perhaps the best known life of Wagner in America is Finck's *Wagner and His Works* (2 vols., \$4). This has not been surpassed, according to good authority, for its "clearness, picturesqueness, vigor, and variety." A more recent work is Chamberlain's *Life of Wagner* (8vo, \$7.50), by an ardent Wagnerite, and designed to expound Wagner's own theories. This contains numerous illustrations of interest to lovers of Wagner. Another noted biography is Jullien's *Life of Wagner* (2 vols., 4to, \$10), translated from the French, and especially attractive on account of its collection of caricatures of Wagner and his music, extending over many years. Richard Hueffer's two volumes, *Wagner and the Music of the Future* (about \$5) and his *Life of Wagner* (12mo, \$1), are by an authoritative English exponent of Wagner. Besides the above works, which contain much criticism on Wagner's music, there is a very large body of literature of a distinctly critical and analytical nature on Wagner. Specimens of this class are Burlingame's *Art*

*Life and Theories of Wagner* (12mo, \$2); Dannreuther's *Wagner's Tendencies and Theories* (8vo, \$1); Irvine's *Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung* (12mo \$2.40); Dippold's *Ring of the Nibelung* (12mo, \$1.50); Kobbe's *Life and Work of Wagner* (2 vols., \$2); Krehbiel's *Studies in the Wagnerian Drama* (12mo, \$1.25); Weston's *Legends of the Wagner Drama* (12mo, \$2.25); Wolzogen's *Guides through Wagner's Music Dramas*, and many others too numerous to mention. It is impossible to comment on all of these, but their number bears eloquent testimony to the creative power and original force of Wagner in the field of music.

## MUSICAL FICTION

But little room is left to speak of Musical Fiction. The most famous musical novel is *Charles Auchester*, which, with its romantic idealization of Mendelssohn, is read by nearly every person with musical tastes. The work, however, is overwrought in its sentimental hero-worship. Of the same class, and strongly tinged with the peculiar vague and romantic quality characteristic of the German mind, are Rau's *Beethoven* (12mo, \$1.50) and Rau's *Mozart* (12mo, \$1.50), and Polko's *Musical Tales, Phantasms, and Sketches* (12mo, \$1.50). In a more robust and natural style are *The First Violin* (12mo, 75 cents), a widely popular story of contemporary life in Germany; *Alcestis* (12mo, \$1), a beautiful anonymous story of the middle of the eighteenth century; *A Roman Singer* (12mo, \$1), by Marion

Crawford, the celebrated novelist; *A Teacher of the Violin* (12mo, \$1), an exquisite sketch by John Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant"; *The Lost Stradivarius* (12mo, \$1), by J. M. Falkner, a weird and thrilling tale of an extraordinary violin. The scenes of Hans Christian Andersen's *Only a Fiddler* (12mo, \$1) and his *The Improvisatore* (12mo, \$1) are laid respectively in Holland and Italy, and are full of the imaginative power to be expected from the author of the famous fairy tales. Comparatively recent stories of varying merit, but all deserving mention, are *Miss Traumerei* (12mo, \$1.50), by A. M. Bagby, introducing Liszt and Weimar society; *The Dominant Seventh*, by Kate E. Clark, a clever and dramatic story of New York musical circles; *A Matter of Temperament*, by E. I. Stevenson (12mo, \$1), a powerful though somewhat sombre picture of German musical life; and *The Duenna of a Genius* (12mo, \$1.50), by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), which has been aptly characterized as "exquisitely perceptive as to musical temperament and atmosphere."

The foregoing survey of Musical Literature, though felt to be partial and incomplete owing to necessary limits in space, will, it is trusted, prove at least an incentive to those interested to undertake further researches in the same line. The works that have been touched upon give only a faint indication of the richness and variety of the fields that await the reader's cultivation. *Frank H. Marling.*

## IT IS GOOD TO BE ALIVE

It is good to be alive when the trees shine green,  
And the steep red hills stand up against the sky;

Big sky, blue sky, with flying clouds between—  
It is good to be alive and see the clouds drive by!

—From "In This Our World," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson. By permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

It is good to be alive when the strong winds blow,  
The strong, sweet winds blowing straightly off the sea;

Great sea, green sea, with swinging ebb and flow—  
It is good to be alive and see the waves roll free!

## CURRENT LITERATURE

### MR. GODKIN AND PRESIDENT ELIOT

"NEARLY all the recent writers on democracy," says Mr. Godkin in the preface to his volume of essays, "have assumed an inability on its part to correct mistakes which the facts do not seem to me to warrant. Had it no such ability, the future of the world would indeed be pretty dismal. On the other hand, the error of its friends in defending it lies, it seems to me, in underestimating the length of time it takes a democratic community to find out that it is going wrong and to acknowledge it."

These two statements fairly show the spirit in which Mr. Godkin discusses the "unforeseen tendencies of democracy," the departures it has made from the ways its early promoters expected it to take, the things that it has done and left undone contrary to their confident predictions. In reading Mr. Godkin, it is only fair to him to keep clearly in mind that it is this discussion which he has undertaken, not a description of democracy, nor a justification of it, much less a condemnation of it.

For the task he has set himself Mr. Godkin possesses some marked qualifications. He has been for a third of a century an acute and industrious observer of public affairs in the United States. As a journalist—I use the term for lack of a better, and he will please note the absence of quotation marks—he has taken an active part in the many and various contests

to which those affairs have given rise. But he has unquestionably been a careful student, conscientiously seeking fair and sound generalizations, capable of clear statement and useful for safe guidance. His method of study has been the comparative method, which, if not entirely sure, is the most fruitful we can adopt, and for this method he has equipped himself by wide reading, and by unusual knowledge of the history, the affairs, and the leading men of other lands. What he has to say in this volume not only repays attention, but demands it. It is not too much to say that no one is entitled to a hearing on the present condition of democracy in the United States who has not brought his own views to the test of a candid consideration of Mr. Godkin's book.

This, to be sure, is by no means an unpleasing condition to impose upon oneself. The book is good reading. The style is clear and well-ordered, and at times brilliant. It lacks the delightful humor that the readers of Mr. Godkin's paper associate with his work, but that is an evidence that the book is expository and not controversial. One cannot think of Mr. Godkin leaving his keenest weapon in its sheath with an opponent before him. But though this may fairly be described as an "effect defective," it is amply offset by the impression which Mr. Godkin's manner gives of sincerity, of impartiality, of what I shall venture to call disinterestedness of intention.

It is not practicable in the space at command even to indicate with any completeness the scope of these essays, much less to discuss their conclusions. It is needless to say that they are very suggestive, and particularly to one who does not wholly accept the view by which they

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UNFORESEEN TENDENCIES OF DEMOCRACY. By Edwin L. Godkin, M.A., D.C.L. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, \$2.  
AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILIZATION, AND OTHER  
ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. By Charles William Eliot, LL.D.,  
President of Harvard University. The Century Co., 8vo, \$2.



are pervaded. That view is not a cheerful one. It is not pessimistic and is not in the least cynical, but it is distinctly uncheerful, and even discouraged. The departures from the expected ways, which are described and analyzed with skill and great care, are pretty nearly all in the direction of failure, and little note is taken of what democracy has done and was not expected to do, which is in the direction of success. Nevertheless, what Mr. Godkin describes does exist, and his analysis of it cannot be ignored. His examination of the difficulties in forming, in expressing, and in ascertaining public opinion in a great democratic community is particularly thorough and instructive. The division of public affairs between the Federal and the State systems, giving the more important to the latter, while the former, though very conspicuous, is relatively very limited; the unexpected reluctance of a large proportion of citizens to take any part in politics; the consequent rise of the professional politicians, with their organized machine and their "boss"; the tendency of the machine to repress discussion and the failure of our scheme of stated elections, with the executive separated from the legislature, to require discussion; the effect of "independent voting" in strengthening the hold of the machine upon the party, and the great and growing difficulty of bringing public opinion to bear on nominations—all these are very clearly set forth, with wealth of illustration and in much detail.

My own impression is that Mr. Godkin does not give sufficient weight to the rapid and great change that has taken place within the last half-century in the relative importance of political and non-political interests in the United States. He does not ignore it, but he does not seem quite to justly appreciate it and its consequences. The management of political

affairs remains intrinsically important, but relatively its importance has shrunk. The American people bear with inferior government because, on the whole, they do not feel that they can afford the time and the trouble to improve it. Probably the greatest improvement has been made in certain departments of municipal management, especially in sanitation, supply of pure water, schools, the police and fire force—all requiring technical and expert ability—and all of them coming "home to men's business and bosoms." It is reasonable to expect that ultimately, as experience brings the now remoter work of government more clearly in view, improvement will follow there also.

President Eliot, in the essays and addresses that he has gathered into a volume, happens to discuss mainly American public life, as Mr. Godkin does exclusively. I do not know that they would disagree as to the view each takes, but they may be said almost to stand on opposite sides of the shield. The essay that gives the title to President Eliot's book is on "American Contributions to Civilization." Another is on "Some Reasons Why the American Republic May Endure." These titles show plainly enough on which side of the shield the author stands. It is very clearly the bright side. He is not blind, but he is very hopeful.

"Timid or conservative people," he declares, "often stand aghast at the possible directions of democracy or at some of the predicted results of democratic rule; but meantime the actual experience of the American democracy proves: 1, That property has never been safer under any form of government; 2, that no people have ever welcomed so ardently new machinery and new inventions generally; 3, that religious toleration was never carried so far, and never so universally accepted; 4, that nowhere have the power and disposition to read been so general;

5, that nowhere has governmental power been more adequate, or more freely exercised, to levy and collect taxes, to raise armies and to disband them, to maintain public order, and to pay off great public debts—national, State, and town; 6, that nowhere have property and well-being been so widely diffused; and 7, that no form of government ever inspired greater affection and loyalty, or prompted to greater personal sacrifices in supreme moments. In view of these solid facts, speculations as to what universal suffrage would have done in the 17th and 18th centuries, or may do in the 20th, seem futile indeed." We may admit the facts and not the conclusion. They do not seem to make speculation as to the 20th century futile. They clearly make it more agreeable. And justice requires that even from this brief note there should not be omitted cordial recognition of the sober and searching criticism offered by President Eliot as his contribution toward the betterment and perpetuation of the democratic system in which he so profoundly believes.

*Edward Cary.*

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### BODLEY'S "FRANCE"

**M**R. BODLEY has chosen an interesting and important subject. He has endeavored to describe the present political organization of France, the condition in which that country finds itself after a century of revolution. To this work he tells us that he has devoted seven years, and they have not been misapplied; even those familiar with French life, while they may sometimes disagree with Mr. Bodley's conclusions, will find little to criticise in the accuracy of his statements.

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FRANCE. By John Edward Courtney Bodley. The Macmillan Co. Two volumes, 8vo, \$4.00.

He does not indeed equal his compatriot, Mr. Bryce, in qualities of philosophical analysis, or in lucid clearness of style. Not that Mr. Bodley's style is by any means bad: it is often forcible and vigorous, but at times it is too complex for the ordinary reader. He occasionally allows himself to be involved in a sentence like this: "Rapid communication is more stimulating to racial than to local patriotism, and the love of Frenchmen for their mother soil has reached its intensity in the century which has put Acadia and other lost over sea possessions of France within nearer reach of Paris than was Albi when the explorer La Perouse was born there under Louis XV. or Marseilles and Brest when Barras sailed from those ports to India to see France losing its last chances of founding an Oriental empire, before he finally settled in his native land, and helped endow it with the Revolution and its sedentary after consequences."

Sometimes, also, Mr. Bodley gives vent to his views in a manner that detracts from the judicial calmness which should characterize political analyses of the highest order. He writes: "The French complain, with some reason as we shall see, that they are eaten up by functionaries, but the scourge is not so devastating or so palpably useless as that of the lawyers who eat us up in England." And again he says: "The United States are as prosperous as Switzerland, and have with affluence become almost as barren in art and in letters, after an early season of wondrous literary promise. It is true that in that vast Republic the name of the President is familiar to every citizen; but his renown, while it affords no danger of dictatorship, does not make his office an object of ambition for the worthiest members of the community." English lawyers may have their faults, American literature may have its defects and Ameri-

can Presidents may have their weaknesses, but those expressions do not indicate a cautious and well-balanced philosophical student.

Though some slight criticisms can be made on Mr. Bodley's book, it is one of interest and of value. We do not know of another work in English in which the institutions of the present French Republic are so fully and so fairly described, and in his remarks upon present political conditions in France there is much that is interesting. Mr. Bodley is alike just and original when he deals with the famous words, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, which decorate every public building in France, and tells us how they are really understood in French public and political life. Speaking of the second in this triplet, he says truly that "it is no reproach to the French that Equality is neither found nor cultivated among them, for the contrary could only be the case if they ceased to belong to the human family. What is open to criticism is their official pretension that their nation is endowed with a quality which has never existed in any community of mankind." No more can they claim that the principles of Fraternity are better exemplified in France than in her neighbors: the harshness of Frenchmen toward Frenchmen has survived the Revolution; the bitterness of political and personal denunciation in the French press is unequalled by that of any other people. As Mr. Bodley well says: "At the end of the century, of which one of the boasted triumphs is a cheap press, it has to be avowed that a most salutary feature of national life in France is that a large proportion of the people of all classes never read the newspapers."

The analysis of parliamentary systems, of the character of legislative members and the method by which they are returned, possesses an interest for every stu-

dent of comparative politics. Whatever are the defects of the present system, it has at least shown a duration that has been equalled by no other form of government in France since the Revolution. Something more than mere existence may be asked of a government, and Mr. Bodley is probably right in saying that the average of ability in the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies is not high, and that the work done by those bodies is far from satisfactory. He is correct also in noticing the lack of interest in political life shown by large classes in France, as in this country, but we cannot agree with him when he says: "My personal impression is that the political indifference of the French electors, as displayed in their abstention from the vote, is of salutary effect in France." It does not show a healthy condition in France or in any other country when large bodies of citizens are so indifferent concerning public questions that they are unwilling to exercise the right of franchise.

Nor can it be denied that the parliamentary system in France is not perfect in its workings, when twenty different cabinets have held power during a period of fourteen years. Mr. Bodley says that the French have adopted from England the principle of ministerial responsibility, without introducing the party system that secures to one or the other faction a comparatively long tenure of power. To transplant any part of a political system to new soil is always a dangerous experiment: the English constitution, Mr. Bodley says, quoting the Article of the English Church in reference to one of its sacraments, is not intended to be "carried about or worshipped," and the French have erred in attempting to introduce institutions which flourish on the other side of the channel, and is regarding them with a misplaced veneration.

In no land is political prophecy so dan-

gerous as in France. If we can reasonably anticipate political storms in that country, there is no certainty that they will result in political wreck. At all events, the student of her history can gain much information as to her present condition from a study of Mr. Bodley's book.

*James Breck Perkins.*

### A CONTRAST

MANY moderns, in their books as in their "touring," like to be "personally conducted." If at times the "Points for Polish" view—as the editors of the Sunday papers would say—is a little too obvious in Mrs. Sherwood's *Reminiscences*, she is nevertheless a charming cicerone, taking you pretty much everywhere in Europe and to not a few places in America, introducing you to ever so many interesting celebrities and people of rank and fashion, and giving you peeps behind the curtain at a great variety of types—if the phrase thus applied be not disrespectfully sociological. The occasional suggestion of the guide-book has its advantage, reconciling one's conscience to the gossip as flavored with improving information. Mrs. Sherwood's style is admirably adapted to her purpose, having the touch-and-go effect of drawing-room talk. Her anecdotes, of which there are many, are always entertaining and often felicitously characteristic. The "good things" which she puts into the mouths of her celebrities are pretty sure to be clever. What, for example, could be better than the bit she quotes George Bancroft,

the historian, as saying of Grisi: "Her arms were those the Venus of Milo lost."

The only reason for bracketing Mr. Hutton's story of his boyhood with Mrs. Sherwood's reminiscences is to lend point to the contrast. No two books, both distinctively personal, could be more unlike. Mr. Hutton's book breathes the atmosphere of genuineness. It has the charm of sincerity, simplicity, and humor in rare combination. How anyone can look back on himself from the remove of "after years" so appreciatively, and see himself, "The Boy," as he always calls himself, so vividly and sympathetically, is open to explanation only on the theory that Mr. Hutton—as himself partially confesses—has never outgrown his boyhood. At least to other "grown-ups" (one cannot be quite so sure of boys still boys) the story of "The Boy" has all the delight of a miracle of rejuvenation, re-creating a past whose faded outlines and incidents are unexpectedly discovered to be as fresh as if they were matters of yesterday. "Know thyself but do not introduce a friend"—the modern cynic's version of the Socratic injunction—has luckily no place in Mr. Hutton's philosophy, when one counts the thus possible loss of this unique contribution to the literature of youngsterhood. As for the stories of the four dogs, told separately but still a real part of the story of "The Boy," they may not perhaps appeal as surely to all readers, for even Mr. Hutton must have some readers who "do not like dogs." Yet it is hard to believe that even these will not forget their dislike when Mr. Hutton introduces them to "The Dog"—as he ought collectively to have called his friends. The book, by no means a passing trifle, is fortunate in its get-up. The cover is fetching, and the illustrations illustrate.

*Arthur Reed Kimball.*

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HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE—REMINISCENCES. Illustrated. By M. E. W. Sherwood. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 8vo, \$2.50.

A BOY I KNEW AND FOUR DOGS. By Laurence Hutton. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, \$1.25.

## WILSON'S FIELD

**B**OOK-COLLECTING is an occupation peculiarly well calculated to develop in its followers whatever talent for jealousy nature may have given them—a phenomenon hitherto rarely discussed perhaps, yet easily explicable; for, though books but moderately rare, or beautiful, or ugly have a theoretical value to the collector, specimens absolutely unique are the real objects of his search, and each success attained by one member of the tribe means for the rest a despair relieved only by the thought that all men are mortal and all books come under the auctioneer's hammer at last.

Realizing this, enlightened readers will marvel that Mr. Francis Wilson has put in his essay on Mr. Eugene Field convincing evidence that sincerest affection between two book-collectors is possible. The theory just exploited does not fall incontinently to the ground, however; one of these friends was a poet and a journalist, as well as a hunter of tall copies, while the other also has an avocation adequate to account for his share in the anomaly. With the difficulties thus cleared, haste must be made toward recognition of the fact that *The Eugene Field I Knew* has merits more than unusual in literary efforts of its kind. Highest of these is one which it is not quite fair for a reviewer to mention, since the reviewer should judge authors only as authors; but everybody does know Mr. Wilson as something else, even better than as a collector of books, so justification may be found for noting that not a line in this volume even hints at a longing for *réclame*. Its subject, as the title promises, is the Eugene Field whom Mr. Wilson

knew, not the knower or even the knowing.

A man of wholesome, cheerful soul is presented, the temptation to immoderate praise is at least resisted, and the world is enabled to appreciate better than before that this Western singer and humorist was also a scholar, deeply read. The jests quoted are not all brilliant, but the description of Mr. Field asking for "an unexpurgated edition of Mrs. Hemans" is very precious; many of the hitherto unpublished scraps of verse might as well have been left in manuscript, but they do not peril an established fame. All the rest is admirable, and in paper, typography, and binding the book is a worthy tribute from a bibliophile to a bibliophile.

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 FUN, LOVE, FACT, COLOR, AND  
GOSPEL

*THE Londoners*, by Mr. Robert Hichens, is the lightest of *soufflés*, happily exempt from the fuzzy-wuzzy satire which flecked "The Green Carnation" and the morbid psychology which blended so inharmoniously with the cleverness of "Flames." Here Mr. Hichens wears the cap and bells, and with as good a grace, be it said, as did Mr. Pinero in "The Magistrate" or Mr. Jones in "The Rogue's Comedy." Indeed, he reopens the question whether society farces are not as effective between book covers as on the stage. Certainly there is a finer exhilaration, for the same money, in *The*

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*THE LONDONERS.* By Robert Hichens. Herbert S. Stone & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

*THE FIRE OF LIFE.* By Charles Kennett Burrow. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

*THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.* By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

*THE CROOK OF THE BOUGH.* By Méné Muriel Dowle. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

*THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM.* By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

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*THE EUGENE FIELD I KNEW.* By Francis Wilson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

*Londoners*, read at a single sitting, than in the horse-play of such a "farce" as one is likely just now to see in a New York theatre. Not only does the house party at Ascot give rise to interplay of brilliant wit, but there are situations ranging from comic to burlesque which are quite as satisfying to one's stage eye, and as provocative of laughter, as if they were visibly presented. The leading personages are Mrs. Verulam, who wished to get out of London society, and Mrs. Huskinson Van Adam, an American *divorcée*, who wished to get into it, and had like to have gratified both her friend's and her own ambition by appearing in male attire. Her efforts at young mannishness and Mrs. Verulam's demure acquiescence with scandal are most amusing. Mr. and Mrs. Lite, who rented their establishment to Mrs. Verulam during race week for the glory that would accrue to the "buns" which had brought them a fortune, and indeed to Mrs. Lite the sobriquet of "the raised pie" because of her changed social condition, were put to infinite anxiety for the welfare of their parrots, their four pugs—Dinah, Sam, Gog, and Magog—and their orchestrion; and neither field-glasses nor detectives nor a brace of blundering servants could keep the unwelcome guests from "a rolling of the jerryaneums and a rooting up of the roses." From this, and the fact that within fifty pages both Chloe seated herself in the darkness on a large cactus, and that pink of propriety, Rodney, reclined on a bed of angry nettles, as previously, at a stereopticon lecture, he had inadvertently sat down in a duchess's lap, may be inferred the thoroughness with which Mr. Hichens has studied horticultural discomforts and their accessibility to the awkward. Much delicacy and care, too, are bestowed on the ever fascinating topic of trousers, and each of the minor characters, from Martha Sage with her resentful

double-chins, and Lady Pearl with the "cooing, thunderous voice" inherited from her mother, to Lady Drake who ate enormously, is hit off by a memorable characteristic. The beauty of the tale is its consistent tone of levity, unmarred by obtrusive cynicism or "dogginess." That Mr. Hichens is egregiously smart is undeniable; but his smartness will not pall on one who is content to skim the creamy froth he has provided with a correspondingly light touch. A comparison of *The Londoners* with Mr. Sharp's "Wives in Exile" will show the extent of Mr. Hichens's present achievement. This is a skit, pure and simple, in the presence of which "analysis should hold its merciless hand, psychology veil its piercing eye."

*The Fire of Life*, by Charles Kennett Burrow, author of "The Way of the Wind" and "Asteck's Madonna," is a capital love story, well written and at times reflecting a vigor and discernment that are delightful. The Englishman who, despite all warnings, loses his heart to a freckled country girl and on returning to London so forgets himself in a flirtation as to receive coolly his fiancée when she flies to his lodgings from a tippling, badgering old father, eager to sell her to a wealthy neighbor, and who on the next morning finds a renunciatory note at the hotel where he left her, and searches London for her through several bitter-sweet chapters, is a not unfamiliar figure in fiction, but he is here presented with a qualification of detail and a charm of atmosphere that make of him a new character. On a three months' visit with a bookish friend who has likewise adored Mab, Waring is humorously placed for love-making, and nothing is more breezy and lifelike than the frank brutalities which pass for civility between these two Englishmen and the third lover, favored by Mab's father. The saintly organist who befriends her in London, Mrs. Torrance

whose worldly wisdom guides Waring almost to the point of vacillation, and several others no less closely woven into the plot, are differentiated with a great deal of skill. Were it not for a temporary excess of insight on the part of Ethel, Waring's temptress, it might be said that no two of these characters overlap at a single point. Not only do their speech and conduct rest on convincing motive, but there are dramatic situations, a sparkle and ease of dialogue, which leave no doubt that the author has firm grasp of the varied elements which combine to make a transparent and lively tale. Indeed, the author's lucidity trenches occasionally on wordiness. One does not feel that women, even in England, are wont to make so full a verbal exposition of their subtlety. In this respect, Mr. Hardy's earlier work is suggested. The latter, however, would have foreseen the unnerving effect of such an accumulation of happiness at the end, and would have given a more tragic undertone to the idyllic scenes between the lovers.

Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen, whose experiences before the mast gave "On Many Seas" such a rare flavor of sincerity, and who has latterly turned engineer, succeeds in imparting to *The General Manager's Story* a similar veracity and ruggedness. As little as possible a novel, nor, with its mass of hair-raising incidents, strictly autobiographical (although the first person used in the telling constantly forces on the reader this aspect of it), the book reveals unmistakably the habits of thought and speech and action entailed by railroad life. First, one sees the engineer, the master mechanic, the superintendent, as they are seen by the "wiper," the fireman and brakeman, and wonders how the road can survive under such densely incompetent management. Then, as the narrator, after many discouragements and set-backs, is promoted to a position "at

the left side" and at the right of the engine, and finally elected "super" of a branch road, the view-point is changed, and we observe the man who formerly was quick to dub his superior "nothing but an ex-freight brakeman" and who sympathized only with his fellow-workmen himself obliged to disappoint delegations asking for more pay—the hardest-headed, most determined official of them all. Many are the hard knocks attributed in these old-time reminiscences to the "poor fellows on freight." They are thrown off cars by jerking engines and drenched with soot for the most trivial of personal offences. After a wreck they are pretty sure to get their "bill of time," and they are only berated if they show a laudable ambition not to ladle lamp-black all their days. Even the engineer, who, as he speeds down a mountain side, hits a curve and flirts the caboose off track with the entire crew asleep in it, whose neglect of brakes is the sole cause of the accident, has, apparently, a hard time in getting reinstated. After reading a while, one becomes intensely interested in Mr. Hamblen's naïve description of a dilapidated locomotive with squared wheels; of the cow sent "flip-flap" on a farmer's wagon, who got up and shook his fist that the engineer might know that he was all right; of a "case of rock-slide," or of fifty-two hours on duty. If Mr. Hamblen has a keen eye for horrible and revoltin' details, he has also a shrewd, dry humor and a grasp of reality which are most refreshing. Inscribed "to the railroad men of the United States," the volume merits, and will get, a much wider reading.

Feminine novel-writers are often taxed for their apparent inability to seize on a large idea about which the inevitable details may cluster without an effect of triviality. At least this can be said for Ménie Muriel Dowie's *The Crook of the Bough*, that it essays a theme which well

deserves attention from every student of international affinities. An English maiden, a bit dull and "governessy" in tone, visits the Orient with her brother, a diplomatist, and by her freedom from hysteria when this brother risks his life in swimming the Bosphorus, and by earnest inquiries concerning the "position of woman" in Turkey, perilously impresses Hassan Bey, who, in turn, by his tender gallantry in wrapping up her feet in the kâik and his eloquent addresses, contrasts favorably with the young official of the Home Office who, before her departure, clumsily proposed to her in a drawing-room. But before Colonel Hassan can accept her invitation to London, she listens to the insidious advice of a Turkish "Countess" with a penchant for polishing finger-nails, and herself becomes so inoculated with Eastern, which it is intimately agree with the French, ideals of niceness, that on Hassan's arrival she is no longer of the "comrade" type but a queen, a Sultana, which is much commoner. While it is not quite obvious why a young woman who has learned from the pretended civilization of the East to give serious thought to slippers and stockings and petticoats, and not to "screw up her mouth" or harden her fingers on the keys of a typewriter, should cease to attract a military officer, this is undoubtedly a happy way of avoiding the complications incidental to a mixed marriage between one who has "forgotten her mission" and a Turk languishing to be under her influence. The problem is a fresh and vital one, and merits an artistic treatment which Mrs. Norman is plainly incapable of giving to it. She has that facility and exuberance, manifesting itself in slovenly brush-work, which nowadays too often precedes command of one's materials. Sentences overloaded with adjectives which are mere approximations, verbs without subjects, subjects without

verbs, and bits of unexpectedness like "a pristine towel" and "fluent as a water-pot," constantly block intelligence in the reading. Here, as in "Some Whims of Fate," the conception is immeasurably better than the execution. When will Mrs. Norman decide to cultivate simplicity and directness of expression, and to reject the abnormal?

When "The Man Who Wins" was published, about a year ago, it became evident that out of Chicago had arisen—or "materialized," should I say?—a writer who, if he persevered, might do much to relieve the dearth of realism in our country. That was a concise, earnest bit of analysis, showing in the career of one man the degenerative effects of ill-assorted marriage. *The Gospel of Freedom* is a full-fledged novel, with several interrelated characters, its trend, however, being psychological and social rather than physiological. The question, about which several minor "problems" are grouped, is: Can an art-loving woman, wedded to an earth-bound, money-grabbing man, secure spiritual freedom by leaving home and family to consort, in Europe, with an artist commencing criticism whom for some years she and her uncle have supported? With her thirst for new sensations and horror of maternity, Adela is a kind of Hedda Gabler, although plainly Americanized. But, to simplify matters, I suspect, passion is eliminated. On this account one feels that the main "problem" is not squarely stated. Were there less calculation in the premises, were the artist-critic Erard less anæmic and contemptible and unreal, were Adela chiefly actuated, not by an idea, but by an imperious love of pleasure or a disgust for home duties, the outworking of Mr. Herrick's story would appear tame indeed, although no humanizing of the situation could invalidate his thesis, that freedom is a state of soul, not a condition of person. A woman, even a mar-



ried woman, may be as "free" in Chicago as in Florence. Just how and when, Mr. Herrick does not disclose as clearly, for example, as did Mr. Fuller in "With the Procession." His reticence is the price of his conciseness. *The Gospel of Freedom* is tense, progressive, without frills or padding. If its style is more forcible than polished, its diction not unerring, its sentences occasionally disjointed, its descriptive touches, now and then, a trifle heavy, no less truly does it exhibit genuine insight and firm construction. That Mr. Herrick is stealthily and creditably following in the broad path of Count Tolstoi and Turgenev, of Ibsen and Sudermann, is undeniable. The ease with which novels of idea may be classified testifies less to the "trail of the serpent" than to the unfortunate paucity of such novels.

George Merriam Hyde.

#### DAUDET IN ENGLISH

"I THINK," said old Pierre Isoard, "that the novelist is the historian of little people, of the people who have no history, and he has no more right to be an impostor or a caricaturist than any one else."

This may be taken as an expression of Alphonse Daudet's own opinion, for old Pierre Isoard is one of the few personages in *Le Soutien de Famille*, the last of his books, with whom the author seems to have any sympathy, and almost the only one of them for whom he has more than a trace of respect. It is only courteous to assume that Daudet lived up to the standard set by his own definition, and it is only

well deserved recognition of his ability to accept as accurate the picture of the lower middle class of French society which he drew just before the pen fell from his tired fingers, never to be taken up again. So assuming and so accepting, a certain consolation will come to those of us who have been grieving over the recent displays of venomous hatred by the one nation in Europe whose good-will we had expected to receive as a matter of course. For they are a miserable lot, these men and women to whom Daudet introduces us—manifest degenerates, not less unintelligent than corrupt; people to whose affection Spain is thoroughly welcome. Allowance must be made, of course, for the author's age, which predisposed him to magnify the faults of a time not his own, and for the inclination of a man dying of a painful malady to take a gloomy view of his surroundings; but Daudet had the true artist's penetrating glance, and his search for types could hardly have ended, without his knowledge, in the discovery of mere individuals exceptionally vicious or exceptionally weak, and repulsive rather for their un-morality than for their im-morality. The realistic novelist has depicted the very France of the cable despatches and the boulevard journals. He gives us our revenge.

But, of course, this is not "criticism," either of *Le Soutien de Famille* or of the English translation made by Levin Carnac, and called, for reasons not quite obvious, *The Head of the Family*. As a literary achievement, the book does not add to Daudet's fame, and will fail to decrease it only because the world is wise enough, and just enough, to judge a writer by his best work, and to ignore and forget that which is either relatively or absolutely inferior. In the present instance, to say that the inferiority is of the latter sort would be needless harshness. The story, as a whole, is marked by the forcing of

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Levin Carnac, with a critical sketch by Adolphe Cohn. Illustrations by Marchetti. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.50.

incident that is the inevitable sign of waning powers; but here and there, not infrequently, the old skill in characterization and description reappears, the melodrama acquires the blood and breath of life—or of comedy, which is the same thing—and inspiration, real though wearied, achieves again the miracle of artistic illusion.

The book has two heroes, one virtuous and too much of a fool to be either admirable or interesting, while the other is the Egoist, born in the squalid room behind a Parisian shop instead of in an English manor-house, and he is such an unutterably noxious creature that even as a human possibility the reader is humiliated by him.

The translator has performed his task

with as much fidelity as his publishers would allow, and any sophisticated reader can imagine the passages that have been elided. Of Daudet's style not a trace has been brought across the linguistic chasm, but the "story" is all there—just as the "story" of an ode by Horace is in the excellent volume bearing the name of Bohn—and no more than that is to be expected while dealers in books regard translation as easy work, to be done rapidly—and cheaply. Numerous highly commendable illustrations by Marchetti assist to the understanding of the book, and for preface it has a "critical sketch" of Daudet by Mr. Adolphe Cohn, LL.B., A.M. The "critical sketch" fills thirteen pages—an unlucky number.

*F. C. Mortimer.*

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## TWO GOOD-HUMORED TALES

*A VOYAGE of Consolation* is undoubtedly a humorous book; but Mr. Traill has recently told us that we are "within measurable distance of a time when nobody will be outwardly amused by the humor of anybody else; or when no one, at any rate, will be moved or movable to those mere muscular demonstrations of merriment which the ludicrous was wont to provoke." In other words, humor that comes like whooping-cough, accompanied by unexpected convulsions of the respiratory passages, is going out of fashion with the present generation. To read about Americans abroad who are "Poppa" and "Momma" to their children, who regard Pliny as "a good reporter born before his time," and who find the "Middle Agedness" of Italy somewhat trying, is

not so infectious a form of amusement as it seemed to be some years ago. Yet Mrs. Cotes has too keenly observed and too cleverly recorded to dread a more fastidious public than welcomed "An American Girl in London." If readers will not laugh, they at least will be serious; they will recognize in Senator Wick a type that is indisputable, though passing away. His remarks frequently fall short of the pungency aimed at; but he never fails to represent the point of view of a certain kind of American, who should be cherished because he is becoming rare. Like the furniture of our ancestors, he is solid and well made. He is innocent both of vincer and green stain; he is fitted to his use, and he is unique in the history of civilization. In his more graceful forms, in the novels of Mr. Henry James for example, he is very beautiful. Among other things, he testifies to the solidarity between the American father and the

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*A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION.* By Mrs. E. C. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

*HER LADYSHIP'S ELEPHANT.* By D. D. Wells. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

American daughter; sufficiently obvious, perhaps, in all divisions of our society, but especially conspicuous in the circle to which Senator Wick belongs. It is certainly desirable that this type, of which Mrs. Cotes has made something between a portrait and a caricature, should be preserved in honest fiction, with all its crudities and absurdities and pathetic virtues—lest we forget!

In *Her Ladyship's Elephant* we have an elastic sort of comicality very well suited to the mood of this decade. A succession of joyously ridiculous incidents are dovetailed with delicate accuracy. The characters represent America and England without straining at jocularity or yielding to favoritism, and the history of the two proposals in the first chapter has an element of shrewdness in addition to its sympathetic fun. The mad dance of fate kept up by the couples on their honeymoon is cleverly performed, with an exhilarating impression of long breath and ample energy. There is no scrap of sentiment or hint of vulgarity, there are no arch-refinements or mechanical poses. The incredible blunders carry conviction, and the reader is agreeably conscious that his mind is having just the right amount of exercise to guard against reaction. In a prefatory note Mr. D. D. Wells assures the skeptical that "the one 'impossible' and 'unnatural' figure, the elephant, had his foundation in actual fact," and the consul acquired his diverting companion precisely as narrated. Although a captive, the elephant is true kinsman to the spirited Hathi of the Jungle Book, and manages in a most superior manner to work confusion to the Man-Pack.

Mr. Wells concludes his preface with a mysterious reference to other "episodes stranger than fiction, which went to form the warp and woof" of his diplomatic career. If the nature of these episodes is fairly indicated by the one already made

public, we shall hope for a series of consular sketches to relieve the tension of our international relations. *E. L. C.*

### A STEADY-GOING STORY

IT is rather pleasant to find that the old optimistic attitude toward poverty and genius has not entirely changed. In *The Duenna of a Genius* we have all the familiar satisfactions: the impecunious little musicians make friends in the first chapter with a "colossally rich" baronet, who will certainly "comforte hem and make hem chere" at the end of the book, whatever tribulations may intervene. The second hero is not merely rich. He is a famous Hungarian pianist with the name of Waldenck and the external physiognomy of Paderewski. Valérie, the violinist, falls in love with him at sight, a charming fashion revived. The irregularities of human fate are so arranged as to bring the two together in a green wood where Valérie plays to Waldenck his "Rêverie" and conveys to him "emotions of which he had indeed been conscious but to which he had been unable to give adequate expression." Margot, the duenna, is left in the shadow by this turning of the sunflower to the sun, but the baronet is waiting for her, and subtly manages to urge his suit at the moment of her greatest loneliness. Margot punctually accepts him, she knows her trade as heroine.

The French phrases with which the text is interspersed are not so idiomatic as to tax the faculties of the ordinary reader; but the author has emulated Webster in adding one new word to the English language—*exigious*: Margot's answers are "somewhat exigious."

THE DUENNA OF A GENIUS. By M. E. Francis. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

## AMONG THE NEWEST BOOKS

### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

**M**R. F. REGINALD STATHAM, the author of three or four other books on subjects related to the South African question, acknowledges some sort of indebtedness to Dr. G. M. Theal's "History" and Dr. Jorissen's "Transvaalsche Herinneringen," for materials used in his *Paul Kruger and His Times*. He also falls foul of Professor Bryce occasionally in the course of his work, and quotes approvingly from Mr. Poultney Bigelow's recent African book. Mr. Statham begins by drawing a rather forced parallel between his hero and Horatius, which still helps one to feel that Oom Paul and his career are to be treated of with all fairness, and this feeling is strengthened when, on turning the page, we discover the biographer calmly placing President Kruger among "the five persons in the world" [if there are so many, which he seems to doubt], "whose names everywhere awaken the sense of a strong and distinct individuality." Presently, Mr. Statham begins to gird, vaguely but with feeling, at Kaiser Wilhelm II (than at whom a truly reverent person would almost rather gird at the equator), and he makes the fine but showy point that "while the world-wide fame of Cecil Rhodes rests upon personal success, the world-wide fame of Paul Kruger rests upon personal devotion." But it is probably not as a critical biography that this work will be generally regarded. It could hardly be expected to contain a "last word" of appreciation or judgment. It does, however, set forth in a clear and sufficiently attractive way many facts not hitherto accessible. Unlike Canning's famous knife-grinder, Mr. Statham has a story to tell. His partisanship, or, to say better, the inclination of his sympathy, is not a matter of doubt; indeed, he had already proclaimed it in an article on events in South Africa, published in a recent *Fortnightly*. Not only common-sense, but the fashion of contemporary thought, however, tends toward Mr. Statham's view of the present situation in the Transvaal neighborhood, out

of which so much of great historical importance is expected to grow.

Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger was born at Colesburg, Oct. 10, 1825, a direct descendant in the sixth generation of Jacob Kruger, who went to South Africa in the service of the Dutch East India Company in 1713. He was born to an inheritance of physical strength and endurance, and his character was developed amid danger and hardships. His vigor and daring have often been associated with good luck. Even in his young manhood the Zulus believed him invulnerable, and to this belief (which he would have been more than human not to encourage, in the circumstances) they still hold. His career is graphically and often picturesquely set forth from his novitiate in public life as a field cornet, at once soldier and magistrate, through his association with Pretorius, through all his conflicts and triumphs, until his recent reelection, for a fourth term, to the Presidency of the South African Republic. From the frontispiece the fat face of Oom Paul looks out at one with a deceptive appearance of sleepy indifference. The volume contains a good, serviceable map, but no index. [L. C. Page & Co., 8vo, \$3.]

Of a somewhat different quality, in a literary sense particularly (but in others, too), is the *Autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon, Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records*, by his wife and his private secretary, the formidable Vol. I of which is now at hand. In the first place, Spurgeon was never one to hide his light under a bushel, and the labors of the compilers of this work have not been so largely expended, as those of Kruger's biographer were, in hunting for facts. The first volume contains the story of his life, with much fulness of detail, between his birth in 1834 and the early beginning of his long pastorate in 1854. The first twenty years of even a great man's life are not commonly filled with incidents which it is worth the while of posterity to remember; but here is a heavy quarto of nearly four hundred pages devoted to the doings, the aspirations, and the opinions of a badly educated, emotional lad. Mr.

Spurgeon began to write his autobiography, chapter by chapter, it seems, many years ago, and he labored on it as the mood possessed him, or his leisure permitted, sparing no details he thought of interest. One of the reasons of his great success in life was his nearness in habits of thought and manners and intellectual make-up to the multitude. His eloquence was in the spirit, rather than in the form, of his utterances; and his writing is crude, homely, and often naïf. Not the least interesting things in the first volume (there are to be four) are the many illustrations, including portraits of Spurgeon and his forebears and some of his early contemporaries, and many excellent pictures of places. [Fleming H. Revell Company, 4to, \$2.50 each].

*A French Volunteer of the War of Independence* is a new translation of the *Mémoires du Comte de M—*, a rare book which the translator, Robert B. Douglas, thinks has not been known to many persons who have written about the American Revolution and the part taken in its campaigns by Frenchmen. The original work has a singular history. Comte de Moré wrote it to oblige his cousin, Mme. de Lavan, who sensibly thought that copies of the story of a wealthy nobleman's extraordinary adventures, told by himself, would be just the things she needed for attractive prizes in a lottery with a charitable object which she was directing. Comte (afterward Marquis) de Moré was, it will be seen, an unusually modest author. What has served to make his one book "rare," and extravagantly prized by collectors, is not the identity of its author, or its literary merit, or the queer purpose for which it was produced, but the mere fact that the printer's name was Honoré de Balzac. That man of genius sank a small fortune trying to conduct a printing establishment before he found his vocation and made his name immortal. Books bearing Balzac's imprint as publisher are fairly worth their weight in gold. The *Mémoires* were written forty years after the French nobleman's service in America, when he was a reckless youth known as the Chevalier de Pontgibaud. He seems to have been, indeed, an incorrigible youth. Once he threw a plateful of spinach in his stern old grandmother's face.

In his young manhood he was imprisoned by *lettres de cachet* for disobedience and persistent opposition to the will of the family. That is why he joined Washington's army after an escape from the Chateau de Pierre-en-Cize, worthy, in its theatrical effectiveness, of Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard, or M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, or M. Henri Rochefort, or some other hero of cheap romance. He found Lafayette at Valley Forge, and remained with the American army until the close of the war. His record of his experiences is voluminous enough, but one does not derive from it the impression that much of the information he imparts was obtained by direct observation. He has a happy faculty for seeing the humorous side of things, and his anecdotes are plentiful and crisp. That many of them are true is not likely. In 1789 Pontgibaud came into his inheritance and married a beautiful and wealthy widow. Now his days of adventure were past, and he seems to have lived happily through the many disturbances which beset his native land, dying peacefully in 1836. [Appleton, 12mo, \$1.50.]

The first volume of a new American Explorers Series, issued in a limited edition of 950 copies, *The Journal of Jacob Fowler*, edited by Elliott Cones, with copious notes, is a good specimen of book-making, mechanically speaking, and is a work which may be commended to both the lover of literary curiosities and the student of our history who cares to go into the lesser details of the achievements of the earliest Western pioneers. Major Jacob Fowler was an American explorer of great perseverance and daring, who never secured national repute, to be sure, but whose own autographic account of his journey from Arkansas through then wild regions which are now parts of Indian Territory, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, to the sources of the Rio Grande del Norte, in 1821-22, is a narrative remarkable for its straightforwardness, modesty, observation, and orthographical picturesqueness. Jacob Fowler was born in New York in 1765, and in his young manhood went to the Southwest as a surveyor. He was of the sturdy stuff pioneers are made of, of simple tastes, unimaginative, unlettered, energetic, and

cool-headed. The faded manuscript from which the "copy" for this book was made, a page of which is presented in facsimile, seems to the uninitiated to be as hopelessly unintelligible as those famous notes Nansen made during his winter imprisonment in the hut on Franz Josef Land; but Mrs. Mary B. Anderson, who was intrusted with the difficult task of making the copy by Mr. Cones, has performed it admirably, preserving to the world the simple directness and quite unconscious humor of the author, who boldly spells voyage "voige" and has no sort of idea of the proper use of capital letters. Mr. Cones well says of the narrative: "It is simply a story of the trader and trapper unsupported by the soldier, unimpeded by the priest, and in no danger from the politician." [Francis P. Harper, 8vo, \$3 net.]

Reuben Gold Thwaites, author of *Afloat on the Ohio*, is secretary of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, and has written or edited various other historical works and books of travel. His present subject is a journey in a skiff made by four persons—two men, a woman, and a boy—from the mouth of Redstone Creek on the Monongahela River, near Charleroi, Penn., to Cairo, Ills., a distance of one thousand miles, more or less; and it is treated of in the form of a journal. By this method the spirit of each day's stage, the direct effect of the weather and the scenery and such moving accidents as were encountered, is imparted to the reader; but this freshness and graphic quality of narrative is not the author's only aim, and he sets down patiently and with much particularization all the information, geographical, geological, ethnological, historical, and industrial, that he acquired in the trip. The skiff floated into the Ohio River at Logstown on the fourth day, and on the ninth Mason and Dixon's line was crossed near Proctor's Run. Blennerhassett's famous island was reached on the tenth day, and here in camp Mr. Thwaites permitted himself to fairly revel in "memories" of Aaron Burr and the great conspiracy which came to so little; and so on through six States, as the river winds in and out, to the end of the journey. It is not too much to say that in those passages wherein the didactic purpose of Mr.

Thwaites is least apparent the book contains something of the same quaint charm that one finds in Mark Twain's pilot stories and the river chapters of "Huckleberry Finn," and this is conclusive evidence that it reflects well the spirit of the river life. The incidental sketches of Southwestern character are convincing. The journal is supplemented by a historical sketch of the settlement of the Ohio Valley, and a unique bibliography of journals of previous travellers down that river from 1776 to the present decade, the value of both of which is obvious. [Way & Williams, 12mo, \$1.50.]

M. Lebon's *Modern France* belongs to the series in which the stories of nations are told. In the moderate space of less than five hundred pages it seeks to record, not only the political but the artistic and scientific progress of France from 1789 to 1895, the most important century in a thousand years of French history. Such a compendium is rarely an important addition to literature. To those who desire a brief review of any period of national life, we are inclined to think that the article in the encyclopedia will answer their purpose just as well as these summaries of events, that may be described as history under bare poles. Doubtless it is possible in small space to give a philosophical review of any period, to describe the causes that have underlain national growth and assisted national development; but the successful accomplishment of such a work requires both literary and analytical qualities of the highest order. It is no discredit to M. Lebon that he has not done this, nor, indeed, has he undertaken it. His book contains a brief and fairly accurate summary of the principal events in French history during the century. It is a creditable specimen of its class; M. Lebon indulges in few vagaries, he narrates his facts with clearness and brevity, he treats political questions with moderation, if not with novelty. In something over three hundred pages we are taken from the meeting of the States General to the presidency of Félix Faure, and little fault can be found with the record of facts or with the author's criticisms on events and the actors in them.

Over one hundred pages are given to a review of literature, art, and science during

the century, and in this are found short sketches of men who attained eminence in these directions, with a list of their important works, and occasionally a brief statement of their character. Such summaries are rarely interesting and are not often valuable, but if a book is used for purposes of reference, they may prove convenient for some. [Putnam's, 12mo, \$1.50.]

In *Seven Months a Prisoner* J. V. Hadley describes what he saw of the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. He was a lieutenant on the staff of Brigadier-General Rice, of Warren's corps, detailed to command the skirmishers who were cut off from the line of battle by the first advance of the Confederates. Hadley was disabled by falling under his horse and captured while wounded. He narrates with vivid effect his disagreeable but frequently exciting experiences on the march, by stages, and in the rebel prison pens at Gordonsville, Lynchburg, Macon, Savannah, Charleston, where Union prisoners were kept under the fire of the Union guns on Morris Island, and finally at Columbia. Hadley and three other officers escaped from the Columbia enclosure, Nov. 4, 1864, and after many adventures in the swamps of South Carolina, befriended by the stupid but willing darkies, and in the mountains of North Carolina, where their friends were bold, amiable girls and rough male outlaws of the types Miss Murfree portrays so well in her stories, they reached Knoxville, Dec. 10. The tone of this tale of experiences in action during the Civil War is moderate and free from prejudice, while the literary quality is of even excellence, and there are few passages that betray the artful preparation of the lamp-lit study. Of course, very much the same story has been told over and over again, but it is ever fresh, and there are always new readers to eagerly welcome it. Hadley and his companions were young men from the Northwest, volunteers serving a three years' term, and of exactly the same type, physically and mentally, as many thousands of the youngsters who have been recently mustered into service for the war with Spain. [Scribners, 16mo, 75 cents.]

Some really charming descriptive and historical essays contributed to *The Con-*

*necticut Quarterly* and *The New England Magazine* by Ellen Strong Bartlett have been collected in a thin quarto entitled *Historical Sketches of New Haven*. The book is printed from presentable type with good ink and embellished with many excellent cuts in half-tone, and, in fact, has all the concomitants of a desirable volume for such folks as a work of this kind appeals to, except that the paper is too highly glazed. The little essays treat of the famous "green" of New Haven, of the history of the Center Church, of the Grove Street Cemetery opened one hundred and two years ago, of the beauty and historical associations of Hillhouse Avenue, and, finally, of John Trumbull's paintings; while the illustrations are of positive value in assisting the author to impress upon the reader's mind the uncommon attractiveness and dignity of the famous Connecticut town. Ellen Strong Bartlett groups the facts she has gathered from old chronicles and the verbal traditions she has chosen to perpetuate with a facile pen, with a sense of historical perspective, and not without a subtle sense of humor. Her book is easily read and well repays the reading. [Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, 4to.]

*The Making of the Canadian West* is a rather too comprehensive title for the little book in which the Rev. R. G. Mac Beth, of Winnipeg, recounts some of his personal experiences of the settlement and development of the Red River country. But, so far as it goes, the book bears the stamp of authenticity and is a not unimportant contribution to Canadian history. Mr. Mac Beth, who was born in the Northwest country, which has been builded up so largely by settlers of Scottish blood, is the author also of a previous work of a similar character, "The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life." Louis Riel's rebellion of 1869 and its suppression, the making of the province of Manitoba, with interesting personal sketches of Norquay, Greenway, and other men of prominence in that work; the "boom" of the early seventies, when wild speculation did more to hurt than to help the newly opened country, and the recurrence in 1885 of French Canadian half-breed rebellion under the same leader as before, are among the subjects he treats of with the

knowledge of an eye-witness. The volume is profusely if not elegantly illustrated. [William Briggs, 12mo.]

### TRAVELS, AND THINGS OUT OF DOORS

THE author of *Halcyon Days in Norway, France, and the Dolomites*, Mr. William Bement Lent, is evidently a man of orthodox tastes and beliefs, with a matter-of-fact way of looking at things, a fund of easily appreciated sentiment, and a fondness for the superlative in his descriptions. His book leads us to believe that he would make a very good travelling companion. His sense of humor is not so keen that he will hesitate to speak of Cologne Cathedral as "soaring" above the city, nor is it so blunt that he could fail to note that while Coleridge's famous seventy-two odors are no longer to be found in the historic Prussian city, there is compensation in the discovery of as many as seventy-two places where the genuine Johann Farina cologne was first made. Mr. Lent begins by describing a journey from Paris to Trondhjem and thence to the North Cape. Lately both the growth of interest in Ibsen and the achievements of Nansen have perceptibly increased the world's feeling of kinship with Norway, and lucid, well-meant descriptions of its scenery, coupled with reports of quick impressions of its people and their customs, are likely to find more readers now than they might have found a few years ago. In his accounts of travel in France Mr. Lent gives us "pen pictures" of Rouen, Dieppe, Dives, Caen, the inevitable Mont St. Michel, and many other places of interest. Perhaps most taking of all are his chapters on the country of the Dolomites, that strange region in the Tyrol named after Dolomieu, the geologist, which he commends anew to men of science and artists, mountain-climbers and "ordinary folk." Mr. Lent's trip thither was made from Venice by way of Panaveggio, San Martino, Primiero, and Belluno to Toblach, and his descriptions reflect much of the strange beauty and pervasive mystery of the country. The illustrations are reproductions in half-tone of excellent photographs and

the subjects are invariably well chosen. [Bonnell, Silver & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.]

In *Alaska: Its History, Climate, and Natural Resources*. Mr. A. P. Swineford, formerly governor of that Territory, has produced a book about the timeliness of which there can be no question. The volume contains a large map, 18 inches by 24, of Alaska, British Columbia, and the Klondike region, while its text is also illustrated by many photo-lithographs. The history of Alaska Mr. Swineford compiled from fresh translations of the records of the Russian-American Company, and the reports of the United States Congress in 1867-68, drawing also upon his own recollections, while the larger part of the book is made up of first-hand descriptions of the country, its few industries, its natural scenery, and its inhabitants. Of the latest gold discoveries the author says very little, because he has nothing definite to say under that head. The Klondike, as yet, has no history, and what might be published about it in book-form one day would likely be contradicted in the newspapers of the next. But Mr. Swineford intelligently treats of the earlier mining operations in that region, of the political problems which have been solved or shirked since the Territory of Alaska became ours, of the coal mines, the fur industry, and the possibilities of the lumber trade. This is, clearly, a sound and serviceable volume, one intended, so to speak, for ready consumption, and that ought to find a good market. [Rand, McNally & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.]

Very few birds remain to be discovered, and their species have long since been arranged in a manner to satisfy most naturalists, but every season brings a new output of books that help to introduce the birds to a more general public. Every meadow and woodland is made more interesting by the presence and songs of our feathered friends, and to be able to recognize them and know something of their lives adds an interest to and appreciation of both the open country and the city park. So far as the uninitiated observer is concerned, every new bird seen is a discovery, and the effort to identify an individual for the first time has all of the fasci-



nation that belongs to original research. *Bird Studies*, by W. E. D. Scott, is a volume of rather too large a size for other use than as a home reference, but for this purpose it is of great value. Mr. Scott is a trained naturalist and knows his birds thoroughly as a scientist, but he has avoided technicalities and written his descriptions with simple directness and clearness. It is a relief to observe that he avoids rather than courts opportunities for undue expression of sentiment. Bird-hunters will find the sentiment in nature, and it is an affront to the good taste of readers to compel them to read some of the stuff that passes as interpretation of bird-life. The illustrations from photographs, many of them from life, are admirable, especially those showing the progressive development of young birds, but we fail to see any particular help to identification in the pictures of palpably dead birds in unnatural attitudes. They make a distinctly unpleasant impression and are too evidently the favorite subjects of the tape-measure naturalists, from which school Mr. Scott's text conclusively excludes him. [Putnam's, 4to, \$5.00.]

Mr. Frederick A. Ober, the well-known naturalist, might be appropriately called the modern Robinson Crusoe. In his very entertaining volume on *Crusoe's Island* he tells the story of his experiences on the island of Tobago in the Caribbean Sea, and proves pretty conclusively that the readers of Defoe "have persisted in locating the chief character of the immortal work in a different part of the world from that which the author intended." Tobago, and not Juan Fernandez, was the dwelling-place of Crusoe. Mr. Ober spent a number of months exploring Tobago and studying its natural history, and he, too, had his parrot and other pets, and also his man Friday, in the person of old Thomas Ned. It is an unusually interesting nature book. [Appleton's Home Reading Books, 12mo, 60 cents net.]

Mr. H. E. Parkhurst, the author of the "Birds Calendar" and "Song Birds and Waterfowl," has done all bird-lovers a kindness in making a *little* book to go easily in the pocket. His new volume, *How to Name the Birds*, arranged on an

entirely novel plan based upon color combinations, will prove a most welcome introductory field-book. The purpose is to enable anyone to identify a bird *when seen*, and with a careful preliminary reading it will serve this purpose. The map of the range included and the colored plates showing the parts of a bird important in identification are very acceptable additions. [Scribners, 16mo, \$1.00 net.]

Mary Elizabeth Parsons' *Wild Flowers of California*, arranged, with the author's permission, on the admirable plan of Mrs. Dana's popular "How to Know the Wild Flowers," will prove a ready help to nature-lovers on the Pacific coast. The illustrations, by Margaret Warriner Buck, are excellent. [William Doxey, 12mo, \$2.00 net.]

#### BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

IN *Princeton, Old and New*, Mr. James W. Alexander has answered the query: "What sort of fellows are you Princeton men, and what do you do down there?" It would not be true to say that what he does not tell about Princeton is not worth knowing, for it is. But it is all easily found elsewhere, in encyclopedias, histories, and other authorized depositories of facts, whereas the information he does communicate is of a more subtle quality and not so easily run down. He tells about the manners and customs of the Princeton undergraduates for a century and a half; about the traditions of the place, the clubs and societies, the personal traits of the great Princeton presidents, and generally of the life that goes on outside of recitation rooms and which supplements the university's more serious labors. He carries Princeton through three wars, in each of which she took a lively part and had memorable experiences. He tells of her athletic activities and triumphs, and he dwells finally on the university's great growth in material as well as intellectual things. He tells, too, a great many stories, the tendency of most of which is to demonstrate that Princeton young men in time past have been young, as at present, and not lacking in the traits and propensities generally characteristic of youths in college.

The little book is interesting all through, not only to Princeton men, but to other readers. There is nothing in it that could be spared, and being choke full of Princeton sentiments and the Princeton spirit it helps to an appreciation of the nature of those important developments.

It has the advantage of a very attractive cover, and includes the exceptionally successful pictures, by Mr. Leigh, which illustrated the recent Princeton article in *Scribner's Magazine*. [Scribners, 12mo, \$1.25.]

One of the purposes of Prof. N. S. Shaler's admirable *Outlines of the Earth's History* is to check the tendency of the young and ignorant, and some others, to regard the visible universe as a completed work. It is the common idea that the history of the Earth is finished, that it represents something done instead of something endlessly doing. We do not remember to have seen a volume, designed for popular use, in which the vital fact that Nature knows no rest and her forces are ever active is forced upon the reader's mind so clearly and logically. Further than this, it is sufficient to say, in commendation of the scheme of the work, that Professor Shaler has not erred in an attempt to make it comprehend too much. It is well designed to interest the student in natural science, but does not attempt to thoroughly ground him in that study. The several chapters treat of the ways and means of studying nature, the science of astronomy, the origin and development of our own planet, the atmosphere of the Earth, glaciers, the work of underground water, the soil and the rocks; and these subjects, or branches of the same subject, are all dealt with in the light of modern discovery and theory. The origin of organic species, for instance, is no longer believed to have been due to sudden creation by the will of the Supreme Being. The science of geology, founded by the Greeks, but long lost to man, and revived only a few centuries ago, is still the least perfectly organized of all divisions of learning. "It is an easy matter for the students of to-day to imagine that the Earth has long endured; but to our forefathers, who were educated in the view that it had been brought from nothingness into existence about 7,000 years ago,

it was most difficult, and for a time impossible, to believe in its real antiquity." But gradually the conviction has spread that a hundred million years or more have elapsed since what we call "creation," and that all changes have taken place as gradually as they are now going on. Useful illustrations are abundant, and there is a complete index. [D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.75.]

In *Idle Hours in a Library* Professor Hudson has written of certain manners and customs of London life in Shakespeare's time, of a couple of women novelists of the Restoration period, of Pepys's Diary, and of Henri Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. His precise service to the public is difficult to trace; but it seems to lie in the skill with which he eliminates from his intellectual *sauce piquante* those elements that differentiate it from honest English gravy. There is nothing to offend the most Anglican taste, for example, in his little history of Murger, the gay, the gracious, the melancholy and misfortunate Bohemian, whose brief season of youth embraced the chill and heat of the round year. We learn that the difficulty with him was that, "although literature was his livelihood, his regular trade and calling, he persistently refused to regard it mainly in that light—refused to sacrifice artistic excellence to temporary advantage, and to debase a sacred mission into mere routine work, the immediate, if not indeed the sole object of which was to turn so much intellectual labor into so much food and clothing." We hear nothing about his indefensible method of loafing into the editorial sanctum, and tossing up a five-franc piece, "Heads, you must write the article—tails, do it Monday or another day!" He seems, under Professor Hudson's kindly interpretation, to wear a new and graver aspect that undoubtedly will gain him friends, and attract to his poetry and prose a public hitherto unfamiliar with him. With the prejudices of such a public in mind, perhaps, Professor Hudson pauses to consider the debatable question of Bohemian morality. "*Comme un enfant de Bohème*," he finally arrives at the brave conclusion that "it can never be [too] often urged that in such a case as this—perhaps in all art whatsoever—the

one fundamentally essential thing is treatment; and with Murger's handling of his theme, no possible fault could be found even by the most austere and exacting critic." [William Doxey, 12mo, \$1.25.]

We do not think that as English readers we quite deserve the implication made against us by the author of *A Group of French Critics*, who somewhat gratuitously assumes our ignorance of her Gallic favorites. If Doudan, Planche, and Girardin are indeed "little more than mere names" to us, it is because we have neglected our English periodicals. Of American and English familiarity with Scherer it is hardly necessary to boast. We admit, on the other hand, that the fame of Bersot has not been widely spread. The sense of responsibility by which the author has been impelled to publish her excellent little volume seems to us strained. If we all of us should feel under obligation to the public to write about "those who have instructed and charmed us and developed our taste," where might it not end!

The present case happens to have ended rather better than the beginning promised. The introduction, with its curious dependence upon Lombroso and Wilhelm Wundt, is not weighty enough for the theory it is intended to crush, and is much too ponderous to serve the purpose of mere entertainment. But the remainder of the book is surprisingly interesting, and the translation of the quoted passages is much above the average. In the discussion of Planche there is a little pardonable yielding to hero-worship. His merits are not, perhaps, overdrawn, but a simple acknowledgment of those faults so well known to careful students of his work would at least have given an effect of balance.

Without wishing to throw cold water on the charitable intentions of the author, we confess she seems to us belated in her sympathies. Is it true that the poor French are still suffering from "having the best in them ignored," and "hearing themselves called wholly frivolous and pleasure-loving, and their literature characterized as a literature of the sewers and gutters"? [A. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.]

## BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THESE be times when patriotism of every stripe, on sea and land, at home and abroad, by day and night, may well be held up for the admiration and profit of the rising generation, and it is therefore not surprising to find the table littered with books in which the great deeds of our national heroes are set forth in glowing colors more or less fitted to fire the imagination. Some of the present crop of books for boys offer more than mere entertainment. Mr. Allen's *Navy Blue*, for instance, seems to be, and doubtless is, a conscientious picture of the life led by our boys at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. A young man eager for glory upon the deep—and about nine out of ten young men are suffering acutely from this disease just at present—will find here all sorts of interesting information. He will be told what he must

do to obtain admission to Annapolis, what he must know when he goes in and when he comes out, and what he may expect in the way of work, pleasure, play, and hardships in the great training school of our navy. The different classes are followed through each year. A pleasantly told story cements the facts of cadet life together, and the book has the advantage of reproductions from actual photographs showing typical scenes at the academy, groups of cadets, training ships, etc. Mr. Allen had the assistance of Lieut. W. H. II. Southerland in making the technical parts of his book accurate and valuable.

In *A Thousand Men for a Christmas Present* Miss Mary B. Sheldon tells what two boys saw of Washington's passage of the Delaware on that Christmas night of 1776, the Hessians captured at Trenton

making a memorable Christmas present to the American patriots. Miss Sheldon's boys are not impossible young heroes, and as much may be said for the chief character in Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks's *A Son of the Revolution*, the first of a series of stories for young people to be called "Sons of the Republic." The present volume deals largely with Aaron Burr, one of the most picturesque figures of our history.

It will not be surprising if some boys find such a book as Mr. Ellis's *History of Our Country*, with its clearly marshalled facts and its two hundred pictures, of more interest than history diluted with fiction. Notwithstanding the vast amount of information crowded into those nearly five hundred pages, the book is so planned as to give one a comprehensive view of the nation's life during typical periods—that of Discovery and Exploration, of Settlement, of Revolution, of Formation, of War, and finally of Progress. A peculiarly valuable feature are the short and excellent biographies given, in closing every chapter, of the chief persons who may have figured in it, these biographical details being supplemented by scores of portraits. In the category of books that are more or less text-books, or may be made such, may be placed *Australia and the Islands of the Sea*, the eighth book in the "World and its People" series, edited by Dr. Dunton, of the Boston Normal School, and an excellent little volume that covers an immense deal of ground—Australia, New Zealand, Green-

land, Iceland, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, Cuba, Hayti, Trinidad, Sicily, Sumatra, and the Philippines, to mention but a few of the best-known titles. The size of these islands and about one hundred others, their appearance, population, government, the people who live in them, their looks, customs, beliefs, work, and play, are briefly but pleasantly set forth by Eva M. C. Kellogg in word and picture.

In the sympathetic introduction that Mr. George W. Cable furnishes for *The Eugene Field Book*, compiled by Mary E. Burt and Mary B. Cable, he strikes most happily the keynote of Field's character and of his work, for few men have put so much of their own selves in their work as the late writer, when he says that in the word's best meaning Field was a boy, and that all men and women were his boy and girl friends and playmates. "There was a magic in his companionship that brought the boy and girl out of hiding in all who enjoyed it." The little book of his writings now compiled as one of the Scribners' series of school reading has the too rare merit attributed by Sam Weller to that famous love-letter of his—one constantly wishes there was more of it. The selections have been made upon a basis furnished by the children themselves, and have been graded, after repeated tests, in the order of their simplicity. Among the poems, beginning, of course, with "Little Boy Blue," will be found "The Duel," "The Sugar-Plum Tree," "Booh!" "Little Miss Bragg," "Pittypat and Tippytoe," "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," "Seein' Things," "The Stoddards," "Some Time," and "Contentment," that fine bit of more ambitious verse beginning:

"Happy the man that, when his day is done,  
Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret."

The prose selections are "Little Mistress Merciless" and "Margaret: a Pearl." Not the least valuable feature of the book will be found in the letters of Field to his children; and while an editor may hesitate about printing letters so full of the sanctity of family life as are many of these, the temptation must be admitted. No one can read the one which Field sent to his second boy after the death of the

NAVY BLUE. A Story of Cadet Life in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. By Willis Boyd Allen. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

A THOUSAND MEN FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT. By Mary B. Sheldon. Illustrated. Estes & Lauriat, 12mo, 50 cents.

A SON OF THE REVOLUTION. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.

A HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY. Illustrated. By Edward S. Ellis. Lee & Shepard, 12mo, \$1.25.

AUSTRALIA AND THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA. By Eva M. C. Kellogg. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

THE EUGENE FIELD BOOK. Illustrated. By Mary E. Burt and Mary B. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, 60 cents net.

PARABLES FOR SCHOOL AND HOME. Illustrated. By Wendell P. Garrison. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.

ODYSSEUS. By Mary E. Burt and Zenaide A. Ragozin. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo.

ROSIN THE BEAU. Illustrated. By Laura E. Richards. Estes & Lauriat, 16mo, 50 cents.

THE GODS OF OUR FATHERS. By Herman T. Stern. Harper & Brothers, 12mo, \$1.50.

eldest without feeling the better for it. It sets one's estimate of every-day human nature a peg higher. The little autobiographical sketch with which the book ends was well worth the space. Field's mock confession of faith will be remembered as remarkable. He believed in ghosts, witches and fairies, churches, schools, compulsory education, and life imprisonment for people guilty of cruelty to animals; he hated politics, war, armies, guns, and fireworks. "I believe," he wrote, "that if I live, I shall do my best literary work when I am a grandfather." Alas, alas! The book is admirably illustrated with photographs of Field and his children, his collection of dolls, etc.; and some one has provided a score of cleverly drawn children figures used as tail-pieces.

"A little history and biography, a little geography, a little science, a little poetry, some old, old stories and some new"—these, according to Mr. Wendell P. Garrison, make up his *Parables for School and Home*. The parables deal with many things, among them tenderness for living things, kindness to animals, vandalism, mob excess, names, the flag, patriotism, attainment, death, heredity, superstition. They are such talks as a thoughtful man of good taste and wide reading might give to his children. In many of them, such as "Attainment" and "Consequences," adults as well as children will find profit. Mr. Garrison says that he has tried not to condescend. As a consequence, his flight is often rather high for the childish mind. Perhaps the best use for the book will be found as a mine for talk-material, with Mr. Garrison's parables as texts. Most of the essays are full of fancy as well as fact, as when, for instance, the author, in "Consequences," traces the present improved physical and consequently mental condition of men and women to Charles Goodyear. Without Goodyear we might never have had serviceable rubber, without rubber the bicycle tires would not have been possible, and without bicycles men and women would miss the splendid and improving exercise they now enjoy.

When Miss Mary E. Burt was in Athens she found that the school-children there excelled in spirited and intelligent read-

ing, and upon examination most of their books proved to be made up of classic tales. The book corresponding to our second or third reader was the story of Ulysses. A translation of this was prepared with the help of Bryant's version and of a noted German school reader, Willman's "Lesebuch aus Homer." The volume is divided into three parts, the first of which gives a short *résumé* of the war against Troy, the second the wanderings of Ulysses, and the third his return home and the killing of the suitors. With Homer and with children the story's the thing, and here we have the old poet at his best.

The many readers of Mrs. Richards's "Captain January" series will welcome *Rosin the Beau*, a sequel to "Melody" and "Marie," in which appears again the picturesque old violinist of the former books. The new story is a very pretty one, with many a touch of quiet humor and pathos.

In *The Gods of Our Fathers*, by Herman I. Stern, an elaborate attempt is made to show how Norse mythology has colored the religious, social, and literary character of the Teutons, just as Greek mythology has exerted its influence upon the Latin world. Mr. Stern does not believe that the ethical and literary value of the Norse mythology has been adequately recognized, so completely has it been overshadowed by the tales of the Greeks and Romans. The divinities of Olympus are household names. Such expressions as "Cupid's arrows," "a Junoesque form," "a palladium of liberty," "protean changes," "a mentor," "a stentorian voice," etc., pass current everywhere as linguistic legal-tender because the golden coin of classic knowledge is behind it as the common property of all. But how many have ever heard of Freya, of Thór, Baldur and Loki, of the Normes and the Valkyries? And were it not for Wagner's music-dramas some of us would know even less than we do. Mr. Stern tells in a concise and interesting way the story of the world according to early Saxon legend, in which Odin, Thór, Loki, are the chief actors of the world drama that ends with the Twilight of the Gods.

# BOOKS RECEIVED

## HISTORY

*History of Frederick the Great.* Vol. VI. Thomas Carlyle, *The Centenary Edition.* Scribners, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*The Spaniard in History.* James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 12mo, 75 cents.  
*History of the Commune of 1871.* M. Lissagaray. Translated by Eleanor Marx Aveling. International Pub. Co., 8vo.

## BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS

*Arthur Henry Hallam.* W. E. Gladstone. *Companion Classics.* Perry Mason & Co., illustrated, paper, 12mo.  
*The Life of David Dudley Field.* Henry M. Field. Scribners, crown 8vo, \$3.00.  
*William Ewart Gladstone.* James Bryce. Century Co., 16mo, \$1.00.  
*Martin Luther.* Henry Eyster Jacobs. *Heroes of the Reformation.* G. P. Putnam's Sons, illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Collections and Recollections.* By One Who Has Kept a Diary. Harper & Bros., 8vo, \$2.50.  
*Talks with Mr. Gladstone.* Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo.

## TRAVEL

*Cuba at a Glance.* Emma Kaufman and Anne O'Hagan. R. H. Russell, paper, 12mo, 50 cents.  
*Way Out Yonder.* Wm. L. Viescher. Laird & Lee, 12mo, 75 cents.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

*Christian Science and Its Problems.* J. H. Bates. Eaton & Mains, 16mo, 50 cents.  
*Comfortable Thoughts for Those Bereaved.* Thomas Whittaker, paper, small 4to, 25 cents.  
*A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible.* D. W. Faunce, D.D. Am. Baptist Pubn. Soc., 12mo, \$1.00.  
*Faith and Doubt in the Century's Poets.* Richard A. Armstrong. Thomas Whittaker, 16mo, \$1.00.

## POETRY

*Idyllic Monologues.* Madison Cawein. John P. Morton & Co., 12mo.  
*Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām.* Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. The Lark Classics. Wm. Doxey, small, 50 cents.  
*Epigenia in Tauris.* Goethe. Translated by Frederick Butler. The Author, paper, small 4to.  
*Poems.* Philip Becker Goetz. R. G. Badger & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.  
*A Voice from the West.* Alfred Austin. M. F. Mansfield, paper, 12mo, 25 cents.  
*In This Our World.* Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Small, Maynard & Co., 16mo, \$1.25.  
*Before the Dawn.* Joseph Leiser. Peter Paul Book Co., 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Capriccios.* Louis J. Block. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.

## MISCELLANEOUS

*Conklin's Bequemes Hand-Buch.* Laird & Lee, small 4to, 50 cents.  
*Vibration the Law of Life.* W. H. Williams. The Temple Pub. Co., 8vo.  
*Monks and Their Decline.* Rev. George Zurcher. The Author, paper, 16mo, 25 cents.  
*Sanitary Engineering.* Wm. Paul Gerhard, C.E. The Author, 12mo, \$1.00.  
*Easy Lessons in Vocal Culture and Vocal Expression.* S. S. Hamill, A.M. Eaton & Mains, 16mo, 60 cents.  
*Encyclopedia of Sport.* Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peck, and F. G. Afalo. Parts XIV, XV. G. P. Putnam's Sons, crown 8vo, illustrated, paper, each \$1.  
*Glimpses of Charles Dickens.* E. S. Williamson. The Author, paper, illustrated, 8vo, \$1.00.  
*The Century Magazine.* Vol. LV, November, 1897, to April, 1898. The Century Co., illustrated, crown 8vo, \$3.50.  
*Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman.* Oscar Lovell Triggs. Small, Maynard & Co., 12mo, \$1.25.

*Political Crime.* L. Proal. *The Criminology Series.* D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Semi-Centennial of Girard College.* Girard College, illustrated, 8vo.  
*Don't Worry Nuggels.* Forda, Howard & Hulbert, 32mo, 40 cents.  
*Hints to Small Libraries.* Mary Wright Plummer. Truslove & Combs, 12mo.  
*Nature for its Own Sake.* John C. Van Dyke. Scribners, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Stepping-stones to Literature.* A Reader for Seventh Grades. Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert. Silver, Burdett & Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
*The Art of War: The Middle Ages.* Charles Oman, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, \$4.50.  
*The Study of Man.* Alfred C. Haddon. *The Science Series.* G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, \$2.00.  
*The Philosophy of Government.* George W. Matthew. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Studies in American Literature.* Charles Noble. Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.00.  
*History of the Navy.* Edgar S. Maclay. *New and Revised Edition.* D. Appleton & Co., illustrated, 8vo, 2 vols., \$7.00.  
*The Motorman's Guide.* J. W. Gayetty. Laird & Lee, illustrated, small 4to, 75 cents.  
*Social Evolution.* Benjamin Kidd. Revised Edition. The Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*The Development of the Child.* Nathan Oppenheim. The Macmillan Co., 12mo.  
*Ideas from Nature.* Talks with Students. William Elder. American Baptist Publication Society, 16mo, 75 cents.  
*Shattuck's Advanced Rules for Large Assemblies.* A Supplement to "The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law." Harriette R. Shattuck. Lee & Shepard, 18mo, 50 cents.  
*The History of the Lowell Institute.* Harriet Knight Smith. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Studies in Latin Moods and Tenses.* Herbert Charles Elmer. *Cornell Studies in Classical Philology, No VI.* Macmillan Co., 8vo, \$1.50.  
*Outlines of the Earth's History.* N. S. Shaler. D. Appleton & Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.75.  
*Facts about Bookworms.* Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. Francis P. Harper, illustrated, small 4to, \$2.00 net.  
*The Evolution of the College Student.* William De Witt Hyde. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 16mo, 35 cents.  
*The Glory of the Imperfect.* Geo. Herbert Palmer. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 16mo, 75 cents.  
*The Shorter Poems of John Milton.* Edited with notes by Andrew J. George, M.A. Macmillan, 16mo, 60 cents.  
*The Panacea of Poverty.* Madison Co. Peters. Wilbur B. Ketcham, 12mo, \$1.00.  
*Congressional Committees.* Lauros G. McConachie, Ph.D. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12mo, \$1.75.  
*The Making of the Canadian West.* R. G. Mac Beth, M.A. William Briggs, illustrated, 12mo.  
*The Poems of Shakespeare.* Edited by George Wyndham. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 8vo, \$2.00.  
*The Athenian Secretaries.* William Scott Ferguson. *Cornell Studies in Classical Philology, No VII.* Macmillan Co., 8vo, 50 cents.  
*Historic Art Studies.* Ruth Janette Warner. George A. Mosher, paper, illustrated, 4to, 75 cents.  
*The Bookman Literary Year-Book, 1898.* Edited by James MacArthur. Dodd, Mead & Co., illustrated, 12mo, \$1.25.  
*Workmen's Insurance.* William Franklin Willoughby. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12mo, \$1.75.  
*How to Study Shakespeare.* William H. Fleming. Doubleday & McClure Co., 16mo, \$1.00 net.  
*The Founding of St. Mary's Abbey and St. Leonard's Hospital, York.* Canon Raine. John Sampson, 16mo.  
*Machinist's and Engineer's Pocket Manual.* Edited by D. B. Dixon. Laird & Lee, 32mo.  
*Tennyson's Debt to Environment.* William G. Ward. Roberts Brothers, 16mo, 50 cents.  
*Rousseau and Education according to Nature.* Thomas Davidson. *Great Educators Series.* Scribners, 12mo, \$1.00 net.  
*Founder's Day at Hampton.* Francis Greenwood Peabody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, 50 cents.  
*Home Rule Money.* Pearce Bodley. Printed for the Author. Paper, 12mo, \$1.00.  
*Who's Who, 1898.* Edited by Douglas Sladen. Macmillan Co., 12mo, \$1.75.  
*Studies of Good and Evil.* Josiah Royce. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, \$1.50.  
*Farthest North. Popular Edition.* Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. Harper & Bros., illustrated, 8vo, \$3.00.

# THE LITERARY QUERIST

*How answer you that ?*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, III.-1.

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

267.—Is there any real authority for the expression "This is different to that"? B. E.

None whatever, except very common usage in England. It has been condemned as utterly indefensible, but it is possible that it may not be so. It might be pleaded that the full thought is, "This is different, compared to that."

268.—I would like to learn something about William A. Croffut, author of a singular book entitled "A Midsummer Lark," which is rhymed throughout, but most of which is printed in the form of prose. Is there any other book in that form? K. M. C.

Mr. Croffut is a native of Connecticut, a journalist by profession, and has resided for some years in Washington. He is author of numerous poems and essays, the most successful of which were the "Bourbon Ballads," published during the presidential canvass of 1880, if we remember correctly. The only other instance of rhyme printed as prose that we recall is the preface to the first series of Lowell's "Biglow Papers."

269.—Will you kindly tell me which is the best book of quotations of all that are in print? C. R. C.

That depends. Books of quotations are of two kinds, which might be called legitimate and illegitimate. The former presumes that the reader has met with an interesting quotation and wishes to know its source and whether it is quoted accurately. Hence all from one author are grouped together, and there is an index to the significant words. John Bartlett's collection (Little, Brown & Co.) is by far the best of this kind that ever has been made. The other kind presumes that the user is about to write a sermon or an essay and wishes to decorate it with appropriate quotations more than are furnished by the limits of his reading or his memory; or that he wants them for the heads of chapters in a novel; or that he is making out the list of toasts for a public dinner and wishes to give it an air of learning. Hence the quotations are grouped by topics. The most

extensive collection of this kind is in five volumes, ancient and modern languages (Routledge). One volume has an appendix of quotations from American authors compiled by Anna L. Ward.

270.—A friend is anxious to know who said that all wisdom can be put in a library of 150 books; who said that there are only half a dozen plots of stories; and who said that there are but 100 original jokes or humorous anecdotes—all others being but inessential variations. Can any reader help him? ED.

271.—Is it *clarum*—or *magnum*—*et venerabile nomen*? and with whom did the phrase originate? D. M.

The word is *clarum*. It is from the Latin poet Lucan.

272.—What is considered the best edition of "Plutarch's Lives," and where can I obtain it? How does North's translation rank? F. T.

North's is good, though it is a translation of Amyot's French version. It is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. Clough's, also good, is partly a revision of Dryden's translation, partly from other sources, and partly new translation by Clough. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., in two forms.

273.—Can you tell me where Walter Cranston Larned was born, and where he lives? The index to THE BOOK BUYER purports to give information of him on page 164, yet there is no mention of him on that whole page. The index also promises a review of Hamlin Garland on page 144, yet not a mention of him is found on that page. F. B. M.

Mr. Larned is a lawyer of Lake Forest, Illinois, and is a native of that State. He must not be confounded with Walter Larned, of New London, Conn., author of "Between Times" and other books. A review of Mr. Larned's book appeared on page 164 of the last volume of THE BOOK BUYER, and a review of several of Mr. Garland's books begins on page 143.

274.—Will you kindly inform me what authority there is for the statement that Napoleon died from

eating ground glass or diamond-dust mixed with his food ?

H. C. F.

We know of no authority for it. The disorder that is said to have caused his last illness, ulcer of the stomach, was the same of which his father died.

**275.**—How much credence is to be given to Poe's account of the scientific and methodical manner in which he wrote "The Raven" ?

F. B.

None whatever. Poems are not written in that way—or when they are they fail to be poetical. In that essay Poe is only applying his analytical powers, in his favorite detective fashion, to what might have been the mental process that produced such a result, ignoring the irregular and wandering habits of the imaginative faculty.

### ANSWERS

**236.**—(2) Private Robert Shurtleffe, of the Continental Army, who was mustered into the service at Worcester, and joined the army at West Point, joined the French forces under Count Rochambeau and fought against Cornwallis, was a woman, Abbe Samson, cousin of Capt. Simeon Samson.

F. L. B.

**253.**—The *Christian Advocate's* article about the origin of "The Last Hope" was wrongfully attributed to a "correspondent of a New York paper." The original of the thing was in a story which I contributed to the *Evening Post* of December 4, 1897. The origin of Gottschalk's "Last Hope" was not fiction, though the setting was of course a mere love story.

KENYON WEST.

**256.**—Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland's "No Sect in Heaven" appears to be meant. It was published in New York in 1864, and republished in 1872, and since then by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., and it may be found in some collections. It is his: "Talking of sects till late one eve."

R. G. B.

Answered also by W. J. F.

**258.**—There was a much earlier prophecy concerning the American Civil War than "The Partisan Leader." In life of Colonel Hanger (London & New York, 1801) he says: "One of these days the Northern and Southern powers will fight as vigorously against each other as they both have united to do against the British." I think there was an earlier edition of the work.

X. Y. Z.

# The Spanish Revolution

1868-1875

BY

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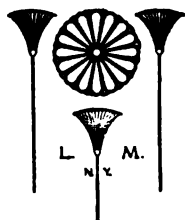
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MR. JOHN R. SPEARS, author of Scribner's "History of Our Navy" and chief of the New York *Sun's* staff of correspondents during the war, will contribute such accounts as could be written only by a man who has served in the navy as well as on a newspaper staff.

TWO WELL-KNOWN ARMY OFFICERS, of high rank, in addition to these two well-known writers, agreed to furnish papers on the war at its close, which will be valuable not only on account of their authority, but because the authors happen to have experience as writers as well as soldiers.

## WAR ILLUSTRATIONS

First of all, an extraordinary succession of war illustrations is in progress for the exclusive use of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, by a method never before applied. If the experiment proves successful it will be hard to exaggerate the startling possibilities and importance of the device employed. In addition to this, the services of special artists were secured at the breaking out of hostilities for making sketches at the scenes of activity.

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## THE GENERAL CONTENTS OF THE JULY SCRIBNER

In addition to the war matter, the July number will contain:

CAPT. A. T. MAHAN'S first of two papers on "PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION;" illustrated by Chapman and others.

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT SMITH COLLEGE, by Alice Katharine Fallows; illustrated by W. A. Clark from life.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST, by Walter A. Wyckoff—"Among the Revolutionaries;"—illustrated by Leigh.

C. D. GIBSON'S "A New York Day"—2d Series—Noon.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION, by Senator Lodge, telling of the invasion of Georgia; illustrated by Pyle and others.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "The King's Jackal," conclusion.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S Chronicle of Reconstruction, "Red Rock," illustrated by Clinedinst; and short fiction, poems, the departments, etc., will complete the number.

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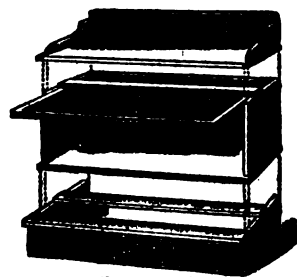
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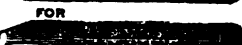


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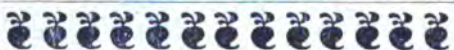
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